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A Christmas Prayer

Rev.
Canon
McElheran, M.A.
St. Matthew's Church
Winnipeg



Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who through Thine infinite love for mankind didst give Thine only begotten Son, to take our nature upon Him, that He might dwell among us and suffer for us: we praise Thee, we thank Thee, we glorify Thee, for this unspeakable gift; make us ever mindful of the privileges and blessings which it brings and deepen in us a spirit of genuine gratitude for all Thy mercies.

We thank Thee that at this time when we commemorate the birth of the Saviour of the world, there is shed abroad among men's hearts a spirit of charity and good-will and brotherhood. May such a spirit ever prevail. May Christmas joy abound, both now and ever. May Christmas generosity and the desire to serve one another in love be not merely occasional and spasmodic, but eternal and universal. Grant that Christ may be born in every heart and that the Dayspring from on high may illumine every dark corner of the earth. As the cause of all our miseries is sin, so may the healing of all our wounds be found in Him Who came to save the world from sin. As the enemy of peace and prosperity is the Evil One, so may men everywhere be brought to seek safety and satisfaction in Him Who "came that He might destroy the works of the Devil."

We thank Thee, that as we gather around the Bethlehem cradle in reverent worship and grateful praise, the dreadful horrors of a world-wide war have been so largely abated. Grant, O Lord, that these evils may never again prevail. May the nations seek peace and ensue it. May it indeed become possible for us to beat our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning hooks. May the nations at large learn by the bitterness of these years of struggle to pursue that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation, and to embrace with fixed determination the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

We remember, O Father, that in the midst of so much rejoicing and merry-making there are many to whom the season's festivities are but painful reminders of their losses and their sorrows. Draw these Thy lonely children to Thyself, we beseech Thee, and may they, too, know the blessing of Jesus.

Grant, O Lord, that the day may be hastened when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; when the government of all the world shall be allowed to rest upon His shoulder; when the rulers and people of every realm shall learn true wisdom, by turning to the Mighty God, the Wonderful Counsellor, the Prince of Peace, for guidance and instruction; when Thy will shall be done on earth as it is done in Heaven, when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.



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The Conversion of Alderman Murphy

Continued from Page 5

Seeing that this made no impression, he banged the door and went inside; but he watched through the screen.

A few minutes later he said to his bartender: "Them windows needs cleanin'. Fetch me out the hose."

Mrs. Schwind and Mrs. Hatchett watched Tom and his hose with varying emotions. He began by playing water against the windows. He dared not point the stream at them directly, but he managed by twists and turns to give them both a drenching. Still they stood their ground and accosted each prospective customer with:

"Please don't patronize Mr. Murphy. He's against 'Vetes for Women.'"

The majority brushed by with a jeer, but two or three men actually refused to enter the Excelsior Café. By and by, with his hat at a jaunty angle, his hands in his pockets, looking but little the worse for the night's debauch, Jim Schwind came down the street. He was whistling merrily, when suddenly he saw his wife. Her clothes were wet and her hair disorderly, but she presented a formidable figure, flanked as she was by the wet but unruffled Mrs. Hatchett.

"Hello, there, what you doing, Ma?" he asked, with easy familiarity which he was far from feeling.

"I'm doin' my duty as I see it," replied Mrs. Schwind, with an air of official firmness. "You go right back home. You're taking care of the children today."

The rejoinder was so unexpected that Jim obeyed. This side of his wife's character was a new development, and he was in no condition to fight. He waited a minute to see if she would relent, and then turned and walked slowly toward the house.

"Gosh! ain't women the limit," he grumbled to himself; "always buttin' in to something."

The more he reflected the more convinced he became that he was a much abused man.

"Ma's led astray," he thought. "Getting in with them sporty suffragite women folks and leaving her natural duties! Tain't right!"

However, he decided to ignore the matter for the present. When Mrs. Schwind came home he did not refer to it. The next morning he went to work.

For several days Mrs. Schwind and her companion did picket duty in front of Tom's saloon. Mrs. Hatchett wore a raincoat. But Tom appeared not to notice them after the first day. Neither did they affect patronage to any extent, for the main stream of callers found it just as convenient to use the back door, which was not covered by the pickets. On the whole, the boycott was a failure.

Mrs. Schwind, who for sixteen years had been absorbed in home duties, was having the time of her life. She tried not to neglect the children and they looked up to her with new respect. Eloise begged ardently for picket duty. The neighbors were divided in their attitude, but all enjoyed having some new excitement in Pearl Alley. Mr. Williams was shocked, but his pleadings were of little avail.

"I'll join the 'Mothers' Aid' by and by," condescended Mrs. Schwind. "I'm too busy now." No one knew how she reveled in being a person of some importance for once.

Mrs. Hatchett announced a new plan at the next meeting of the committee. "You know," she said, "my husband owns a brewery. Well, I've persuaded him to start a new saloon opposite Mr. Murphy's. He says he will put in a pianola and have free lunches. He's promised to hire a bartender who's a suffragist, too."

Mrs. Schwind gasped. This meant ruin for Tom Murphy. She had not meant to go quite so far. In spite of his bad temper and his treatment of the suffrage committee, he had been her friend once. "You won't really put him down and out?" she asked.

"Of course we will," replied the chairman. "We must look at these things impersonally, as men do. Some one has to suffer to win a great cause."

Mrs. Schwind left the meeting in a perturbed state of mind. Tom's place was old and small, and she knew that he could not compete with a saloon which had "attractions."

"He can never run against a pianola and a free lunch," she said to herself. "I'll put him right out on the street."

And he buried little Mable so good, too!

That evening, after Jim was established with his paper and his pipe, she slipped out. Hurriedly crossing the street, she passed through a courtyard and knocked at the back door of Tom's saloon.

Tom's face turned red with anger when he opened the door and saw her. "Get out of here, you — suffragette," he shouted. "Tryin' to spoil my business. You needn't come around here."

"Shh! Tom, don't! I come to tell you somethin'. Let me in, it's big business."

Impressed by her earnestness, Tom snarled an ungracious "Well, then, come in."

She entered the little back room, with its bare tables and its smell of stale beer and tobacco, and bravely delivered herself of her message.

"Tom, all you've got to do is to tell the ladies you ain't no objection to them votin'. If you don't, they're goin' to put a saloon opposite with a piano and a picture show. The purple lady's husband owns the brewery, and he's goin' to put you out of business."

Tom looked at her blankly. "Is that the truth, or be ye jest bluffin'?" he demanded.

"It's true enough," she replied. "And they'd kill me for tellin' you. But if you change your mind, jest let 'em know to-morrow."

When Mrs. Hatchett came down Pearl Alley the next day a white card stood primly against the row of bottles in Tom's window, proclaiming in large, black type:

**"ALDERMAN MURPHY FAVORS
WOMEN VOTING."**



AN ACTIVE SHOPPER AT ONE HUNDRED—HALE AND HEARTY AS SHE PASSES CENTURY MARK

Mrs. Mary Howell, of Walton Cross, England, is numbered among the oldest women in the British Isles. She has just passed the century mark, but nevertheless does her own housework and makes her shopping round of the stores every morning. Interviewed she said that she feels as hearty and strong as when three score years and hopes to be well and active for some time to come. Her parlor is a gathering place for neighbors and friends interested in eye-witness views of generations gone by. The Photo shows Mrs. Howell off on her morning shopping tour.

Christmas before Christ

Continued from Page 8

old festival of the winter solstice had been meant to mark the beginning of a new life for the material world. It was now to mark and glorify the opening of a new life of the spirit.

From the first, the Western or Roman Church commemorated the birth of Christ during the last week of each December. The Eastern or Greek Church for a while, had no fixed date for this observance; but Pope Julius I (337-352) convoked a body of the most learned men of both great churches, and they declared December 25 to be the natal day of the Saviour. It was the day, as has been said, of the Jewish Feast of Lights; and it now, by slow degrees, combined all the most striking customs of the different races in their welcome to the turning sun.

Common to all were the Christmas candles, bonfires, and torches, now symbolizing the Light of the World. From the Northmen came the great Yule logs. From the Druids came the sprays of pine and evergreen, the mistletoe, and the holly; while the huge sirloin of beef, which was once a part of England's Christmas merrymaking, recalls the Druidical sacrifice of bulls. From the Romans came the joyous salutation, "Merry Christmas" (Io Saturnalia), the exchange of gifts, the feasting, and the Christmas carols; for these last were written and first sung together with the so-called "manger-songs," to take the place of hymns to heathen gods. The so-called "mummeries" which developed into the "masques" of the sixteenth century were a reminiscence of the travesties in which the Roman slaves indulged. The Egyptian mysticism was recalled in the fact that our Christmas is, before all else, a holiday and festival for children.

Some of the coarser features of the Roman Saturnalia died hard, although they finally became innocuously absurd. The practice of the slaves in burlesquing their masters and in travesty the officials of the state crops up in the practice of certain churches which had for Christmas Day a peculiar ritual of their own. After mass had been celebrated the priest would turn to his congregation and bray three times. The people brayed responsively, and then flocked into the chancel, where they elected a Pope of Nonsense, a Cardinal of Folly, an Abbot of Unreason, and other burlesque dignitaries. Then began a mock service, in which the vestments were worn inside out, the missals and breviaries turned upside down, and the prayers said backward.

In France and England the Christmas revels of the gentry long resembled the Saturnalian banquets of the wealthy Romans. The "king" of the latter appears as the Lord of Misrule among the former; and the wild license of heathenism long endured in Christian lands.

Yet in the end, the church, in raising the ideals of humanity, swept away those lingering traces of excess which still survived. In nothing else is the continuing, persistent influence of Christianity more surely illustrated than in its transformation of the Christmas before Christ into the Christmas which is Christ's alone. The superstition of the Egyptians, the savagery of the Northern peoples, the frantic and bloody practises of the Druids, and the grossness of the Romans, have all been purified and touched, as it were, with grace and beauty; so that there remains a festival of harmless mirth, of light and color, of song and melody, of good-will and of peace, and through it all the happy innocence of children's laughter.

Young People

Continued from Page 59

laughing at Peebles for an old woman, and Peebles turned and spoke to him. Then Peebles came close to him with a solemn expression of warning, and shouted mightily in his ear.

He awoke with an uneasy cry, which was answered from the top of the funnel. A match flared, and round it the snow sprang out of the darkness in a blue-white cup, and above the flame was Peebles' head in its rusty minkskin cap.

"Hullo, Harry!" said Peebles, as if he were saying good morning.

Then he let down a rawhide riata with a noosed end, and drew Osgood, clawing at the face of the rock, to the surface.

"Better sit a spell and chew a little of this," said Peebles; and it was beaver's tail and not bacon that he pulled out of his pocket.

It was wretchedly cooked, but Osgood's eyes smarted suddenly, and he looked down the mountain. There was still a strong afternoon light left, although his prison caught none of it, and he could see the great river of rough snow choking the ravine clear to its mouth.

"How did you ever find me?" he asked.

"Why, I don't know," said Peebles. "I calculated you'd come up this way, and I heard the slide. I guess I poked into more'n a thousand pot-holes."

Wise, stanch old Peebles!

"It was kind of lonesome last night, without you singing and telling fool stories," said Peebles, as an afterthought.

Osgood bit suddenly and desperately at the charred beaver's tail.

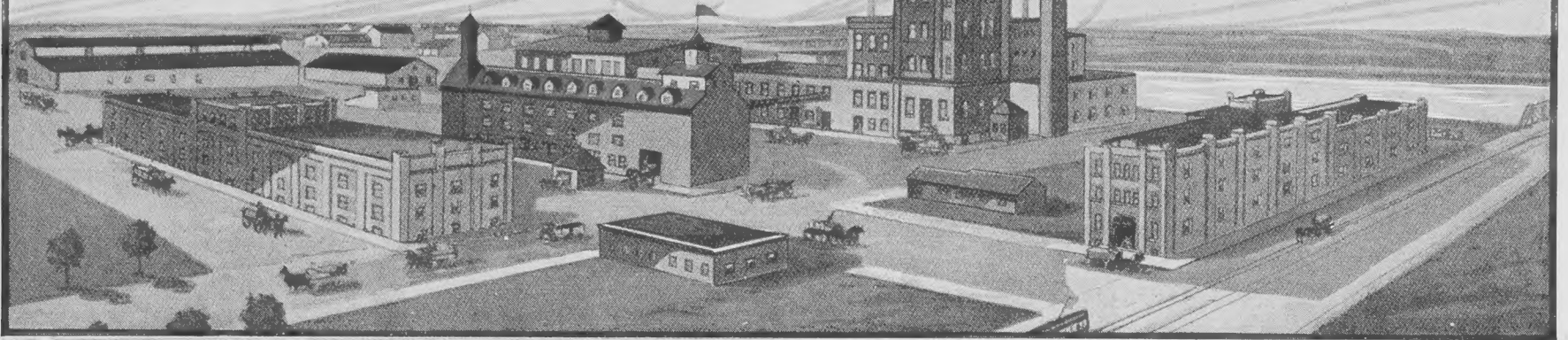
"Say, but this is the best thing I ever ate!" he exclaimed.

And Peebles almost smiled.

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WINNIPEG, MAN., DECEMBER, 1919



Christmas Eve

Greetings

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Amen.

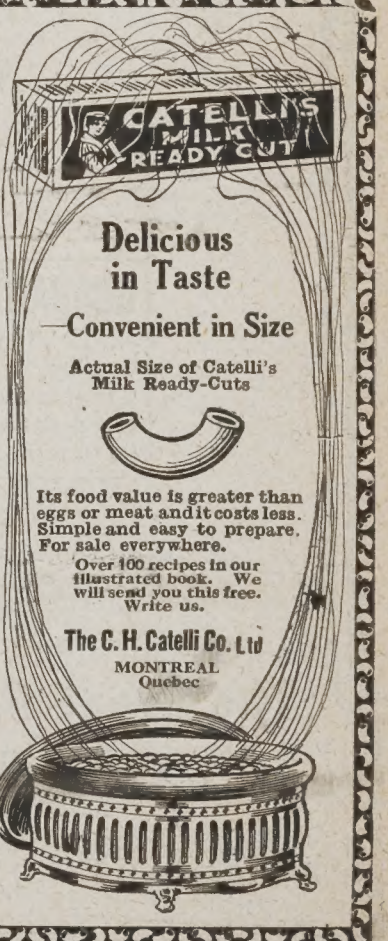


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CLASS REPRESENTATION NO ACCIDENT

ANYONE who imagines that the present attitude of the farming people is a passing fancy will be disillusioned if he reads the words of Mr. Wood, president of the United Farmers of Alberta. Here are a few paragraphs from one of his addresses:

"The plutocratic classes, the manufacturers, organize as a class, and the bankers organize as a class, but they co-operate with each other after they are organized. The democratic classes are organizing because they are forced to do it. Through organization alone can we develop strength.

"We have to develop a class opinion, make our class articulate. We must mobilize class opinion, and then mobilize votes behind it. Every industrial class in Canada has got to do the same thing.

"When we get all classes thoroughly organized," he said, "and with proper representation through proportional representation, which I understand we are to have soon, then each class will send its representatives to the legislature and parliaments according to its numerical strength, and these representatives will go as our lobbyists, not hired, but belonging to us body and soul, and go there to settle class differences.

"We are human, the same as everyone else, and I do not deny that if we were the only class organized we would make unjust demands; but other classes will organize and resist unjust demands, and out of this reaction they will find a common ground of settlement.

"The plutocratic classes, now organized and ruling affairs in all countries, have their existence wrapped up in the principle of competition. They have got to maintain it or they cannot maintain their advantage.

"When you get proportional representation, and every group is organized according to strength, then the party system will be destroyed."

THE NEW ORDER

THE recent general election in Ontario and the by-elections for the House of Commons clearly indicated that for the present the division of the people into two historic political parties is to give way to a division into classes—the basis of division being occupation. This gives rise to some very interesting reflections.

In the past a man was elected to represent a certain geographical unit with the understanding that on assuming office he would forget all about the unit, except when it came to the erecting of public buildings and the division of the federal resources. He was supposed to represent his party, and he usually did so—even when he was opposed to the policies that were being adopted.

At times, members of local legislatures and of the Dominion House forgot both their geographical unit and their party affiliation, and thought only of race, language or church connection. The fear of a revolt along this line has always kept the old line parties from instituting necessary reforms. Even under party government, the dominant party in Canada has not always ruled. How will things be under new conditions? At times, too, members of legislatures and Parliament forgot every tie—political, social and religious—and sold themselves to the highest bidder. Will this be as common under the new order? That is a vital problem.

It will be generally accepted that direct representation of churches and races would lead to a national disaster. Even those who insist upon or wink at race recognition in the appointment of judges and civil servants (and there is nothing more disgusting and unpatriotic than this), would not wish this policy to be pursued in the election of members to Parliament. If the new division of people into classes cuts clean across the old and not uncommon division according to race, religion and language, it may be not an unmixed evil.

If, however, we are to have class representation in Parliament, and such has been decided upon by Labor and by the United Farmers, in some of the provinces, then there must of necessity be a lining up of all classes. Labor is now well organized. It will be in order for the great middle classes—using a hated term, because no other suitable word has yet been found—to organize in order to express their wishes in parliament. For instance, why should not the universities, as such, have here as in the Old Country some representative? Why should not the backing force of the country, the retail dealers, the wholesale dealers and the manufacturers have some adequate voice in shaping legislation and in actual administration of public affairs? Having once launched upon this new scheme it is necessary to carry it through to a logical conclusion. Probably the solution will be attempted in proportional representation.

Under the new system a man will lose his identity in his class, just as under the old system he lost it in a party. Of necessity people will become more narrow in their sympathies than they were under the old system, but they will in all probability take a keener interest in legislation of all kinds. It is difficult to say whether the man whose sympathies are altogether with his own class, is a better or worse citizen, than he who has only a vague or shadowy interest in the affairs of his country. If in the past

Editorial

we have had too great apathy on the part of the electorate, we shall no doubt in future have too great zeal on the part of some citizens whose class affiliations are strong and national sympathies uncertain.

The line-up in Ontario comes at a fortunate time. The electors of Canada will be interested in knowing how the farmers and the laboring classes will pull together, and will be particularly interested in their administration of affairs. Should there be any attempt at class legislation, there will be a counter-revolution, but should there be the fairness and honesty that we have every reason to expect, there seems to be no doubt but that the next Federal contest will be worked out on class lines.

It does seem a little bit absurd, for those, who in the past, have sought class privilege, and who have obtained it, so that they are now wealthy beyond computation, while many equally deserving and honorable citizens are in want—it does seem absurd for these people now to be raising the cry of danger. The farmers of Canada are just as able, as public spirited, as careful to conserve and develop the resources of the land, as that small band of professional plunderers who have disgraced our good name and squandered our inheritance.

And yet we have to be sorry that government by class has come in Canada. True government should not emphasize class distinction, but eliminate it. Let us hope that the step now taken is but a protest against the iniquity of the old order, and a necessary preparation for a new system under which in legislation and administration, all citizens will have equal privilege and responsibility.

THE GREAT FALLACY

NEVERTHELESS, the principle of class representation is un-Christian and unfair, even though it may be necessary for the time being. It is un-Christian because it is selfish. A well-known citizen, of low type, made this famous speech, "When a man and woman get married, one of them has to be boss and the other one has to be licked, and the man might just as well be boss." Anyone can imagine conditions in that household. So in the political household, under the class rule, we may have in force the principle of "Each man for himself, until he is checked by others." That is a monstrous policy. It is also an unfair policy because some important classes will never be strong enough numerically to make themselves felt and their condition will grow from worse to worse. True progress comes about not through the conflict of opposing forces, but through the triumph of the Christian virtues, the application of the Golden Rule. At this time of the year it will do us no harm to hear again the angel song—Peace on Earth and to men goodwill. What gives us comfort is not the triumph of the principle of the class rule, but the knowledge that the leaders in the new ruling classes are men of a high type, men who while they are loyal to the organizations they represent, have even a greater loyalty to the Dominion and the Empire, and a respect for the rights of all men. In the long run the government of a country is on a par with the character of the men who are elected as representatives.

THE WARRING CLASSES

The reapers stood where the harvest lay
Ripe for their reaping, day after day,
And they bickered and bickered the time away—
While God sent sunny weather.

Now this man struck at his brother's scythe,
And laughed in his folly to see him writhe,
When he nicked the weaker blade a tithe;

And each debated whether,
If he broke his brother's blade off short
God would be pleased at the neat retreat,
And with noisy girding of such-like sort

They ran the length of their tether.
Oh, grand the harvest some day shall be
In this field that stretches from sea to sea
When the workers stand in it knee by knee,

And swing their scythes—together!

—Grace MacGowan Cooke.

WHO SHOULD SUFFER?

THERE lies in the prison cells in Winnipeg a young lad of fourteen years, committed to await his trial on a charge of murdering his own father. Should he be found guilty

it will be necessary for the judge to impose a punishment in keeping with the offence. This raises the very pertinent question:—In cases of juvenile delinquency who should bear the punishment? With the case before the courts now, we have nothing whatever to say, since the trial has not taken place, and the facts are not fully known. Rather do we desire to deal with the question in an abstract way for it is a question that concerns not one or two unfortunate

youths, but every lost one of them who goes astray. Who is to blame? If it is not the boys themselves, why should they receive the punishment?

Let us take a familiar case. Here is a young lad of sixteen, guilty of theft and forgery. For two years he has been running the streets, wild, reckless, irresponsible. His parents have had no control over him. The school no longer numbers him among its members. Not having an occupation and needing money he took the easy way of getting it. Not having clothes he stole them; and so he is awaiting the judgment of the twelve jurors—any one of whom might have had a son in the same position, had he been as neglectful as the father of this poor lad. That, in short, is the whole story. It is a tale of parental incapability or neglect. Yet because of this neglect the young lad has to suffer. Why not let him free and punish the real culprit?

Now, this is only an instance, and the parent must be taken as representing the whole range of influences operating upon the growing boy. There is the home—capable of developing all that is lovely and pure, but often through neglect, bad temper, evil example, creating and fostering all that is unholy and vicious. There is the school, powerful for good, but often ignoring the higher development of the soul, because of pressure from parents, or because of inability to depart from the custom of centuries. There is also the social environment with all that it has created—the dance hall, the moving picture show, the sensational novel, and all those other enticements, which while proper in their place and in right proportion, are yet dangerous in the extreme, when allowed to have unfettered sway in the lives of children. And when any of these agencies through incompetence or neglect, causes a child to slip and fall, it is the agency and not the child which should be held up for punishment.

THE REAL COURT

DOWN the street every day goes an old man—feeble, broken-down, spiritless. In his young married life he was dissipated, a frequenter of gambling dens, a deserter of his own fireside. His life was a story of studied neglect, and selfish indulgence. As his boy grew, he took his own counsel, drifted away, finally committed murder and in the same brawl lost his own life. Poor old man! It is pitiful to see him now, bearing the burden. Thank heaven, he shows he is bearing it! Would to God he had felt it in earlier years, and saved himself this awful living death! Even if earthly judges place the guilt upon the one who is immediately to blame, the Heavenly Judge makes no errors. He goes back to first causes. Human courts are at best imperfect in their decisions.

Poisoned Literature

There is a book store on the avenue. In it are cheap, poisonous productions put up in a form that attracts the growing boy—books full of action, but full also of untruth and evil suggestion. The readers of these books—we know them well—with their unbalanced minds their inability to think seriously, and to judge fairly, their incapacity for real enjoyment and for noble pleasures—these readers, how many of them, sell their birthright for this mess of pottage? For their failure to attain to sterling manhood who is to blame, but the unscrupulous merchant, and those guardians of youth—the mother, the father and the teachers in the school? If we are to have gibbets let us be sure that the right parties are suspended on them.

THE MOVIES

UNQUESTIONABLY the greatest menace to young life to-day is the moving picture show. The censors are not wholly lacking in sound judgment but the mode of appeal in the moving picture is such as to inflame the imagination of childhood unduly. No child can live at high tension for an hour and come out of his experience unharmed. Reading a sensational novel is bad enough, but it takes time. When a child views a film production the successive emotions crowd one upon the other in a never-ending stream, and wreck his peace of mind. But the censors sometimes are lacking in good judgment. Charlie Chaplin is endurable when he is witty. He should be ruled out when he is coarse and unmannerly. Better hit a boy with a club than offend his finer sensibilities! When parents allow their children to dissipate until the esthetic and moral senses are blunted, they should bear the punishment. Unfortunately they do not always receive it.

All of this, of course, is no condemnation of the moving picture when it is rightly used for the purpose of education, inspiration and pure entertainment.

All over this land there are children going to ruin, not because they are deliberately bad, but because they are misguided or directed. Who should bear the blame? Is it not true for parents, and playwrights, for public officers who are responsible for all community appeals to child life—is it not true that all of these went to school to learn their duties and their opportunities? Verily, the way of the growing boy is not an easy one, in this restless busy age.

At Christmas Time

—the time of charity and goodwill—it is well to bear in mind that true charity "begins at home."

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The Conversion of Ald. Murphy

"Pardon me, madam," she asked with the air of a professional questioner, "I came to inquire whether you believe in equal suffrage?"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Florence Woolston

HAVING scrubbed the kitchen floor, Mrs. Schwind put the turkey-red cushion over the window sill and leaned out. She had few pleasures, and it was a diversion to look into the street. She liked to watch the heavily laden trucks on the way to the river; she enjoyed calling a greeting to her neighbors as they passed; and, above all, she could keep an eye on the several little Schwinds distributed throughout the alley. Hardly had she taken her place, when there came a loud rap at the door. "Mother of Pearl," she said, "I bet it's one of them settlement teachers."

The woman who stood without, however, was a stranger.

"Pardon me, madam," she asked with the air of a professional questioner, "I came to inquire whether you believe in equal suffrage?"

"If you mean that sufferin' should be equal, I guess I do," replied Mrs. Schwind hesitatingly.

"I think you do not quite get my point. By equal suffrage I mean the political enfranchisement of women. Do you believe that women should vote?"

"I ain't hardly thought much about it yet," said Mrs. Schwind. "You see, I've got twelve children livin', and one that died on me, and it keeps me pretty busy. Won't you come in?"

ever there was trouble. It was due to him that Jim had his new job. The possibility of doubling these benefits was very alluring.

"I suppose," she mused, "they'd have 'Monster Ladies' Outings,' and little Tom could ride in the tallyho in my lap. Maybe I could get to go to the 'Red Men's and Lady Squaws' Masked Ball,' too."

After supper, when the older little Schwinds had gone to the settlement clubs, and the younger ones were asleep, she remarked with obvious nonchalance, "There was a lady here to-day, Jim, askin' me to vote."

Jim looked up from his newspaper and exclaimed: "Here! Here! Where won't them suffragite women folks go next? You'd better look out, Ma, they're a sporty lot."

"Maybe they be; but I'm goin' to the meetin' to-morrow, anyhow. It kinder seems as though they might be somethin' in it," she replied half wistfully, as she hung up the dishcloth.

"Well, all I got to say is you'd better look out, Ma," replied Jim, as he resumed his paper.

Mrs. Schwind was one of the first arrivals at Solenski's the next day. She followed the speakers with eager interest. It was all so new, so different. The chairman concluded her speech by saying:

"Now, ladies, we have done with theory. To accomplish this thing, we must go into politics. We have begun by opposing every local candidate who is against 'Votes for Women.' Mr. Thomas Murphy, the alderman of this district, is most unfavorably disposed toward us; in fact, he was distinctly rude to us. No lady could well repeat his language. Does anyone here know him?"

Mrs. Schwind was filled with conflicting emotions. She had known Tom Murphy for years. She could easily guess what epithets he had hurled at his callers, and she was ashamed for him. She remembered, nevertheless, that he was kind. He paid their rent when Jim was sick, and it was he who gave little Mabel a funeral which was still the talk of Pearl Alley.

When the chairman a second time impressively demanded, "Does anyone here know him?" she faltered, "I do; but he ain't never done anything to me."

"I should say," answered the chairman, "that any man who opposed your enfranchisement had done something to you. We must look at this thing impersonally, as men do."

After some further discussion, it was voted that six residents of the district be appointed a committee to see what effect militant tactics would have on the Honorable Tom Murphy. Mrs. Schwind did not know what militant tactics were, but her bosom swelled with pride when her name was announced as one of the six. A wave of nervousness succeeded the rush of joy, however, when the chairman explained the duties of the committee.

"What they say's all right," she thought, "but they ain't never seen Tom mad."

When Jim came home that night he was very curious about the meeting, and his greeting was: "Well, Ma, I suppose you've got things all fixed up. But you're gettin' pretty fat to be a sandwich. I seen one of them in the streets to-day, with a lot of printing about voting."

Much experience had taught Mrs. Schwind the art of omission in family life, and she replied carelessly: "Oh, I had a good enough time."

She was far from feeling the unconcern that her manner bespoke, however, and that night she dreamed that they were dispossessed. While she sat on the sidewalk, her children and her furniture

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"Do you believe that women should vote?" asked the caller.

The canvasser for the Manhattan Women's Elective Franchise Association declined with a gesture. "I am sure that when you do think about it you will join our ranks. Consider how much more you could do for your children if you were only a citizen."

Mrs. Schwind liked the idea, for immediately visions of herself riding beside Jim on the "Annual Excursion of the Braves of the Wigwam" came to her mind.

"I suppose," she said, "both Jim and me could go to the chowders, and if we could get to take two or three of the children it would help considerable. I ain't got no objection at all. I jest ain't never thought about it."

"Then you simply must join our suffrage club. Come over to the big mass meeting at Solenski's hall to-morrow, and we'll tell you all about it."

Mrs. Schwind resumed her position at the window from force of habit, but the sights and sounds of the street had lost their attraction for her. In all her life she had never suspected that there was even a remote possibility of joining Jim in politics, and now she was dreaming of participating in the gayest revels at Tom Murphy's. Tom was such a good friend to them. He came to the rescue when-



"Mrs. Hanchett, the chairman, was dressed in violet broadcloth, and wore ermine. For once, Mrs. Schwind was not in awe of elegance."

The Conber- sion of Ald. Murphy

Continued from
Page 4

about her, Tom Murphy, passed and jeered at her: "Now let them voting women pay your rent!" The depression created by this dream possessed her when she arose in the morning. Mrs. Schwind usually took life easily, and always found a way out of every difficulty. The elimination of Tom Murphy, however, she had never considered, and the fact that she had even listened to a protest against him made her feel guilty.

"There's somethin' in what they said, jest the same," she murmured obstinately. "But Jim will be awful mad, and I guess I'd better ask Mr. Williams; he generally knows."

Although not church members, frequent christenings brought the Schwinds into contact with St. John's Chapel. Before the children returned from school she ran over and laid the case before the rector.

"I see," he said firmly. "Temptation comes in many ways to women. This is a new one. I am sorry that you did not hear my sermon on Sunday. I preached on 'A Virtuous Woman,' taking my text from Proverbs, 'She worketh willingly with her hands.' Do you believe that the woman described in this chapter was truly virtuous?"

Mrs. Schwind nodded—not because she wished to answer in the affirmative, but because she dared not argue with the minister.

"Well," triumphantly, as though he had achieved a great moral victory, "she did not win the praise of Solomon by mixing with the affairs of men. The home is woman's sphere, Mrs. Schwind. Leave Tom Murphy to Mr. Schwind. You can do more for humanity by taking care of— Why, little Tom Murphy is your youngest, isn't he? You'd better join our Mothers' Aid Society."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Schwind, "I guess I'll have to."

She was not prepared to oppose Tom Murphy, Mr. Williams, and Jim; submission was then the only course. Rebellion was a new sensation; but on the way home, certain phases of life came to her in a new light.

"It's easy enough for them all to talk, but after a woman's had 'em, and nursed 'em, and scrubbed for 'em, and fed 'em. It does seem as if she ought to get some fun. There's a lot in what was said to the meeting, so there is! Men has got most everything."

She finished the morning's work with a rising mutinous feeling, and then prepared dinner for the children. The older ones went back to school. Tom Murphy, Junior, was cutting a tooth and too peevish to stay in the day nursery. Royal, and Patricia did not go to the settlement playroom, and she gave herself to caring for them all.

Dearly as she loved her brood, she thought it would be pleasant to change places with Jim once in a while. Standing by a subway ticket chopper all day was easy compared with cooking for

fourteen, sewing for fourteen, and straining every nerve to make ends meet on the pittance that was theirs.

Jim came home in a jovial mood and made preparations for shaving.

"Goin' out again?" she inquired.

"Sure thing! The boys is givin' Tom Murphy a racket to-night. Grandest spree the alley ever seen."

"Don't you never take your wimmen folks?"

"Sure not! What do they want of a racket? Ma, you're gettin' queer notions since you was to the meetin'."

"I guess I be," she said. But she thought: "That's just what the lady said about our place. Just home. No racket, no chowders, no tallyhos, no nothin'; and Mr. Williams, too, with his 'woman's spear.' 'Tain't fair."

Jim did not return until long past midnight, and when Mrs. Schwind tried to arouse him the next morning, he refused to get up.

"I work hard," he muttered, "and I've got a call to take a day off when I please. You mind your own business."

"Then you stay here and mind the house," said his wife. "I'm goin' out."

The day before she had decided not to serve on the suffrage committee, but Jim's conduct stirred her to action. Moreover, she was angry with Tom Murphy for letting Jim drink too much.

"This will put us back in the rent again," she said grimly as she walked to Solenski's hall to attend the committee meeting of the precinct suffrage captain. "If Jim didn't go to Tom's and spend his money, there'd be no need to Tom helpin' with the rent. I guess it would be good to learn him a lesson about woman folks."

Mrs. Hanchett, the chairman, was dressed in violet broadcloth and wore ermine. For once, Mrs. Schwind was not in awe of elegance. She felt that every woman was her friend. There was considerable discussion about Thomas Murphy. It was decided that the first step toward militancy should be a boycott of his saloon.

"We will have pickets," said the chairman. "It will be just like a strike, and the pickets will walk up and down and tell people not to go in."

Mrs. Schwind, still thinking of Jim and the racket, volunteered for picket duty at once. She was sure that Jim would drift over to Tom's to talk over the night's festivities, and probably to drink more. "I can help the women," she reasoned, "and mebbe give Jim a scare, too."

Tom Murphy could hardly believe his eyes when he saw Mrs. Schwind and the gorgeously dressed Mrs. Hanchett stationed a few feet from his door. Curiosity turned to rage when their purpose dawned upon him.

"If you interfere with my business, I'll have you pinched, you — voting women!" he shouted.

"Pay no attention to him," said the calm Mrs. Hanchett. "We are quite within our rights if we walk up and down."

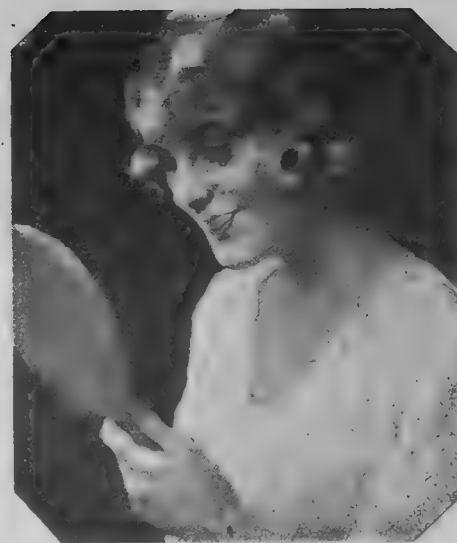
Her cool manner irritated Tom still further, and he began a volley of oaths.

Continued on Page 72

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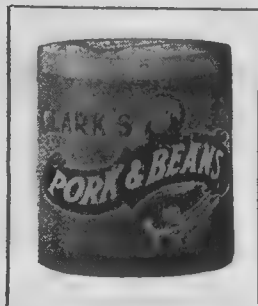
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A Happier Christmas and a Happier New Year to All.

THAT Yuletide has come to be anticipated — with trepidation — is no secret. Each year this becomes more obvious. With midwinter comes the nerve-wrecking realization that before many days all good "Christians" must be prepared somehow to spend money that they cannot afford, to purchase "things" that the recipients do not want. The horror of appearing mean tempts the wisest to become a spendthrift, and the spendthrift to become a fool. The dread of being under obligations to acquaintances often spurs a normally sensible woman to become a debtor elsewhere to such an extent that to her neither a "Merry Christmas" nor a "Happy New Year" is possible. Surely for so small a candle such a game is reckless. Happily there is a growing revolt against this state of affairs. So convinced have the very rich become of the folly of littering up one another's home with superfluous objects, and of the promiscuous giving habit generally, that outside of their immediate families gift-making has largely ceased. Why, then, in the beneficent name of common-sense, should not the less affluent emulate them? Christmas being primarily the Day of the Christ Child's coming, those who really wish to glorify Him and not themselves, can do so in no more acceptable manner than by making at least "one of these little ones" happier. For the delight of the children should we oldsters cheerfully deny ourselves, aye, even of our heart's desire.

Ten dollars is the minimum that the woman of moderate means allows herself for little gifts outside the family—"in exchange." What a spirit! and what a barren waste! How much better if every one of these erstwhile wasted dollars were invested in toys for hapless children, who long with a piteous longing for something to play with, so that for once they can say, "Santa Claus came to my house, too."

Ethically, the giving of gifts is a matter so intimate, so personal, that the practice should be discountenanced save between near kinsfolk or friends of long standing. To offer a gift should be a privilege conceded, not usurped. There are anniversaries of various sorts, beside weddings and birthdays, that furnish manifold opportunities for festive givers, and blessed be their gifts if they but grant to children all the gladness that may be bought upon each birthday of the Blessed Child.

If among every little coterie of intimates in America it were definitely understood that in future upon Christmas Day gifts should be sent to children exclusively, what a sigh of relief would follow! If, furthermore, those whose habit it has been to "give" at any cost, to any one, were to go frankly to those from whom they are accustomed to obtain their wherewithal to "compete," and name but half the usual amount, again a perfect gale of relief would be made manifest. After which, what quest so joyful as for a toy or two for a forlorn child, and more toys for other children so long as the money lasted!

"But," cautious Philanthropy, "why not buy them warm clothing and coal instead of toys?"

"Because," pleads Love, "they so want upon this one day to play, to have fun, to forget that they are often cold, or that they are ever hungry. They want to forget everything save the one blessed, provable fact that Santa came down our chimney, too." Poor, pitiful little midgets of the world! To be their Santa Claus for one God-blessed day might

make even a carper happy. Moreover, if throughout Christendom men and women, husbands and wives, lovers and sweethearts, brothers and sisters, were to agree in all good will that at Christmas one-half the price of contemplated gifts was to be saved, and the other half conscientiously spent for food, coal, and clothing for poor children, thrift would increase, and in all God's world there would be few, if any, hungry, cold, or ragged little ones on Christmas Day.

The substitution of Christmas toys for poor children instead of gifts for well-to-do adults is the most promising charity ever contemplated. It means literally "the greatest good for the greatest number." Primarily, it is bound to restore the waning Christmas Spirit. It will minimize extravagance, lessen financial strain, ease thousands of dreaded debts, and contribute to domestic peace. It will save the strength of woman for better motherhood, cripple false pretense, exalt friendship, and test social popularity. It will render the Great Festival merrier than it has been for many years. It will make the New Year happier for "Father" and bring blessings of many kinds in its wake.

And what about the amenities? Ah! Let the amenities be most graciously observed. Revive the moribund art of "polite" correspondence. Instead of a tawdry gift, or a trite card made by the million for the billion, let friend write to friend merry Yuletide letters, redolent of good will and loyalty. Let the beatific essence of the Holy Day dominate the winter. Upon each page let there be beautiful wishes couched in beautiful words. Let the writing be done personally, and the stationery be as elegant as the purse can buy. Finally, if possible, send the letters by messenger on Christmas morning—all of which costs very little money, but shows a genuine and personal regard. Finally, in order to end the day charmingly, keep the latch-string dangling outward for homeless friends, both rich and poor. Add the Yuletide welcome, and let it be sincere. Besides this, erstwhile trifling "gifts" withheld will seem less than naught.—Minna Thomas Antrim.

BE THOU OUR HELP

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith A. Riddehough

Lord God Jehovah, hear, we pray,
God of all time, as God to-day,
God of our Fathers, hear us now,
Lord God Omnipotent art Thou.

Keep us from boast and wanton pride;
Throughout our lives be Thou our Guide.
Keep safe our men on land and sea;
Without Thine aid peace could not be

Watch o'er our airmen in the air,
For Thou hast all men in Thy care,
Thou great Sea Lord so strong to save,
Ruler of earth, storm, wind and wave.

The heavens declare Thy glorious power,
And every bird and tree and flower,
For He who made the firmament
Alone can make peace permanent.

No Zeppelin raid e'er baffled Thee,
Without Thy Will war could not be;
Each new device, design or art,
Thine eye hath seen its inmost part.

For He who taught the birds to fly,
Designed the earth, the sea, and sky,
And no device of mortal man
Can give the peace that Jesus can.

Stay with us always, lest we fall;
God, keep us in Thy care for all;
Grant us Thine aid, O Lord, we plead,
Be Thou our help in time of need.

Christmas Before Christ

The ancient winter festivals of the Jews, the Romans, the Celts, and other Races, from whose rites and customs most of our christian traditions are derived

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Henry J. Markland

AGES and ages ago, perhaps a hundred centuries or more, when human beings began to record the facts of the physical world, they noted that there was a definite season at which the short days of winter began to lengthen, and the long, grim nights to grow more brief. This was the time of the winter solstice, in December, when the sun turns in its apparent course among the stars, and seems slowly to return, with its radiant light and vivifying heat. And although, as the old weather maxim has it, "When the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen," men knew that the power of stern winter had been broken, and that soon would come the springtime, thrilling the earth with new life, causing the seed to swell and the buds to burgeon, and suffusing all created things with the fresh joy of vigorous youth.

All over the world, then, this moment of transition was watched for eagerly; and when it came it was welcomed with merrymaking and with a sort of symbolism which belonged to the nature-worship of the primitive peoples—east, west, north, and south alike. These peoples had, in most instances, no knowledge of one another, yet they all had marked the time when the life of the world was about to be renewed.

Thus the Jews, on what is now December 25, held their great feast of Hanukkah, the Festival of the Lights, every house or hut or tent blazing with rude torches or clustered lamps. These were meant to welcome the renewal of light and heat from the returning sun, and the custom goes back farther than recorded history. Its early significance became in part forgotten, so that in the second century before Christ it was revived and made to have a new significance; yet it is in reality the infinitely ancient greeting to the sun.

In much the same way the Egyptians celebrated the same season, and it is a curious and interesting fact that they chose for its symbol a new-born child, since at that time another year was born, and it was the period when Nature began to give birth to the new plants and grain and blossoms.

In the Northern Forests

In the remote north and west, where the winter was far more terrible and

stern, the first token of its decline was hailed with wilder joy. In the black Scandinavian forests great fires were kindled, fed with mighty trunks of pine and spruce, until the flames shot far up into the heavens, defying the Frost King and hailing his approaching downfall. Around these roaring seas of billowy flame gathered the savage, bearded Northmen, basking in the ruddy warmth, quaffing great horns of mead and ale, calling with hoarse voices on their barbaric gods, and clashing their rude weapons; for the time was coming when the ice on the fjords would melt, when the serpent-shaped boats could again be launched, and when the vikings could glide out to slay the monsters of the sea, or to fight and to plunder and, ravage the abodes of other men.

But on the night that was longest, just before the great flaming wheel of the sun turned backward once again, and when the Yule logs were made ready to flare out, a terror, strange and sinister, took possession of the timid. Men and women and children whispered to one another that on this night there were many who suddenly put off their human forms and were changed into wolves, fierce, ravaging, and thirsting for blood; and that these dreadful creatures roamed in the forest glades until the rising of the sun of the new year. In this belief we see, perhaps, only another symbol—that of the transformation of the season—of which we shall find many more.

The Weird Rites of the Druids

Strange and weird and awe-inspiring was the December ceremonial among the Celtic peoples of western Europe, and most of it all in the rites of the Druids, who observed this period of the winter solstice in their great roofless temples at Stonehenge and Avebury, in Britain. In them, torches blazed at night, and mysterious ceremonies accompanied the cutting of the sacred mistletoe, which symbolized the continuance of life and of the means of life throughout the winter.

But far more wonderful must have been the scene at Carnac, on the coast of Brittany, the seat of the Druids worship among the Gauls. Human eyes have never gazed upon a stranger sight than this marvelous sanctuary, with its thousands of huge white columns, all

Continued on Page 8



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Lord Allenby, defeater of the Turks and captor of Palestine, replying to an address of welcome from the great crowd which met him at Felixstowe, said: "I owe everything in the world to my mother." The massed throng echoed, "God, bless her." The photo shows Lord and Lady Allenby and Lord Allenby's mother reunited after a parting of over two years.



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Christmas Before Christ

*Continued from
Page 7*

upward to the frosty heavens. Amid all this maze of mystic pillars, the flames of countless fires glared at night, at the Druids, crowned with chaplets of green, moved in their imposing procession. At a distance, the uninitiated gazed with awe upon the spectacle, perceiving on the cliffs the frantic figures of the Druidesses, their hair streaming in a sort of fiery mist, as they waved their torches wildly and shrieked out cabalistic words and litanies, while the myriad pillars echoed to the fearful chanting of the Druids. Here was, indeed, an awful precursor of the Christmas that we know—a heathen Christmas before Christ, kept by tall, skin-clad savages, on whose volcanic passions a check was placed only by the reputed magic powers of their mysterious priests.

Rome's Great Winter Holiday

But closer far to our Christmas was that riotous holiday which the Romans knew under the name of Saturnalia, and in which were merged two other festivals, the Brumalia and Juvenalia, so that finally not a single day, but the entire period from the 10th of December to the early part of January, was given up to revelry. No one can tell—the Romans themselves had quite forgotten it—just how the custom of the Saturnalia began. It was older than their recorded history, and it lasted until it passed under the purifying influence of Christianity and became the Christmas cycle of the Middle Ages.

In name, of course, it was a feast in honor of the old Italic deity Saturnus, who according to tradition, taught the art of agriculture to the rude inhabitants of Italy. In reality, like the Egyptian and Jewish and German and Celtic feasts, it was a welcome to the coming of the sun and to the first stirrings of the vernal, germinating impulse in the earth. On the evening of the 19th of December—corresponding roughly to our Christmas Eve—a pontiff took his place before Saturn's temple, and exclaimed with a sonorous voice:

"Saturnalia! Io, Saturnalia!"

The cry was taken up by thousands, and was repeated exultantly throughout the Forum and along the Sacred Way. It flew from mouth to mouth until all Rome was ringing with the shout of "Io, Saturnalia!"

A Day of Social License

Then, just as the earth was soon to be freed from the bonds of winter, so the fetters of convention were relaxed among the Roman people. No man could be convicted of a crime, for the courts were closed. No man could be punished for a crime, for to punish was to be polluted. The slaves who swarmed in Rome put upon their heads the cap of liberty and mocked their masters with impunity. Burly Germans and sleek Cilicians invaded the beautiful dining-halls, and, sprawling upon the couches, ordered up the choicest vintages of the Greek islands, gulping down the perfumed wines as these were poured from the smoky amphoras. No one checked their license. If the master entered, he was roughly bidden to serve the men whom at any other time he might order to be lashed or branded, or even burned alive. Drink-inflamed revelers would often tear the togas from the Roman gentlemen of the family, and swathe themselves in the white folds of the stately garments, hiccuping out ribald songs and insults without the slightest fear of punishment.

The cleverer Greek slaves would find their fun in a way less gross but possibly still more irritating to their Roman owners. Gathering together, they would go through the form of electing new officers and magistrates from among themselves—consuls, pretors, prefects, ediles, pontiffs, and the rest. Then these mock officials would go forth with the badges of their rank and wittily burlesque the real magistrates with every kind of grotesque exaggeration, to the intense delight of the crowds who

watched them. The pomposity of one high officer, the meanness of another, the personal peculiarities of still another, would be held up to universal ridicule by these mischievous and impudent creatures; for the Saturnalia gave them license to do and say just what they pleased. For the time, master was slave and slave was master. Society was turned upside down.

Among free-born Romans the celebration was somewhat less boisterous, and was marked by many a custom which has been perpetuated in our own Christmas usages. The giving of presents was as universal then as now, but with the sensible restriction that they should never be expensive. At one time the modern plague of elaborate giving appeared at Rome, but it was checked by a sumptuary law; and after that, if any one received a very costly present, he was not allowed to keep it, but must sell it at auction to the highest bidder. The proceeds of the sale went into the treasury of the temple of Saturn. Therefore, gifts were simple and inexpensive—a jar of olives, a box of toothpicks, a few napkins, a crock of jellied fish, a lacerna or short cloak, some sweetmeats made of honey and cheese, and other things of the same character. Most common, however, at a present at the Saturnalia were thick wax candles, thousands of which were exchanged by friends and lighted in a general illumination.

Banquets of the Saturnalia

Late in the afternoon began the revels, which were held in every large household. All formality was dispensed with. The guests reclined on whatever couch each might select, ignoring all precedence. They ate of each course as often as they liked, and no course was removed until all present voted that they had had enough of it. Drinking went on at pleasure. Every one called for what he wanted, from the costly Chian wines of Greece, slightly dashed with salt, to the strong Massic and Falernian vintage of Italy. The dishes were as various as the wines. Oysters and snails, game pies, anchovies, every kind of fish, granules of pork, and dormice broiled upon the embers, meats hot with mustard, larks, pheasants, guinea-fowl, and deviled eggs—the abundance would have matched the most lavish Christmas cheer of later medieval times.

As the guests became gorged with the rich food and flushed with wine, they chose a master of the feast, or "king," whose duty was to contrive amusement, and whose orders every person present was bound to carry out, no matter how absurd they were. At the command of the "king," there trooped in acrobats, and Spanish dancing girls, Ionian flute-players, and clowns, each set doing a "turn" for the enjoyment of the company.

Finally, the "king" would give the most extravagant commands to his temporary subjects. The oldest and most dignified person present would be made to dance on the dining-table and sing the latest popular song. Another was ordered to pick up a flute-girl and carry her three times around the house. Still another would receive a whispered command to walk up to some prominent senator who was there and insult him grossly. Others were forced to drink beakers of brine, or to have a jar of wine poured down their backs, or to be plunged in the water of the cisterna in the adjacent conservatory.

As the night wore on, the fun grew fast and furious. The pungent smoke of the lamps thickened the air, and the fumes of wine mingled with it. The feast became an orgy, with a pandemonium of shouts and songs, of chinking dice, and of dishes falling on the marble floor. The scenes enacted here, when the drunken slaves came in and climbed upon the couches with their masters, have given a dark significance to the very name of Saturnalia.

The Advent of Christianity

When Christianity first made its influence felt in Italy, and, later, over the entire world, it took these heathen rites and ceremonies and consecrated them to its own beneficent and noble ends. The

Continued on Page 72

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The LAST of HIS FAMILY

by
FLORIDA PIER

THE comtessa put down her knitting and lighted a fresh cigarette. Her eyes became even more prominent than usual, and shooting a stray bit of tobacco into space, she spoke.

"Paolo, you're a fool."

Her son, who had been sprawling elegantly on the lounge, straightened up, making his body curve with the wide-seated piece of furniture on which he sat. Unfortunately, this action made it impossible for his feet to touch the floor. His mother looked at his projecting legs, and the smoke issuing from her nostrils curled furiously.

"In Heaven's name," she breathed, "sit on something suited to your size. It is not a pleasant thing for me to see your feet protruding in that infantile manner."

The comte laughed faintly and lounged over to the piano stool, on which he twirled idly.

"You are not very gracious, mamma," he smiled. "Your temper is uncommonly sharp, and you are smoking my last cigarette."

The knitting needles stopped and the cigarette was quickly taken from the stone window ledge.

"Am I to understand that you are too lazy to keep yourself properly supplied, or that you lacked the money wherewith to buy a decent number?"

She luxuriously inhaled, and with half-closed eyes waited an answer. Her son squirmed, shrugged his shoulders, and jerking one end of his mustache perilously near his eye, gazed out of the window.

"I am to understand, then, that you are too poor even to buy cigarettes? A disgusting thing to confess. It brings us back to my opening remark, that you are a fool."

"Oh, mamma," the young man sulked.

"This conversation bores me quite as much as it does you, Paolo. Let me assure you that you are not alone in finding yourself a slightly trying subject."

The comtessa's scorn was so fine that her son threw back his head and laughed.

"Your bad humor is a work of art, mamma. I am forced to admire it even when I am its cause. You are, with your usual stimulating fireworks, leading up to the question of my marriage. I really can't propose to another girl. Four refusals have made me a fatalist. The family will have to end with me."

The knitting needles bristled. "Don't dare to speak of your stupid bungling in my presence. Have the pride to consider

those incidents as never having happened. You will leave for Rome to-morrow, you will become betrothed to that young American person, and then never again let me hear you speak of our family ending. "Dio mio," there were tears in the speaker's voice, "you would prophesy the Day of Judgment with calm!"

The young man's grin relaxed into a querulous frown. He eyed his radiant boots and jangled his sword viciously. "If the pretty Ripley says no, it will be the last. I'm not going to attempt every hurdle you put me at."

Out of the cloud of smoke enveloping his mother came her voice: "She must not say no. Neither your creditors nor mine will permit her to say no. She must, as proof of her 'yes,' be brought here and exhibited. By the twentieth at the latest."

"The twentieth. Per Bacco!"

As her son clanked from the room the comtessa slipped her feet out of her slippers and dusted the steel beads with her sleeve. The pretty Ripley's "yes" was altogether too uncertain a matter to permit of slippers being worn when no one was present. These conversations with her son were becoming more and more of a burden. They were always on the same subject, they were for this very reason infrequent, and they saddened the comtessa anew with a sense of gathering, threatening futility. Her personal wants, which she rigorously controlled, the vital need that the family should be carried on, the demands of the creditors—and these last were in danger of being looked after by the creatures themselves—all depended for fulfillment on a young man who, when seated on an ordinarily wide sofa, could not make his feet touch the ground.

The comtessa blamed herself for this sharply. She thought of her tall brothers and imposing father, and with a tear of gratitude remembered that Paolo had been still in skirts when her husband died. "He would never have forgiven me," she murmured and made a feint of not looking toward the piece of furniture which had so failed in loyalty to the family. She continued to think of her son and he became more and more the vanishing point for an entire scheme of things. Was it worth while planning for the future of a tag end? Paolo always seemed so on the point of being snuffed out, and if he went she would not dream of refusing a simultaneously extinguishment.

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The Last of His Family

Continued from Page 9

Then her lips closed tightly and she shook these vagaries out of her head. Paolo was a Raspaglione. He represented one of the oldest families in Italy. The family would go on. It must. In extremity she had been forced to resort to an unknown American chit, but she would be rewarded, she would die in a repaired palazzo with the knowledge that her son had been only a warning, not a final judgment.

The comtessa looked around at the faded coverings of the furniture, the beautiful worm-eaten doors, and the few pieces of ugly modernity which she had contrived to afford. She smiled and felt reassured by a baize-covered card table and a lamp with a beaded shade. They represented so many successful attempts at holding her own, just as the tattered brocade represented a decay that could not be controlled, a dwindling over which she was powerless. The name her husband had left her, the duty of seeing that it was handed on with its accompanying traditions, her determination to give an ascending push to the family fortunes, all these things were somehow mocked at and made to seem trifling and unreal by the steadily fading frescoes and the wood that almost delighted in its minute rotting.

In the piazza below her windows a band was playing, the musicians devoting themselves to their task with the stolid seriousness of men who on other days of the week are merchants. The comtessa listened a moment, her mouth puckering as she saw three of her creditors blowing ruddily on brass instruments. Then her black brilliantine bosom heaved as she remembered that the house of the Graziani had once towered on the spot where nurses now trundled babies, and marriageable daughters walked self-conscious beside decorous, weary mothers. The piazza had been the whim of a Raspaglione, and was his public chuckle over a vanquished enemy. He had put to death six of the Graziani. He had razed their house and laid out a pleasure ground for the citizens on its site. The comtessa gazed unseeing from her window; the Graziani had died fighting, they had ended on a top note. The comtessa turned her back on the piazza and wondered if that blood-thirsty Raspaglione realized now that the Graziani had after all, got the better of him. With his assistance they had been splendid to the end, while his own family were now in danger of— She checked her running thoughts at this point and then, welcoming the pain of their destination, finished with "a repetition of Paolo."

On the seventeenth—the comte smiled fatuously in reminding his mother that he was producing the pretty Ripley a full three days before the date she had set—a black victoria awaited at the station the train from Rome. The horse's knees had been pounded out on perpendicular roads and the coachman seemed to shrink inside his livery in a habitual effort to escape the winds of the hill town. He sat in a shrivelled reverie while the passengers sorted themselves out, and eyed a little suspiciously the young girl who approached the carriage.

"Are you the Comtessa di Raspaglione's coachman? Do you speak any English? I am Miss Ripley."

The voice which said this was so honest, the eyes above so frankly amused, and the hat above them so astonishingly, needlessly large that Francesco for a moment stared in bewilderment. Then with much oratory and a faint impression in the back of his brain that something amiably cataclymic had happened, he bundled her maid and luggage into a tram and waved Miss Ripley herself into the victoria. She settled her short skirts, threw away some roses which had begun to fade, and laughed a shade nervously. The cushions were flat with long usage and she gave a little bounce of tardy realization that she was uncomfortable. Moving over to the other corner seemed a possible improvement, and this brought Francesco's head about inquiringly. The girl nodded up at him, and on his old face crackling into a smile, she leaned back in a frank outburst of amusement. "You nice old thing, you think I'm

queer, don't you? Well, it's nothing to what I think I am myself!"

As Francesco nodded encouragingly and rolled forth a benediction of soft sounds, she laughed again, and felt a sudden, hearty friendliness for the brown town toward which they were gradually ascending. On the train she had thought, "What a queer-looking place." Now she felt that the cities she had known before were queer, while this fortified, venerable pile was natural and right. When they rolled under a great Etruscan arch and a guard peered into the carriage, a tremulous excitement caught her. She was being rushed back into the past. For the first time she felt connected with what had gone before and what was coming after. She was conscious of a sudden shyness with herself, and to relieve her inarticulate confusion, laughed again and exclaimed: "Good gracious, isn't it a queer place!"

Her astonishment became a maze in which she was gradually lost. By the time she had been shown to her big, gloomy room and afterwards brought down to the drawing-room where the comtessa and her son awaited her, she was hushed and made awkward by a growing sense of unreality. She paused outside the drawing-room door for an instant, hoping for a confidence that refused to come; then, pushing it open, she went in.

The comtessa rose, and the girl went to her, her eyebrows drawn into a questioning pucker.

"You were awfully good to ask me to come at once," she began, and paused. There was also a question in the eyes of the comtessa. She spoke and the girl smiled a little dumbly, turning to Paolo for an interpretation.

"My mother says she is very happy to see you, and asks why your mother is not with you?"

"Oh, of course, I should have explained at once. Mother came with me, but when she got to the station, she balked. Can you explain that to your mother without making my mother seem too queer? Just say that mother found she had to go on to Florence. It's quite true, only it was the situation that made her. She couldn't face the engagement, and not speaking the language, she just funk'd it, and I came alone. Can you make that not sound queer?"

The comtessa had held the girl's hands during her hurried speech, taking in her ample air, her clear, heedless gaze, and the blundering richness of her dress. Now she listened to her son's rendering of the young woman's explanation and froze as he finished.

"But with whom can I discuss business?" She closed her teeth on her lower lip and added a second after: "That can be arranged later, however. Ask her to tell me her given name."

The comte again acted as interpreter and the girl laughed. "That's easy. My name is Spring. It's rather foolish, isn't it? We began to be able to afford poetry about the time I was born and mother rather let herself go on my name."

The comtessa's big black eyes snapped astonishment and the two women looked at each other longer than either intended. A strained smile quivered on Spring's face. "Tell your mother," she said quickly, "that I really like you. She looks at me as though she wonders why I'm here."

The elder woman received this curiously. She led the girl to a chair and eyed her as she sat down. She had covered the shabbiest chair in the room with the richest piece of modernity that had ever come into her possession. Satisfaction softened her features, and with a sense of security, of having at last a real weapon in her hand, she watched the two young people as they chattered.

"Tell me," Spring was saying—it became her perpetual chant in the days that followed — "tell me about your family when they were such awfully splendid fighters."

The comte, slightly bored, and wholly unaccustomed to recounting these old tales, announced over and over again that he had come to the end. Always she made him remember more.

"But," he objected on the third day of her visit, "I seem to be the only member of my family in whom you are not interested. You might give me a little at-

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The Last of His Family

Continued from
Page 10

forget you a little, but you mustn't worry. I do like you, you know." Then her eyes became blank to him and she insisted that he repeat a story he had told the day of her coming. She listened, motionless.

"They didn't care much whom they killed, did they?" the young man yawned.

She laughed, unable to accustom herself to the fire of those long-past actions. "They were lusty, though, and I like them."

The comte moved restlessly. "They were ridiculously bloody, but you don't seem to mind it."

Her eyes closed to an amused slit. "Blood's better than buttons! As a family heirloom, I mean."

"Buttons?" The comte moved nearer and prepared for banter.

"Yes; you see father made his money in buttons, millions of buttons, miles of factories. We've climbed, though not so darned high, on buttons, and though I've never minded them particularly before, they make me quite crazy about the general bloodiness, as you say, of your family."

"And not in the least crazy about me, not just a little?" The comte concentrated all his powers in a killing glance.

"Oh, you"—she locked her hands about her knees and was as blind as a boy to his wiles—"you're all right, of course, only you needn't make love to me quite so much; we don't in America, and, you

tention." He took her hand and she drew it away soberly.

A slow smile parted her lips. "I do forget you a little, but you mustn't worry. I do like you, you know." Then her eyes became blank to him and she insisted that he repeat a story he had told the day of her coming. She listened, motionless.

It was shortly after this that she commenced sitting by the comtessa's chair as she wrote and knitted in the brocaded camerino. For two or three mornings she contented herself with staring out of the window or rustling the leaves of a book. Later, her large white hands with their shiny nails lying idly in her lap, she smiled shyly, mutely at her hostess, and occasionally in her dismayed and constantly routed French she would put a question. The comtessa always replied blandly, and Spring, in her failure to understand, would retire sheepishly into their strangely companionable silence. Gradually out of the air a feeling came to her. She puzzled over it and traced it to the comtessa. Her hostess was not, for some reason or other, taking her son's fiancée for granted. She was still waiting at this late date, waiting to believe that she had come to stay. Waiting, it almost seemed, to find out why she had come at all. The girl, in her big, cold, frescoed room, imagined that she could feel the uncertainty of the woman downstairs, and imagining, too, that she wanted to be reassured, would run to her

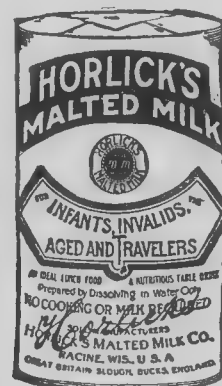
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The Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King, successor to the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier as leader of the Liberal Party of Canada, has taken his seat in Parliament after an election by acclamation for a Prince Edward Island constituency. In the Laurier Cabinet he was Minister of Labor and is well known throughout the continent as a student of economic problems. Mr. King, who is still a comparatively young man, was a special favorite with his late chieftain.

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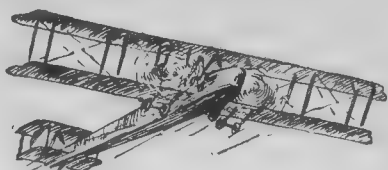
Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimaux near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

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A CUBE TO A CUP

OXO

CUBES

The Last of His Family

Continued from
Page 11

ling, blushing, feeling herself forced back into the ignominy of childhood, she made the comtessa understand that she must be her guide, and that if she spoke very slowly, in very short sentences, a sufficient comprehension could be assured. The two women started off, the black, sailing figure of the comtessa a little in advance of her incongruous, interested guest. They began in the entrance court, and it came out in the beginning that Spring had been deciphering early histories of the town.

With gracious precision, and frequent pauses to see if the young girl understood, the comtessa told of the great fight when four brothers had held their palace against the other nobles of the town and only exiled themselves when the crooked street going past the door was running blood. There was so much to tell, it took so long, and the girl was still unsatisfied and demanding details. The two women, sometimes carrying candles for badly lighted corridors, sometimes sitting on winding, worn steps for a better thrashing out of a hardy incident, annoyed the comte and drove him to the tennis club. He disliked their magnifying of an already swamping past. The suggestion of priestess in his mother's stately, gloomy tread roused his temper, and he contrived to be away from the house a great deal. One day as he returned he found them standing at the head of the great staircase. Spring was being told the story of the Raspaglione who had invited his brother the cardinal on a ceremonial visit, and of what happened to him when he came.

She was listening intently. When she saw her fiancé she called to him to hurry, and he bounded up the steps, thanking her for deigning to notice him. She laughed and bade him sit down beside her. "Interpret for your mother, quick," she urged. "I must hear about that cardinal, and I can't understand what she means. Hurry, do."

The comtessa started afresh, her patience contrasting oddly with her spirited coiffure and militant front. She stopped for her son's rendering, and he repeated with a good-natured disdain. "It seems that the fifth step was arranged on a spring by my hospitable relative for the benefit of his brother, whom my mother says a lot about that, condensed, means the old cardinal was

a bit of tryant who had not always made himself popular. When he had made a noisy entrance into the city with much waving of flags and speeches, my wise ancestor gave him this house for an unlimited stay and begged that he be the first to descend this staircase, which had just been finished. The cardinal started down the stairs, and when his foot touched the fifth step he somehow pitched forward and was picked up a very much damaged bundle. Before he died he managed to curse our unfortunate family." The comte stopped with a grimace of derision.

Spring was staring down at the foot of the staircase. She looked at the young man without smiling, then at his mother. "Tell me what she is saying now," she commanded, "and please don't try to make it funny."

The comte's shoulders went up. "She wishes me to tell you that since that time no true Raspaglione goes down those stairs without pausing unconsciously at the fifth step. It is perfectly sound now, of course, but I've seen my grandfather stop short when he was in a hurry. It is a great grief to my dear mother that I have been known to omit the pause."

The comtessa guessed what he was saying, and rose impatiently. The two young people sat where they were. The comte murmured "Cara mia", and Spring sat unresponsive. She felt herself a little ridiculous and was unaffected by it. She continued to look at him and admitted to herself that in all likelihood she bored him. Men had always liked her before, but perhaps she had been different before. If she tried, she could charm this little dark man beside her; for a moment she thought of calling up her chattering, breezy, straightforward self. He would like that. He would cease his perfunctorily adoring expression. That was what she would do; it would be nicer somehow, and as she reached this point in her rather blurred reasoning, she found herself taking frantically the course that would send him away. Holding to her serious mask desperately she looked past him and refused to notice that he had gently touched the lace on her gown. He stood up and murmured an excuse for leaving her. That was what she wanted.

As he went up the steps she breathed quickly and was conscious of having taken a definite step, of almost having gained a point. She wondered a little what it was, and felt raw and in need of help. Looking down at herself, she seemed big and new. Languidly she went and stood on the fifth step. It brought her again the sensation of the long chain of lives which reached back so far. She had taken her place in it. She belonged to it and must do something to add to its grandeur. It demanded that of her. For a moment it seemed pitiless and she felt trapped; with a gasp she picked up her skirts and ran down the steps. She had never been accustomed to thinking silly thoughts, why did she now? With a childish anger she decided she was not quite well and blamed the damp stone floors.

During her silent drive with the comtessa that afternoon she thought resentfully of the Raspaglione and balanced wearisomely the pride in being a part of them against the plea that they should not exact anything too difficult of her. Yet nothing that she could think of would be too much if they would continue to accept her as one of them, if those people of the past would not mind her representing them.

From this on, things went quickly, and the comtessa saw. She watched the girl with an apparent knowledge of the road she was taking. It made her softer, gentler. She said once, with a hand on Spring's arm, "Paolo is good, you know, and not unintelligent. This is not an age for heroics. He might do very creditably if there was a war."

She drew a clear-toned response. "But I'm sure of it, and he is very amusing, too."

The comtessa crushed out her cigarette and added: "He was not a small baby at all." Spring laughed softly and then knew, with a certainty that hurt, the comtessa's poignant thankfulness in the

Continued on Page 13

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Barber-Ellis,
FRENCH ORGANDIE
Stationery

The Last of His Family

Continued from
Page 12

marriage of her son. Her wanting it so terribly cleared things for Spring. Between them they were going to do their best for the name. That was settled. She promised in the long silence that followed her laugh, to do for the family whatever seemed best for its good fame. With this so finally understood she ceased to be much with the comtessa. It had taken a fortnight of their silent intercourse for them to arrive, but now they were happily sure of each other.

Every afternoon Spring accompanied the comte to the tennis club, and in the company of young matrons sedately watched his playing. She found herself protecting him. If his conversation was not heeded, she talked amusingly of him and drew interested smiles in his direction. When he stood by a tall man, she made a place for him on the bench, and if any looked at her wonderingly, she smiled with pointed pride. As the majority of women about her were sipping their sweet drinks she saw something happen on the court that chilled her only as long as she believed it. No one else had noticed it, she must have been mistaken, the sun was in her eyes, she had not seen distinctly.

In the next game it occurred for what she now felt sure was the second time. In a minute her hat was off, and she stood up in a short skirt declaring her intention of playing. Exclamations followed. It was not usual for young girls to play. The sun would be too hot for her. The women remonstrated, some coldly. The men thought it would be amusing; Paolo waited to see in which way public opinion went.

Spring triumphed, and a racket was found for her; Paolo must be her partner; her insistence was graceful and the man at her side exhibited fatuous gratification. She played vigorously, and the set was theirs. At the end she again wondered if she had not been mistaken. But it was better to have played. If anything had been noticed she could have expostulated the others into uncertainty, or claimed the mistake as hers and demanded indulgence on the ground of feminine carelessness. On the way home she was silent and allowed him to think her tired. At dinner the comtessa begged there should be no repetition of so unusual a thing, but Spring's gay reminder that as an American she must be permitted such concessions, remained the last word.

For the next week she played every afternoon and at the last the ugly word rang in her ears unreprieved. Paolo was a cheat.

She proclaimed herself tired of the club, bored by the game. She urged expeditions into the country, flattered him into arranging them, and then made them merry with a chatter that became strained and which seemed to the comtessa a little awful. The girl was fighting so bravely with her hearty weapons, and their inadequacy was not yet apparent to her. She was a gallant figure on these day excursions and the comte woke to a pretense of alacrity. He followed her lead and substituted for an understanding of boats and horses his rather charming recklessness.

Returning from a day at a neighboring hill town, the trio entered the palazzo languidly. It had been hot and the comtessa declared herself exhausted. She went directly to her room, leaving the others in the dining room, laughing over a concoction of lemonade. The comte was in a gale of spirits and announced himself incapable of carrying out the receipt unless his hand was held. Spring complied, protesting. The glasses were filled. He raised his high and she waited for some absurd toast. He paused and put down his glass.

"My love," rang in the air. Bending her back in her chair, he kissed her throat, her lips. Her "Please, please," went unheeded. With a deep-toned "Ah," she rose, sending him staggering. Then her youth flushed her hot and she cried: "You've shamed me. You had no right to kiss me like that." Her quick breathing quieted. Her large, rather dumb eyes opened and her gaze widened the dis-

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Columbia Grafonola



The Christmas Present that Fills the Year

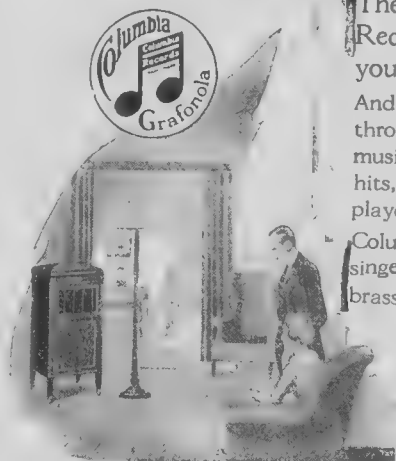
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And they will carry the glad Christmas spirit on through all the year. For Columbia music is joyous music—new, sparkling dance records, the latest song hits, gems of grand opera, popular and classic selections played by the world's greatest bands and orchestras.

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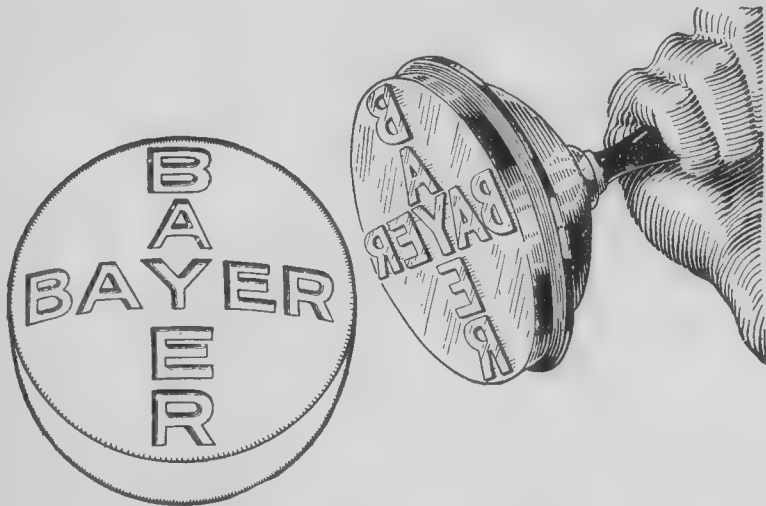
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The Indian Medicine Man

An interesting account of Indian mysteries

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. McD. Tail



FROM the time Columbus discovered America; and longer, how much longer we are not able to determine, the medicine-bag has been used by the medicine-men of Indian tribes throughout America. In the early days when buffalo were plentiful, the bag was made of carefully tanned buffalo hide. Now, cow-hide or anything the medicine-man can get is sewed up to contain his articles of healing. In it is put old bones, stove lids, pieces of tin, broken glass—anything unfit for use in the teepee. In these the medicine-man finds his medium of healing, and through them he works his cures. Every camp has its medicine-man, and outside the teepee of every medicine-man is his medicine-bag.

All Indians believe in their familiar spirit which assumes all shapes and forms. Sometimes it is an owl, sometimes a buffalo, a coyote, a beaver or any other animal. This is typified in the carving of the totem-poles of British Columbia Indians and in the decoration of the teepees of the Indians of the plains. This spirit it is that gives them protection, and in the case of a medicine-man, power to perform the wonders done by him, and is firmly believed in by them all.

The experiences of Captain C. E. Denny among the Indians of Western Canada afford a valuable contribution to the many tales of wonder done by Indian medicine-men. Captain Denny was for many years Indian agent among the Blackfeet Indians, the largest tribe in Canada. He came with the North West Mounted Police in 1874 and immediately endeavored to find out how the medicine-men of the tribes carried on their arts. Regarding his experiences he says:

"I had many chances to find out the truth regarding what I had heard of them and I was truly astonished at what I saw at different times. Many of the medicine feats did not allow of any jugglery, the man being naked except for a cloth around his loins and I sitting a few feet from him.

"On one occasion I was sitting in an Indian teepee alone with one of the medicine men of the Blackfeet Indians. It was night and all was quiet in camp. The night was calm with a bright moon shining. On a sudden the Indian began to sing and presently the lodge, which was a large one, commenced to tremble; and the trembling increased to such a degree that it rocked violently, even lifting off the ground, first on one side then on the other, as if a dozen pairs of hands were heaving it on the outside.

This lasted for about two minutes when I ran out expecting to find some Indians on the outside who had played me a trick, but to my astonishment not a soul was in sight; and what still more bewildered me was to find on examination that the lodge was firmly pegged down to the ground. It was impossible for any number of men to have removed and replaced the pegs in so short a time. I did not enter that lodge again that night as the thing looked, to say the least, uncanny.

"On another occasion," says Captain Denny, "I visited a large lodge where a 'medicine smoke' was in progress. There were about a dozen Indians in the lodge. After the smoke was over a large copper kettle about two feet deep and about the same in diameter was placed empty on the roaring fire in the middle of the lodge. The medicine-man, who was stripped with the exception of a cloth around his loins, was all this time singing a medicine song in a low voice. The pot after a time became red hot and, a pole being passed through the handle, it was lifted in this state off the fire and placed on the ground so close to me that the heat was almost unbearable. When the pole was withdrawn the medicine man sprang to his feet and still singing his song, stepped with both naked feet into the red-hot kettle, and danced for at least three minutes in it, all the time singing to the accompaniment of the Indian drums. I was so close, as I have said, that the heat of the kettle was almost unbearable, and I closely watched the performance and saw this Indian dance for some minutes in it with his bare feet. Yet on stepping out he seemed none the worse for his experience. How he did it was and is still a mystery to me."

The great missionary to the Indians, Brainard, was at a loss to know what power was responsible for the conjuration of the Indian medicine-man. In a report he made once to the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, he has this paragraph:

"What further contributes to their aversion to Christianity is the influence which their 'powaws' (conjurers, diviners, or medicine-men) have upon them—these sort of persons who are supposed to have a power of foretelling future events or recovering the sick, at least oftentimes, and of charming, enchanting or poisoning to death by their magic divinations. I have labored to gain some acquaintance with this affair of conjuration, but it seems to be such a mystery of iniquity that I cannot well understand it, and I do not know what

Continued on Page 15

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A blend of wheat and barley prepared to digest easily and make and keep people strong.

"There's a Reason"

The Indian Medicine Man

Continued from
Page 14

ideas to affix to the terms Indians make use of in describing or telling about it." "Kootenai" Brown, one of the very interesting old-timers of the Canadian West in his "Recollections" tells this interesting incident, the truth of which he avers but relates with the feeling that its seeming impossibility, humanly speaking, puts it back to the time of the Man of Nazareth when he stretched himself upon the dead. The story is told here in "Kootenai" Brown's own words:

"I remember Nesh-e-cappo, a medicine-man near Fort Garry, many years ago. Nesh-e-cappo means Two People Standing on a Hill, but I don't know why he was so named. He was half Chippewa and half Cree. This was in the sixties.

"Nesh-e-cappo was a very remarkable Indian. He had a great reputation amongst his own people, the Chippewas and Crees, as a conjurer, sleight of hand expert, and spiritualist. The incident I am going to relate is not hearsay. I was a witness myself. I am quite aware that I am running the risk of being considered a prevaricator or of trying to bring the miracles of a day long past down to the more recent present, but there are people alive today who will corroborate the statements I make. There were three remarkable things I saw him do but the one that awed me most was bringing the dead to life.

"On one occasion a young Indian, Mini-a-pit (Bad Tooth) died. He lived at White Mud River and was about 21 or 22 years old. He was a great favorite amongst his people and they were induced by friends to call in Nesh-e-cappo in the apparently foolish hope of bringing the dead to life. I was present when he died and before the arrival of the medicine man I applied all the tests I knew of and as far as I could judge he was dead. In fact everyone present believed him to be dead. Well, in about half an hour Nesh-e-cappo arrived and after invoking the help of the Great Spirit and going through a species of incantations, he lay on the dead man with his face towards his and breathed into his mouth, and to our great astonishment Mini-a-pit opened his eyes and got up just as he would after a sleep, and apparently no worse for the experience. He was alive for many years after that.

"Another thing I saw Nesh-e-cappo do was a trick frequently done, I believe, at show performances of different sorts. I have seen him stand up without a stitch of clothes except a loin cloth and allow himself to be tied, hands and feet, with raw-hide rope, so that he couldn't move. And this, mind you, on the bald prairie, where there were no trap doors more than a gopher hole. When firmly tied he called for a buffalo robe or anything that would cover his body and legs, and in less time than it takes to tell it he had the raw-hide rope in a neat coil at his feet. No chance for tricks there that I could see but I cannot explain how he did it. Nobody could.

"Then too, I have seen Nesh-e-cappo ask for a 'trade ball' or anything that could be marked and thrown away. He would take the ball, ask to be blindfolded, rub the ball in his hands for a few seconds, ask a mark to be put upon it and have the marker throw it as far as he could out in the prairie. With his eyes blindfolded Nesh-e-cappo would walk as straight as a crow flies, pick up the 'trade ball' and bring it back to the man who threw it.

"I have never been able to understand how he did the things he did, but he did them; of that I am certain because I saw the things done. Nesh-e-cappo is dead many years. He was an old man when I knew him."

Away With Depression and Melancholy.—These two evils are the accompaniment of a disordered stomach and torpid liver and mean wretchedness to all whom they visit. The surest and speediest way to combat them is with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will restore the healthful action of the stomach and bring relief. They have proved their worth in thousands of cases and will continue to give relief to the suffering who are wise enough to use them.

THE PROSPECTOR

By William J. Ryan

As I eat my lonely dinner where the mountain torrent leaps,
Over giant crags of granite and goes foaming down the steep:
Where the pendant moss-hung spruce boughs shade my quiet resting hour,
Just beyond the flaming patches of the goldenrod in flower.
Where the breath of Nature's perfumed by the balsam and the pine.
Where the Lord has built great castles, 'tis my privilege to dine—
Where my friends, befurred or feathered, show me life's evolving page:
As they act for me, as I for them, where our God has set the stage.

Across my ice-hewn table steps a bird of quiet mien,
And he eyes me calm and friendly, for good friends we long have been.
And he says, "Bill, pass the bannock," with that same, wise, friendly eye,
And I gravely place his portion where the clinging lichens lie.
Presently I'm smoking—thinking—and my guest—friend "Whiskey Jack," Finds a perch upon my shoulder as I mentally look back:
Over days now passed for ever, stretching in a long, long line.
And I view them sad, regretful, all those yesterdays were mine.

And I see them lengthening, lengthening, miles of days and miles of years,
Till I almost see the cradle where an angel hushed my fears.
Mother! Mother! How I loved you in those days of childish truth;
How I loved you in my boyhood, how I loved you in my youth.
Ah, my mother!—when you touched me in a fevered hour of pain:
How it vanished! Little mother, will you come to me again:
I am lonesome in the mountains, where the spruces sigh and moan,
Glad I'll greet you spirit mother. I and "Whiskey Jack" alone.

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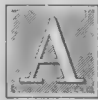
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Delecto Assortment

The Camel's Back

The story of a disappointed woman

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Alma Martin Eastabrook



A LITTLE narrow-gauge engine, crippled by one of the many internal disorders with which the species seem often afflicted, came limping down a famous canyon of the Rockies and stopped suddenly with a grunt, like a balky beast that refuses to proceed.

Tired fishermen, fussy tourists and city folk returning to town after a week-end in the mountains, alighted in various stages of annoyance until all the coaches were empty save the rear one.

In it, sitting tight and rapping out a tattoo on the arm of the seat, was a tremendously agitated woman, who declared in staccato reiteration to the man thrashing up and down the aisle that they must reach Denver that evening.

"Are you going to let a doddering old engine keep us from meeting Arthur Kaynore?" she challenged.

"What d'ye want me to do about it? Carry you down pick-a-back?" her husband ironically inquired.

"Get an automobile. Buy it, if you can't rent it. Hire a handcar. Steal it! Anything to reach there. Amy particularly emphasized the fact that she could get him for to-night only, and heaven knows we'll never have another chance to be guests under the same roof with him. Do go and see what can be done."

Kaynore, savant, wit, philanthropist, was making his memorable first visit to America, and from coast to coast everybody who was anybody was being presented to him.

"Go!" Mrs. William Gaffin commanded.

The sun was just plunging behind the splendid Cathedral Spires, flinging back gay ribands of color. A heavenly apricot haze wrapped this world, so far removed from the jostle and thunder of life, this world of rocks and pines and columbines, of gaunt, barebreasted crests and laughing river. But William Gaffin was oblivious to it all.

A tense, nervous person, he had been inspired to leadership by an ardent helpmate. In truth his wife's ambition had been, from the first, like a dog yapping constantly at heel, speeding him along

the way she was persuaded he should go.

Of a very self-convinced temperament was she. She would have put him on the committee of all the clubs in Milwaukee if she could have done so. She would have made him the acknowledged head of matters financial and civic, just as she hoped to become the moving spirit in matters social and philanthropic. These attainments were far enough away, to be sure. Life had only just begun to doff the deferential cap to the William Gaffins.

Just now she was determined to meet the great Kaynore that they might profit by the acquaintance in several ways which she had already cleverly decided upon.

"Well?" she interrogated eagerly, when her husband returned, his fists deep in his pockets, his face wearing an uncompromising expression.

"Can't be done!" he exclaimed. "We'll have to wait till the things fixed. Now, don't go on about it! It's no use. That is the ultimatum." And having delivered it, he departed in some haste, leaving her to storm it out alone.

When her emotional whirlwind had partially subsided she dug into her travelling bag, and bringing forth a fat engagement book found temporary diversion in perusing it. Her eye was cheered as it swept from date to date, and her drooping spirits lifted perceptibly. She saw nothing of the pageant of the western sky.

She was at all times a woman of exceedingly spare view, having focused her vision overlong on what she called success. She had been pretty once, with a sharp, delicate beauty which a strained expression now marred. Lines that had lent girlish wistfulness to her face cut furrowingly between the eyes, while her nostrils were almost painfully compressed and her lips closed in a pale red line.

She became wholly immersed in the engagement book as she sat there alone, in the empty coach. Gaffin meanwhile was tramping the river bank in a very bad temper. He was used to bringing

Continued on Page 17

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The Camel's Back

Continued from
Page 16

things his way—her way, rather—and when he failed he was "difficult." He paused suddenly to watch a woman gathering columbines on a slope beyond the river. The canyon widened just there to a meadow and a bit of grazing land. A brindle pup careened about the woman's skirts, an old white horse browsed near by, and at the foot of the slope a low brown house set among the firs.

Gaffin recalled what he had once heard about no tree adding just the strength to a landscape that the fir lends. It occurred to him that the house fitted the firs, and the woman fitted the house. She moved with a buoyant grace, and as he watched her a memory revived in him—a memory that he had thought gone with many other things of his youth.

Presently she descended the hill and, passing the gate of her garden, came on to the river bank, where she dropped down, watching with frank interest the life about the delayed train.

For an instant he stared at her in amazement, then with characteristic decision crossed the bridge that led to her. "Why, Billy Gaffin!" she cried, and, springing up, came running to meet him. "Billy!" William Gaffin chuckled as he caught her hands.

"Jo!" he exclaimed. "On my word, the same old Jo!"

She was brown and straight, with something of the bigness and the summer warmth of outdoors about her, and something of the drowsy ripple of the river in her voice. A great pale-yellow butterfly, black-banded, hovered over the columbines in her arms.

"Think of your being dropped squarely at our door! My, but it's good to see you! Is your wife along?"

He jerked his thumb toward the train. "Then bring her, straight off, so we shan't miss a single minute. I'll call Tom. He is tending his cabbages. Hurry!"

With a forgotten pulse pounding in his eyes, Gaffin plunged into the rear coach.

"Who do you suppose I've found?" he cried. "The Deanes! Come along."

Mrs. Gaffin did not stir.

"I don't care to go," she said languidly. "I don't know the Deanes, except from having heard you mention them long ago. My head aches, and I'm bored enough now, heaven knows. You go. I don't mind."

"But I mind, Edith!" he shouted. "What would they think?" and he took her by the arm and hustled her out and across the bridge that led to the low brown house.

Tom Deane, and Josephine, his wife, were approaching it from the opposite direction. Deane swept off a ragged old hat and greeted them cordially. He was

a great-shouldered fellow of sound physique, hearty and, at the moment sweat-drenched. He explained that he had been hoeing.

"So you are summering here?" Gaffin commented.

"Summering and wintering," Deane smiled.

"It is home, Billy," Jo said, with a tender little gesture. "Come up and sit down."

The low-roofed house was full of fir twilight. All its windows were wide-flung. The walls were lined with dingy, time-spotted books. Comfort had touched it, but not Affluence. Assuredly not Affluence.

"You don't mean you stay here all the year round?" Gaffin demanded.

"All the years round. We have been here five—no, six—of them. Sit down. It's pleasanter here on the porch than inside." Their host let his big body down to the steps and sniffed a balsamed breeze which ran fluttering from a nearby crest. The white brindle pup came tearing up the walk and threw itself on him in wriggling ecstasy.

"Don't you care for the country?" Deane asked good-naturedly.

It was Edith Gaffin who replied, as if from a far distance:

"We might care for it if we thought we had the time to know it. Mr. Deane." There was a stiff aloofness in her manner, and the toe of her very smart boot stirred the hem of her equally smart gown.

Deane's eyes met his wife's in whimsical comprehension.

"Don't you miss things dreadfully here?" Gaffin blurted.

"We lived such a long time among things," Mrs. Deane defended.

"Glad to get away from 'em," Deane smiled extenuatingly.

Gaffin remarked with some vigor that they were fortunate in being able to live where they pleased. Most people were obliged to spend their days in the heat of actuality. In other words, they had to get down and dig—not cabbages, perhaps, but certainly to dig. It had never been permitted him to shrink a day from his rigorous professional regime. There had been the game to play and he had not thought otherwise than to play it.

"It has always seemed to Mr. Gaffin and me that the one great thing was to keep useful," Mrs. Gaffin said crisply, her black eyes very cold. So these people were not merely nonentities, she was saying to herself, they were shirkers! The hem of her skirt stirred increasingly at the touch of her boot.

A slight color crept beneath the tan of Tom Deane's cheeks, but he smiled with perfect good humor.

"It's so difficult to agree on the meaning of usefulness, isn't it?" Josephine Deane put in softly; and then, with a

Continued on Page 18

Love Better Than Fame

"I'll win a name," the young man cried,
"To crown the maiden of my heart!
Her eyes will flash with loyal pride
When forth upon my quest I start."
The lady watched with undimmed eye
The soldier ride upon his way,
Nor sobbing moan nor tender sigh
Enticed his stay.

And yet she pined from hour to hour,
"Twas love, not fame, I craved," she said.
"He little knows love's mystic power."
And lower still she dropped her head.
The days and months sped swiftly past;
The warrior's brow was wreathed with fame!
And home he rode. "Tis mine at last—
An honoured name!"

He met her in her father's hall.
And knelt to kiss her slender hand.
"Lo! at thy feet I lay them all—
Love, honour, fame!" She bade him stand.
"Thy love was all I craved," she said.
"With that my heart was all content!"
And on his breast she laid her head,
Her sorrow spent.

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**The Camel's
Back**

*Continued from
Page 17*

Edith Gaffin's glance touched the jaunty, shimmering figure, but she was not interested in birds. She remarked with properly repressed warmth, that it had not occurred to her that there could be any question as to what usefulness consisted of. She spoke of crowded tenements, of sweat-shops, of fresh-air missions, of dreary hospital wards, of neglected kindergartens, of the manifold forms of charity. She spoke movingly. But when Deane asked her for a fact or two and a figure, she stumbled.

She was not greatly embarrassed, however, and hastened to dwell with impressment upon the potency of money, hinting at her husband's prodigality in spending it. She spoke with pride of a great ball she had engineered last year for the benefit of a worthy orphanage, and said she hoped to put through an equally successful vaudeville affair this winter.

As she talked Gaffin kept looking at Josephine Deane in the purple shadows of her corner of the porch. At sparkling, magnetic, unchanged Jo, in her simple gown, with her firm brown throat, and her warm brown cheeks and her shining gray eyes. She puzzled him. She was as old as Edith. Why didn't she look it? How had she contrived this marvel of freshness, this miracle of youth?

"I can't understand it, Jo," he said to her in his downright way. "You seem actually to like it here!"

She measured him for just an instant with her keen eyes before she answered. "Well, you see, we are just a pair of joggers, Tom and I," she said slowly. "Ambling suits us better than racing, so we amble. Back in your world it's like the White Queen said to Alice, you remember, it takes all the running you can do there to keep in the same place."

"We must go, William," Mrs. Gaffin declared, rising. "They will be ready soon, I am sure."

"Stay the night!" the Deanes chorused.

Edith Gaffin declined the proffered hospitality with more vehemence than Gaffin thought quite polite.

"I'll give you a water-cress salad and broiled trout for supper," Jo urged. "Why not?" Deane insisted warmly.

A tight little smile gathered in the corners of Mrs. Gaffin's tight little mouth. She was mentally comparing trout and water-cress with Arthur Kaynore.

"Suppose we stay, Edith," Gaffin suggested.

She stared at him in amazement, reddening to the roots of her hair, but answering him not a word. She merely walked to the head of the steps, where she turned and held out the tips of her fingers to Mrs. Deane.

"It seems frightfully inhospitable to let you go without a bite to eat,"

lamented Jo. "And the nights are glorious up here. Besides, we have such a pleasant friend coming by a later train. You would enjoy him, I'm sure."

Mrs. Gaffin lifted her tailored skirt and descended the steps. The question was one over which it was useless to waste words.

"Would you really have stayed?" she demanded of her husband as they crossed the bridge.

"What pleasure, after all, will we get out of meeting Kaynore?" he grumbled crossly.

She swept an appealing glance upward, as if to ask heaven if such ingratitude had ever been recorded.

"This is the last straw!" she gasped. It was not. She found that out later.

They reached Denver at eleven o'clock that night and drove, in spite of Gaffin's remonstrance, straight to her friend's house, which was not lighted as brilliantly as they had expected to find the domicile which sheltered a celebrity.

"Where is he, dear?" Mrs. Gaffin whispered in her friend's ear as they kissed each other in the front hall.

A gleam came into the friend's eye—a strange, somewhat baleful light.

"He—er—isn't here," she said.

"Not come!" Mrs. Gaffin exclaimed.

"Not coming!"

"Oh, Amy! Why, what has happened?"

Her friend, who was a celebrated stalker of notables, set her jaws oddly. Color burned in spots over her face.

"He preferred to spend the only night he is to have in Colorado with some unknown people named Deane, up in Platte Canyon. Deane has written a book of some sort about fellowship and leisure and sane living, and Mr. Kaynore seems to think him the only person in the state worth knowing. It is disgusting. I had arranged—" She steamed off into a detailed recital of all she had planned for Kaynore's entertainment.

But Edith Gaffin did not hear. She had sunk into a chair and was staring blankly at Gaffin. "William!" she breathed.

THE USUAL MEAL

A lawyer in a local court was questioning a Scottish farmer, says the Scottish American.

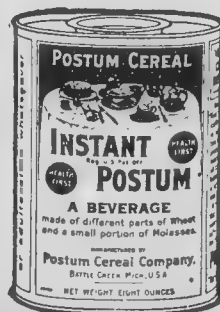
"You affirm that when this happened you were going home to a meal," said the attorney. "Let us be quite certain on this point, because it is a very important one. Be good enough to tell me what meal it was you were going home to."

"You would like tae ken what meal I was gangin' hame tae?" queried the Scot.

"Yes, I should like to know," replied the lawyer, impressively.

"Weel, then," replied the farmer, "the meal I was gangin' hame tae was juist oatmeal."

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The Ally that Never Talks

Written for The Western Home Monthly by N. Tournéur

FEW realize all the fine work that was done in the war by the Ally that never talks. All the great armies engaged in the hostilities have made great use of our heroic and faithful canine friends, and again and again the dogs proved to be one of the best and most faithful of the Allies. And so, to-day, many are the good stories, and true, that are told of the deeds of the dogs on the field of battle and elsewhere. Their highly sensitive sense of smell we human beings lack almost entirely, and they not only hear sounds more quickly than we do but also hear sounds that to us are quite inaudible. The value, then, of trained dogs for military purposes has been fully recognized by all the armies concerned.

No nation has been better served by its canine forces than the Belgian. Prodiges of bravery and endurance were performed by these humble, silent heroes in the early days when the Germans swept ruthlessly through Belgium like monstrous locusts. Many of the dogs were in harness for weeks, and, like their soldier-masters of the gun-teams, were able to snatch only an occasional rest by the wayside. The Belgian draught dog, with its powerful chest and great breathing powers can draw on an average a load of 500 pounds, and the larger breeds, like the mastiff of the Great Dane can move much more weights. Drawing light artillery, they have been of inestimable value to the Belgian forces; and very careful training has taught the war-dogs to lie down under cover, well to the rear, while their guns are in action.

On one occasion, during the retreat from Antwerp, a large body of the enemy suddenly appeared out of the fog close up to a war-dog machine-gun section, and the retreat was sounded. As the gunners hurried up to the dogs they gave the animals the signal to accompany them. But the dogs were in harness, and their masters had not brought their guns along. To the dogs, this was a great mistake, and one that had to be put right. Therewith they turned in a body to their guns, and dashed back barking loudly. As the German artillerymen were trying to turn their guns into the retreating Belgians, they saw a pack of great ugly brutes tearing madly toward them apparently. With barely one moment's indecision, the Germans turned, and fled for dear life, many of them flinging their equipment off the better to escape the charging pack.

Again, another fine story is told of a machine gun drawn by a pair of mastiffs in the Belgian rearguard during the same retreat. Time after time that gun crew halted, and firing hotly and accurately was able to gain a few precious minutes for the others' safety. Again and again, the dogs had to gallop away with their guns to avoid capture, and, again and again, they and their masters held up the enemy. For twenty-six hours they dragged that gun, without food, and only twice tasting water. Then one of the mastiffs was shot. But the other struggled on with the aid of his wearied gunner, till at last the rear-guard, or what was left of them, reached safety. Then, alas, the splendid animal dropped dead from exhaustion.

The Red Cross St. Bernard dogs attached to the French army have also been doing heroic work on the field. At the end of the second year of the war the French had more than 3,000 dogs trained for ambulance, and through their help a little over 1,000 human lives have been saved. Each dog wears, in addition to its equipment of first-aid necessities, a white blanket on which the Red Cross is prominently displayed. They can make long marches without fatigue, and show a wonderful instinct in separating the dead from the unconscious. Not till the fight is ended are they loosed off, and, sometimes, when the ambulance cannot tell exactly by the low mournful howl from the dog where it has found a man, the wise

animal comes up to the station or the stretcher-bearers carrying the man's cap, or a bit of torn cloth, or other thing belonging to him.

In the Maison Blanche, by Nogent-sur-Marne, where crippled French soldiers find a home, lives a dog that is the men's hero—the hero of its regiment, too. It lives there with a crippled Zouave, its master. He was serving in Algeria when his battalion was sent to the western front, and insisted on bringing his yellow dog to France with him, and to the front. One night, when in the front line trenches, the Zouave, a sergeant, and

seven men went out on reconnoitering duties. After they were in no man's land a heavy shell burst and buried the eight men under a mass of earth. When the next night came the sergeant's dog was also missing. It had slipped away, and by devious paths had found the place where its master was entombed, and had dug through the earth, till it got down to the Zouave. The shrapnel wound on his leg, it licked, and after a time it crept out through the burrow it had made. Night was dark over no man's land, and the dog sat, and howled.

Now, this yellow dog was a mighty poacher, and cunning at catching hares, that went into the mess pot. Some of its own men recognized the howling afar off, and heard the barking, and said, among themselves, "It is good! The sergeant's dog has got another hare. We will go out and get it." They went, found the seven men and brought them

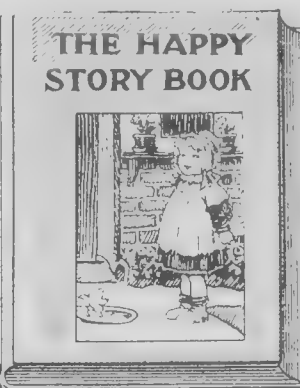
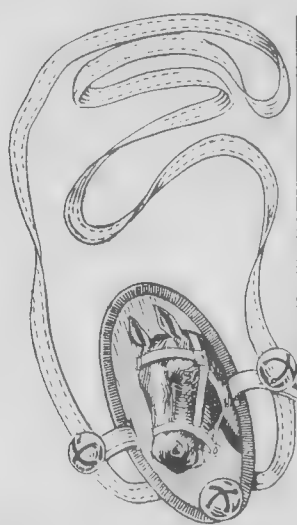
all back safely into the lines. The surgeons afterward said that only through the dog licking the sergeant's wound had gangrene been prevented, and the consequent loss of that limb.

Perhaps, though, best of all stories ancient the war dogs is that told of a certain Scots sergeant-major, hailing from Dundee, who before the war had been a thorn in the side of the police as he pursued his occupation of dog fancier. When fighting he could not forget his old practices. It came, then, that one forenoon a note was thrown across into the British trench, where the sergeant was on duty, presenting the compliments of the commander opposite, and requesting the removal of the Scotsman because that by whistle and bark, and divers cunning lures, he had succeeded in enticing every war dog out of that section of the German front line.

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Musical Education

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. A. McIntyre, LL.D.
(Principal Provincial Normal School)

If you appreciate the value of music it is only necessary to imagine what life would be without it. Think of an infancy without its lullaby, a childhood without its drum and whistle, a youth without its dances and love songs, and an old age without its psalms and hallelujahs. On considering life as it manifests itself socially, think of public worship without its service of song, the school without an appreciation of tune and rhythm, the army without its bands and bugles and the nation without its own distinctive minstrelsy. It would, indeed, be a poor world if it lacked the call of the trumpet, the roll of the drum, the ringing of bells, and the singing of sweet violins, poorer still if the voices of men and women did not ring out in songs of joy and praise.

No one has put this better than Thomas J. Morgan: "Unlike many of the popular amusements, music leaves no sting behind; its tendency is to refine and ennoble. It is suitable for men, women and children; it is within the reach of all; it promotes sociability, improves manners and offers little inducement for excess or immorality. Cultivation in music plays a large part in the leveling-up process. It reaches the taste, cultivates a love for beauty in all its forms, and opens to the child some of the rarest pleasures which otherwise might be the sole prerogative of the rich. Capacity for music is just as much a part of our common human nature, as the ability to think. To educate a child and not train him in music is to give him a one-sided culture, a truncated development. . . . If music is ever to be taught, it must be taught in childhood."

There are few gifts that a parent can bestow upon a child better than the gift of a good musical education. What is good in one case is not good in another since Nature has denied some people what it has bequeathed to others in rich abundance. Yet education is possible to all. With some it stops at simple appreciation. Others go on to the point of performance. Still others rise to the point of creation.

It is a common belief that ability to play an instrument or to sing a song is the true measure of musical ability. This is far from the truth. The best thing that musical training can do for one is to develop appreciation for all that is good and wholesome. It is fortunate that the great mass of mankind can be trained so to appreciate. All that is necessary is the choice of a good teacher and good music. The mind grows by what it feeds upon. Even when in rural districts good teachers are difficult to obtain, it is possible for musical appreciation to be developed in children through wise choice of musical records. It is here that errors are so frequently made. Because good models are so important in musical training, parents will be wise in choosing teachers to get those whose playing or singing will serve as models. Part of every lesson should be devoted to listening. Indeed, the greatest work of the teacher is training pupils in the art of listening.

Nor should parents be discouraged if their children do not all show marked ability as performers. All people are not intended to belong to this class. The greatest kindness they can confer upon a patient public is to hide their talent. To play or sing a little is very desirable, because it heightens appreciation for good music, but it is a mistake to make public performance the goal in any system of training. People should play and sing for the joy it brings to their own souls and for the power it gives them to co-operate and sympathize with others. If they can add to this the ability to delight others it is so much to the good, but it is secondary in importance. At the risk of being unorthodox, I shall go further and say that a young lady who has been trained to play hymns and standard songs with precision and in a helpful way, has a much better musical capital than she whose ability ends with the playing of one or two showy selec-

tions. It is very difficult to find one who has been trained in the useful art of leading a company of people in ordinary song. I cannot get away from the impression that many teachers are sacrificing substance to shadow—following custom rather than the dictates of common sense. I should like my girl friends, whatever other ability they have as performers, to be able to lead in a singing exercise at home or at church, or to play without music before them, all such songs and selections as people desire when they meet at social gatherings. Some few of them, I hope, will go beyond this and become real interpreters of the great masters. "But this is not a bow for every one to shoot with."

The third form of musical ability is known as creative effort. Strange as it may seem, people talk and act as if composition could be expected only from rare souls. As a matter of fact everybody should compose music, just as everybody talks or as everybody writes letters. As a matter of fact every child is a composer. Listen to the whistling and the humming of little people. We stop all this and demand that they shall live wholly upon the creations of others. Good teaching will encourage original effort—airs, accompaniments, variations. Of course, no one expects that the original efforts of children will be preserved, any more than school compositions will be preserved. Yet it is found that the writing of composition by school pupils is of great value to them in the study of literature. So, too, will every effort at musical composition aid musical appreciation and performance.

The most important consideration in the musical education of young people is the choice of a teacher. To be successful here are four qualities she must possess.

(1) She must be musical. By this I mean that she must not only be able to play from the printed page, but she must have music in her own soul. She must be creative.

(2) She must love and command the respect of the children. She must be attractive to them, so that they will be drawn to her. This is more important in the case of music than it is in the case of any other study excepting, perhaps, literature. If a teacher has any peculiarity of disposition or mannerism that makes her unacceptable to pupils, she might as well give up the work of teaching. Her musicianly attainment will not save her.

(3) She must have a clear knowledge of aims and methods. She can not be satisfied with assigning lessons and hearing them. Her chief work is inspiration and not criticism. Her lessons will be for the pupils, hours of pleasure, not periods of torture. Music, like other arts, has in it something of the play element. Children "play" the piano. Scolding, nagging, yawning are inconsistent with play.

(4) She must be able to modify her instruction to suit the needs of her classes. No two children can take exactly the same course, but no two have the same capacity, and no two are to make the same use of their art.

The good teacher will have regard not only to the needs of the individual pupils, but will consider times and seasons. At this particular season she will depart from her regular course and make a study of Christmas music. Children should know the history of the carols and should know something of the great Christian composers and their works.

There is a wide range of classics for children and adults, and it is important that people should be familiar with the best. One of the best things said by the Canadian Bureau for the Advancement of Music is this:

"Since there is so much to be accomplished no time should be wasted in the reading of inferior music. To interpret adequately elevated thoughts we must have elevated minds. He who drinks beer thinks beer; he who drinks wine thinks wine." He who plays "rag" thinks "rag." Drink in the elevated thoughts

Continued on Page 21

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Musical Education

Continued from
Page 20

of the best composers and you will get elevated minds. Besides, if you would get the goal quickly you have no time to waste by the 'raggy' road. Remember the hare and the tortoise; festina lente, hasten slowly. Watch every step and plod steadily, and you will get there long before the musical hare!"

There is a special need for the development of musical taste in Canada. We need not only a general acquaintance with world music, but should have a national music of our own. For this reason creative ability should be fostered. Surely we have sufficient independence and national feeling to give rise to the noblest emotions. We can never be a great nation until we have crystallized our aspirations in song and story. We cannot afford to "live on other men's report, ourselves a pleasing fable of ourselves." This seems very ambitious, but if we believe in ourselves and our future the ambition is none too great.

STEEL KING PREACHES MUSIC DOCTRINE

Charles M. Schwab Writes Pamphlet on Benefits of Music to the Business Man.

Charles M. Schwab, almost as well known as a lover of music as he is in his official capacity as head of the Bethlehem Steel Company, has just written a very informative little pamphlet entitled "Where Business Men are Wrong," which is devoted largely to a discussion of his favorite art. Mr. Schwab says:

"It is a common saying among men that 'music is for women.' But is it? Why are not the refining influences of this wonderful art just as much needed by men and as applicable to men? Some men seem to think they lose a part of their masculinity if they confess to a love of music. Well, I love music and I think I have held on pretty well to the masculine side of my nature. In fact, music has meant much to me in my life of affairs. Again and again it has refreshed me when I was dog-tired; taken me out of myself and away from the problems of business. A book can do that too. So can painting. But not so surely as does music.

"There is a 'reach' to music that the other arts have not. Of course much depends upon a man's nature, or his temperament. But speaking broadly, and knowing men as I do, I cannot help but feel that the average business man would be benefited more than he dreams of if he exposed himself to music. It need not be the long opera at first. Let him select the shorter concert. But few men immersed in business are right in turning their backs upon music as a means of absolute refreshment, mental and physical."

REVOLUTION IN HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC FORECAST

Recognition of Value of This Study May Soon Lead to Standardization

It is well known to those who follow educational matters that music as a study is slowly but certainly taking its place with regular academic subjects in the curriculum of high schools and colleges. This tendency has brought with it certain problems which are now engaging the attention of educators and the solution of which will create something resembling a standardized system by which music may be properly rated as an academic subject.

It has been found in recent years that the high school age is a very good time for studying harmony, ear training, etc., and the last two years of the high school course are like-wise suitable for beginning music history and some of the other more mature phases of music study. There is no doubt either but that serious and carefully directed work in piano, violin, cornet, voice, etc., involves as good training as the same amount of time spent in studying algebra, Latin, etc., and is certainly of far greater intrinsic value, particularly to the prospective musician, but also to the home-maker.

These things are only just being recognized, and high school music is consequently in the midst of a tremendous upheaval at the present time. The old-fashioned idea of setting aside a period once or twice a week for recreation, peanut eating and incidental chorus practice is being rapidly supplanted by the notion that the high school student can and ought to do serious and definite work in music. The value of such work will doubtless soon be evident in the increased happiness of our people, in the greater appreciation and intelligence manifested by our concert and opera audiences, and in the vastly improved musicianship of the music students who go to conservatories or private teachers for further instruction after completing the high school course in music.

WHERE CHILDREN SERVE THE CITY THROUGH MUSIC

The need for adequate instrumental teaching in the public schools is becoming greater as the number of community bands and orchestras grow. These organizations must be recruited locally if they are to fulfill their real function of providing music for the people by the people. Yet every leader of one of these ensembles knows how difficult it is to find players for certain instruments like the flute, and to fill almost any vacancy in the membership.

Mr. William W. Norton, a well-known authority on musical organization in the schools, who was formerly head of the music department of the University of

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Germany 1918

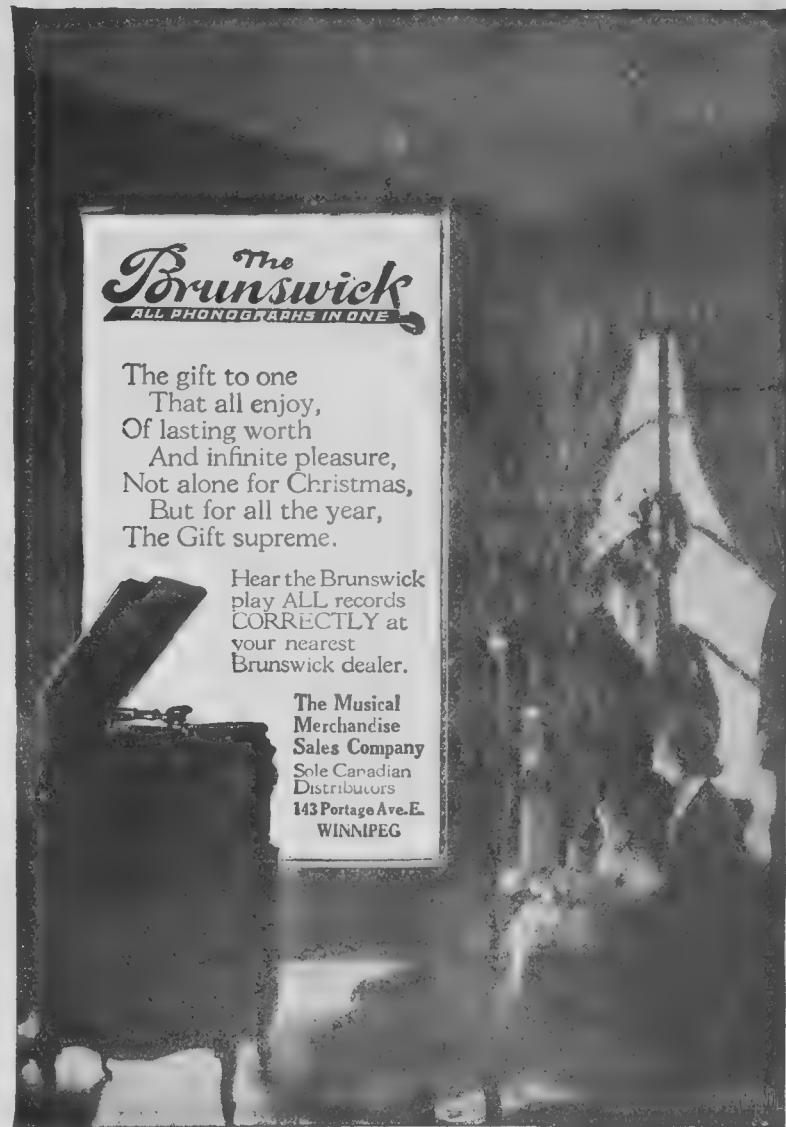
Country of Science, Trade and Art,
Firmly fashioned in limb and brain—
These wonderful gifts you cherished whole,
But you scorned the care of your God-given soul—
And you've lost it, never to find it again.

"Our might is right" you boasted aloud,
"We will seize by force what we wish to gain,"
Your first-won victories tasted sweet
As you leaped through flame and blood, but your feet
Can never be cleansed from that dreadful stain.

You have filled the world with shattered lives,
With broken hearts, with wreckage and hate
It brands you as a murderer, blasphemer, Hun,
And even your Allies, one by one
Turn shrinking, and leave you to meet your fate.

The passing bell of your might is heard,
Your downfall will follow its gloomy toll,
Before you can face God and man again
On your knees! and pray that out of your pain,
O Germany, springs forth a new-born soul!

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Music in the Home

Continued from Page 21

ment along the lines of ensemble playing in the schools in Grand Forks and strongly recommends the plan to other cities trying to solve their civic music problems.

Through the efforts of a Citizens' Committee, the Grand Forks City Council and the Board of Public Education were visited and the case for effective instrumental music teaching in the schools put before them, with all that it would mean in the welfare of the community. The project seemed so splendid that each of these bodies agreed to pay an equal amount to cover the necessary salaries and equipment.

It was decided to pay a large enough salary to attract a competent band leader who would devote part of his time to the work of leading the municipal band and the rest to the organization and direction of various school orchestras throughout the city. Then in order to provide an incentive to the juvenile players and at the same time to insure the permanency of the muni-

N. Dakota, and who is now considering the position of "civic musician" in Minneapolis, tells us of a successful experi-

mental band, it was agreed that vacancies in the latter should be filled among the most experienced members of the school ensembles.

As a result of the co-operation of the City Council and the Board of Education, a fine bandmaster was secured, a great stimulus was given to community music in general, and Grand Forks now boasts two bands and two orchestras in the grades, a band and an orchestra in the high school, and an excellent municipal band that is always available and is considered a great public asset. The city is now planning to organize a women's band also. Class instruction in band instruments is offered as an elective in the high schools, and credit toward graduation is given for such instruction.

PHILADELPHIA STARTS MUSIC DRIVE

Though war drives are now a thing of the past, it is interesting to note that their methods, lessons, and machinery are being employed to finance musical undertakings of a permanent and democratic character, such as local symphony orchestras. Philadelphia is the first city to organize a drive of this kind and is centering all efforts on raising a million

dollar endowment fund to insure the future economic security of the Philadelphia Orchestra, of which Leopold Stokowski is conductor.

Explaining how the prosperity of the orchestra is of vital importance to the business interests of Philadelphia, Mr. Edward A. Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal and one of the most active workers in this music drive says: "The Philadelphia Orchestra carries the name of Philadelphia to cities all over the country when on tour, and in this way has become a valuable advertising asset to the home city."

The Philadelphians in their drive are making clear that what they are working for is nothing less than the independence of music. For almost twenty years, the existence of their orchestras has been looked out for by private subscriptions, which always made up the annual deficits. The Quaker City people now feel that the orchestra's existence would be far more certain if such precarious measures were set aside; and also that it would be more just to divide the burden among all those who enjoy the benefits of the organization.

The Philadelphia drive with its contributions coming from every-sized

pocketbook, emphasizes anew and strikingly the democratic community aspect of music. The days when this art depended on the rich alone for appreciation and support are fortunately gone. The time when music will receive adequate appropriations from municipal and other public treasuries is close at hand.

"OLD GRANFADER LEGERE"

"No, I'm not get born on de State! I come here 'bout eighteen year ago from Tree Reeve, Kebec.

"Ma fader, he's dead w'en I'm seven year ol', an' so I'm go for leev on ma granfader's, who's beeg farmaire; keep plent' cow an' horse.

"Smart ol' man, too; justice peace, notaine publique, an' all dat. Not many case go on de lawyaire, I can tol' you, eef dey see ma granfader fir'. He's all for keep peace 'mong de neighbor.

"Two mans dey have some leet'l' troub', an' mebbe got mad queek, an' wan of dem start for get de lav.

"On way for see de lawyaire dis man mebbe has for pas on de house we're ma granfader leev, an' if he's see do ol' man on de houtside, ver' often he's stop for spik wit' heem, an' fore he know it he's tol' heem ev'ryting.

"De ol' man he's not spik mooch, jus' lissen. Den himby, after de man get troo for spik, he mebbe say, 'Wal, wal, dat's too bad, Joe. I didn' t'ink dat could happen after w'at 'Poleon do for you w'en you're so seek las' winter. I don' guess he's so bad feller. Sure dere's not somet'ing wrong on bot' sides, Joe? Better go for see heem, an' mebbe talk de t'ing over.'

"But of course Joe he's ver' mad, an' say, 'Oh, non, non! You bet I don' go near for see heem no more.'

"Den de ol' man say, 'Pr'aps, den, it's better I did go for see 'Poleon myse'f. Too bad for see good frien' quarrel dis way.'

"Wal, my granfader he go over for see 'Poleon, an' w'en dey spik leet'l' wile 'bout de wedder an' de crop, de ol' man he say, 'W'at's all dis troub' 'bout yod an' Joe Gallant, ma frien'? Joe, he's over to ma place an' feel ver' bad. T'ink you don' was use heem jus' right.

"Joe's ver' good feller, leet'l' rough sometam, but you 'member how he's take hees team from plowin' an' go roun' an' collee' monee w'en your barn got burn las' fall. Spen' ole week in busy tam, an' got mos' hundred dollar for you. Dot's good neighbor, 'Poleon. But now can you blame eef he's not feel so good w'en your seven cow an' heifer break down de fence an' tramp hall night hees nice fiel' of grain?

"Course you forgot for feex de fence, but de ol' cow didn' forget to tramp de buckw'eat.

"W'at you better do?

"Wal, I t'ink eef you goev to Joe ten dollar in money, beside feex up de fence, dat mak' it hall right."

"Poleon hees feel ver' bad,—de ol' man spik so nice an' quiet,—an' after w'ile he say:

"Wal, M'sieu' Legere, I don' forgot dose t'ings Joe Gallant do for me, so eef you will take ten dollar over to Joe, I ver' satisfy."

"Ma granfader he's tak' de monee an' go w'ere Joe was wait, and say, 'Wal, Joe. 'Poleon he's not so bad feller, after all. He's sen' dis ten dollar over to you, an' is start for feex de fence right away. An' he say dat he's not forgot how you collee' for heem monee w'en hees barn was burn.'

"W'en de ol' man get troo for spik, Joe he's feel ver' mean, an' say right out, 'I don' wan' dat ten dollar, an' w'at is more, I tak' it back to 'Poleon w'en I go home.'

"Oh, non, non!' de ol' man say. 'I have de ten dollar. Dat's mine, sure t'ing. But for ma share in de leet'l' troub', I tak' de monee an' go buy nice bar'l flour an' some odder t'ing for poor Mis' Larue, w'at's los' her man las' mont', an' have seex leet'l' boy for feed. Den I tell her dat's from you an' 'Poleon. Dat's better dan pay de lawyaire, Joe.'

"Wal, Joe he's jus' laugh an' laugh, an' w'en he's got for spik, he's jump hup an' shake ma granfader's han' an' say, 'Wal, wal, M'sieu' Legere, you one fine, fine all mos' de time."

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Pound Law

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Theodora Horton

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Gold Standard

The Chaffless COFFEE

MAURICE Harrison turned in his saddle, and shading his eyes with his hand looked back over the long level stretches of prairie. Yes, there could be no doubt about it, those were some of their cattle, and there was their neighbour Mr. Robson, driving them down the road, in the direction of the pound.

A new pound law had just come into force in their district, and cattle found roaming on the road allowances could be taken off to the district pound. His father had warned him only that morning before he had gone off to town to be sure and put up the gate, and he had gone and forgotten it. Oh, that memory of his! And now he was in for a nice scrape, the cattle were being taken off to the pound, and it would run his father into no end of expense to get them out again. It was no use he knew to go after Mr. Robson, to try and get them back. More than once their cattle had gone over into his place, and Mr. Robson had declared that the first chance he had he would put them in the pound.

All these thoughts took only a moment to run through Maurice's mind as he sat here on his pony wondering what he could do. Then the sound of a car approaching made him turn quickly round again towards the trail.

"Hello," said the driver of the car, a girl a year or two older than Maurice, "What is engrossing my cousin's attention over there?"

Maurice's mind had been working quickly as he had waited for the car to draw up. "Oh, Eileen, I do believe I have thought of a plan if you will help me out," he exclaimed, and he began at once to tell her of the cattle. Eileen had come a day or two before on a visit to her uncle and aunt, and she was enjoying driving about in her uncle's car over the prairie trails. She listened as Maurice confided his plan to her and asked her help.

"Now look here," he said, after he had explained about the cattle, "the pound is a good three miles away, if only something could get old Robson away from those cattle for a few minutes, I could ride round by the other road and have them home that way in no time. He's having quite a bit of trouble to drive them, and that gives us plenty of time."

"Us!" interrupted Eileen, "Where do I come in?"

"Why you?" replied Maurice, "must drive quickly round to the cross roads, and down a little way on the north road is a mud hole; run the car into this and get stuck: then jump out and do the distressed damsel when old Robson comes by. He can't very well refuse to come down the road and see if he can help you, and meanwhile I'll come round the corner where I shall have been waiting, and have the cows back home before he sees what's doing. Let's get a move on, we've no time to lose."

Eileen hesitated. "I don't know whether I'll go" she said, frowning doubtfully.

"Oh, Eileen," exclaimed Maurice, "be a sport. I shall get into no end of a row with father if those cattle get into the pound. It was all my fault you know, leaving the gate down. Come on, do."

Eileen suddenly made up her mind. It was only a joke, there could be no harm in it, and it would help Maurice out of a scrape. "All right," she cried, "I'll do my best. Off you go or I shall be rescued before you are ready for your part."

Maurice needed no urging, he was off like the wind, galloping his pony furiously across the prairie to make a short cut to the cross roads. Eileen proceeded at a more leisurely pace along the trail so as not to arrive at her post too long before Maurice.

Mr. Robson, meanwhile, was having some difficulty in driving the cattle along the trail. They knew well enough they were being taken away from home and evidently did not approve of it. He had found them trying to break through his fence that morning, and had determined to take advantage of the pound law without delay. He would teach his neighbours to keep their cattle in, he said to himself as he rode along. As he neared the cross roads he was surprised to see a girl walking towards him. Strangers

were not common in that lonely part of the prairie, and he had not heard that Mr. Harrison's niece was staying with him. Furthermore, it was not usual to meet anyone walking, for in that part of the world, where the distances between neighbours were so great, folks usually drove from place to place. Seeing that the girl stopped as if to speak to him he drew up his horse.

"Do you think you could help me?" asked Eileen, "my car is stuck in the mud down the road there."

Mr. Robson looked at the cattle. They seemed inclined to browse on the grass at the side of the road. It would only take him a few minutes, and he could not very well refuse to help, so he agreed to come, and, jumping off his horse, walked beside Eileen to the scene of the catastrophe. No sooner had they disappeared round the corner, than Maurice, who had been waiting his opportunity behind a ridge of rising ground, galloped up to the grazing cattle, his pony's hoofs making little sound on the grass at the side of the trail. With him came his dog Tip, and between them they soon had the cattle headed for home.

"Thank you, so much" said Eileen when at last the car was out again in the middle of the trail, "I hope I haven't taken too much of your time."

Mr. Robson rode with Eileen as far as the cross roads and looked up the trail for the cattle. There was not one there, only his horse grazing quietly where he had left him, but in the distance they could see the figure of a boy on horseback driving the cattle towards the Harrison's farm.

"The young rascal!" exclaimed Mr. Robson.

Eileen followed the direction of his gaze: "Has he gone off with your cattle?" she asked innocently.

"No" replied Mr. Robson, "they're his own cattle, but they were trying to break into my place and I was taking them to the pound."

"Oh, well," replied Eileen, smiling graciously, "I haven't wasted your time after all, for now you will not have to bother to take them, will you? So I have saved trouble all round. Thank you again so much, goodbye," and Eileen drove off down the trail, leaving Mr. Robson staring after the disappearing car.

It was not till some days later he found out who Eileen was, and though he may have had his suspicions, he had no proof, and so felt it was wiser to say nothing.

"You're a brick, Eileen," said Maurice when she arrived home, "and if ever I leave that gate open again, I deserve to be put in the pound myself."

"Well, see that you don't then," retorted Eileen, "for I may not be here to help you out again."

SIMPLE ENOUGH

Uncle Zack is an old colored man who lives in a certain little town in North Carolina, where he is regarded as quite an oracle by the other members of his race. Once an earthquake shook the town, and as soon as the natives got over their scare enough to discuss the why and wherefore of the shock, they cornered Uncle Zack and demanded an explanation. "Well, I'll tell you. Hit's like dis," he explained. "About once in so often de atmosphere happens ter come in violent contact wid de hemisphere, and de result is we has a earthquake."

HE SPOKE TO HIM

Secretary Redfield told this at a dinner in Washington:

"A father, noted for his savagery, lay seasick in his deck chair, while his wife read her novel at his side, and their little son Tommy played about the deck."

"After a while Tommy got very noisy. He was rebuked by his mother, but he still kept up his noise."

"So she turned for help to her husband."

"I wish you'd speak to Tommy," she said.

"The seasick man, who ordinarily would have had Tommy across his knee and roaring in a jiffy, said in a hollow, listless voice, without opening his eyes: 'How-d'-do, Tommy?'"

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Laddie Jr. on the Atlantic Coast

Deep Sea Hand-lining

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

Laddie Jr. and I wish to the readers of The Western Home Monthly
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Once more we have moved our headquarters; from Quebec to Nova Scotia this time,
so the Atlantic ocean will resound through our new stories

HERE is a wonderful, forested, seaside province, settled by our victorious forefathers over two hundred years ago. But yet, excepting the fertile cleared belts, a waving green mass of fir and spruce, pine and hemlock, soft maple and silver birch, all this primeval forest and second growth is deeply cut into by long inlets and harbors. On these this loyal British people have settled, putting to sea every fine day to catch the codfish of commerce. Come with us for a trip and see how it is done!

3 A.M.—The fog is so heavy we could hardly make out the fishing boat at her moorings. We stepped gingerly into the tiny craft used as a tender. Laddie Jr. bailing with the wooden scoop. But there was a real fisherman, Peter, at the short oars; so little reeked we. But Laddie Jr. got aboard first—in a hurry. A baitbox of clams was detached from its moorings and lifted into the fishing boat. Peter, the captain, mate and engineer, put his foot on the flywheel pin and gave it a couple of kicks, and off

up by invisible hands and stored away in Nature's great property room. Now on the heels of the departing fog, stole the morning wind, and soon all the tops of the pulsing ocean were whitened by the "wind chop."

While we were staring open-mouthed at the splendour of the scene Peter was stolidly baiting his line: a heavy cod line of some thirty fathoms with two big cod hooks, each with two clams apiece strung on.

The big boat was dry. She was just drifting along before the light wind, curtseying in the hollows and dipping gracefully over the tops. Laddie and I let the sun do its own getting up, and each seized a line and baited it; and threw it, with its dozen big, lead sinkers, over the side.

Peter pulled in his line with a big cod on it, took it off, rebaited his hooks, and cast again. Not one sound of joy or surprise came out of him, and Laddie and I exchanged glances. We were soon to learn that, to the handliner, fish are fish and not sport.



Landing skids, tender and gasoline fishing boat off Atlantic coast

went the engine merrily. We were busily pulling in the mudhook, the tide swept us about, and off we darted into the white wall of fog.

The harbor was about a mile wide and some three long with many an angry black ledge jutting out.

"How do you manage to steer in this wetwoolly fog?" I asked Peter.

"It's much easier than it was to sail out when we had no gas," he replied. "I was always nodding then and waking up to see every black wave a ledge. Smaller boat then. If I did run on I could soon push off."

Although the tide was with us, I could get no hint of steerage way. Yet this good chap took her correctly on a fair course—right out true. The surf on the "head" seemed too close once for pure comfort, but he spun the wheel and off we shot. We were now entering the broad Atlantic and the long, high swell made us rise and leap and plunge in no landlubbery style. Of course, neither Laddie Jr. nor I have been seasick yet. Odd thing, isn't it? Do you know, I have never met a man yet who acknowledged to being any more than "feeling a trifle queer." But if this slide up squashily and glide down splashily doesn't soon stop, I know of one man who will be more than "a trifle queer."

"Far enough out now," said Peter. We had been running over an hour. "About fifteen fathoms here," he said, and off went power.

Through the vapoury mass a celestial light was stealing, faint, almost invisible pink, deepening steadily to glowing rose and flashing beams of glittering gold—and lo! the sun, fresh from its morning bath, leaped into sight, and the great rolling curtains of the fog were folded

"I've got one!" burst out the boy. I guess he would sing out for a flea bite. And the way he manhandled that line; one would think he would set it alive. Never before nor since has a cod sailed away up into the pink light of morning as that one did: the spare hook catching nicely in the topline, and the fish swinging away up there as if it was in front of some market stall and all ready for sale.

"What is it?" burst from the lad. "A flying fish," gravely said Peter. The lad shinned up on top of the cabin and retrieved his catch saying, "It's a cod." "It is!" said Peter. And I am not sure what he meant yet.

Even my line was pulling hard now—so at it we went. We were still taking the fun out of it. Finally I caught a haddock—a very fine-looking fish. I had forgotten all about the rolling and tossing until I saw another fish flying aloft. The passing glance I got told me it was an odd one. The boy and I knelt over this strange thing and guessed—never within a mile of it. Look at it in the picture. A fish weighing about six pounds with great flying front pectoral fins, its top dorsal running all along its back; a huge mouth all filled with jagged, blunt teeth; its grey body all striped with rusty bars; and its big protruding eyes glaring at you.

"Catfish!" said Peter.

"Wolfish!" said the books later on. By any name it was an ugly thing.

We now put on power again and went to windward. Evidently we had run off the school of "shorefish" which were feeding on the small bait fishes below. We had now some fifty cod and haddock, an odd catfish and another strange-looking



Atlantic coast gasoline fishing boat with swordfish spearing stand on bow

chap called a cusk, besides the dozens of dogfishes we had thrown away. These are the pest of the handliner's life. In places along this shore there are huge schools of dogfish, weighing from four to fifteen pounds, that literally take every bait you put down.

We were darting up and sliding down all this time and that "queer feeling" was coming back. We passed two other fishing boats outward bound to deeper water.

"That's a dandy!" said Laddie as we passed within a few miles of a great four-masted schooner. Everything was drawing, even to her flying tops; and all her cloths were new. Like a great, white gull, she rose and fell and darted on, and we felt very small and insignificant beside her.

"Europe with lumber!" Peter said.

"Laddie"—I think I will not use the "Junior" to his name any more—"Laddie Senior" is now picking up his old-time place in civil life; his wound is healing and the cruel war is a dark shadow in his past.

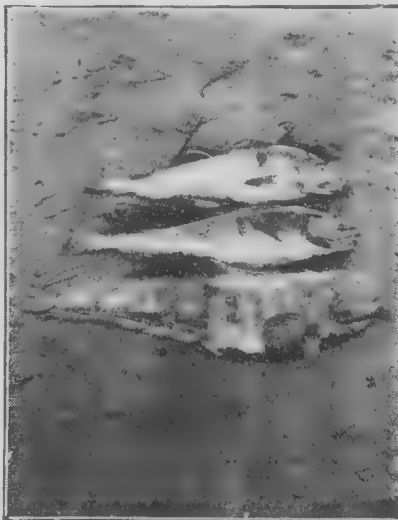
A higher cap than usual sent a rattling shower clean over us, so we came about. Peter made tea on his tiny cookstove and we had lunch.

The wind kept freshening from the west all day and we were wallowing quite a bit by midafternoon. We had taken our second crate—about three hundred pounds to a crate. They were nearly all codfish, very few haddock, one cusk, one pollock and the "catfish" ("wolfish").

So Peter put power on again, and we made for home. Time, too, I think, as she made quite a bit of a wiggle in the sea that was running now.

"Keep her so!" said Peter. I did. He started to clean his catch, taking the heads off and the "innards" and half the backbone out. He was some fish-cleaner, this Peter was. Laddie made some awful motions which he called fish-cleaning. I should think Peter could do ten to his one. These fish were worth from two to

Continued on Page 56



Top: The Haddock
Middle: The Cod
Bottom: The Wolfish

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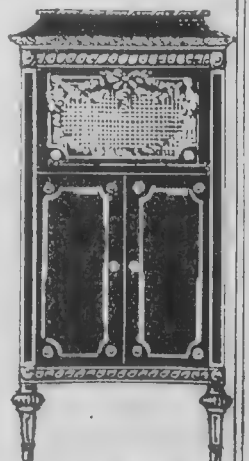
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Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms and neck, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are often due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

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CAUTION:—While Bitro-Phosphate is unsurpassed for the relief of nervousness, general debility, etc., those taking it who do not desire to put on flesh should use extra care in avoiding fat-producing foods.

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Shell Making and Conditions in England

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mr. Harry Rea



Here are pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rea, of Edmonton, Alta., who have been workers in a munition factory at Birmingham, England. They are both English born, though have resided in Canada for some years. They had one little one, but early in the war it died. This was while they were at Welland, Ont., where Mr. Rea worked at the canal, as an engineer. At that time he was over two hundred pounds in weight, but is now less than one hundred and fifty, having been pulled down while at munition work in the old country. He was working at Welland when war broke out, and endeavored to enlist, but was rejected on some technicality. Harvesting work was pressing, and he moved to Manitoba and ran a tractor during the harvest. While there, Mrs. Rea's father wrote advising Harry to come home, as he could assist materially in the manufacture of munitions and, incidentally, earn good money making shells for the army. As this would be helping the war, passage was taken. They landed on a Friday, and the following Sunday night Mr. Rea was at work. He kept it up for three and a half years. For over a year Mrs. Rea also worked in the factory.

Go to Sleep at Work

It is interesting to hear Mr. Rea tell about the making of shells. He says that for the small shell there were one hundred and twenty-six handlings, and that if each shell, at each operation in the making, did not come up to a thousandth part of an inch standard, they were all thrown aside, as many as seven bars being cast aside in one day. This test was not for one examination of a shell as a whole, but for each separate piece of work done on the shell there was often a defect, and the pile had to be cast aside. He has known a million shells to be cast aside simply because twenty out of the first five hundred of the million were not just right. This applied to not only the shell, or casing of the shell proper, but to the bullet inside (which was made of a composition for the outside and lead inside, and put in the centre of the larger shell) each having to go through one hundred and twenty-six tests before being passed—in all, 252 handlings before the missile was ready for the soldier. The machines used in the manufacture of the shells were all automatic, but one that Mrs. Rea ran for a time. The Reas have been so tired at the work that the lady has gone to sleep while operating, but it would be but slight, as it was necessary to keep going so that all went well. They have known girls to go to sleep, causing the breakdown of machinery, which interfered with work of the factory for a

day. For such seeming neglect there was no penalty, as the factory men were only too glad to get all the help possible, even though some of it was very incompetent. The factory often paid dearly through having incompetent hands.

Hours in Line for Rations

The couple worked at night, seven hours a week, and sometimes extra hours were put in. The hours were from seven at night to seven in the morning. At quitting time one of them would go home and make on a fire and prepare breakfast while the other went off to get the week's rations, which meant that he or she had to take turn in the ration line. Sometimes it would be the line for butter and at others for meat or bread. The line would be made up of individuals, four abreast, and stretching back for half a mile at times. Persons in the line were allowed to move out once and allow a relative to take his or her place; but not more than once. By stepping out of the line there was great chance of losing position, therefore all held their positions for hours, stepping up a pace as each four were ushered in at the ration station door. Policemen guarded the lines, so that order was maintained. Should the door not be large enough to allow all four abreast in at one time, the policeman saw to it that the right four entered, designating by his hand which one or two were to go in first. Mrs. Rea has gone into the "meat line" at 7.30 a.m., and waited until 10.30, the time for opening the ration serving place. There would be so many ahead of her, though in line so early, that she has had to remain in line until twelve noon before being served. At times she has just been the next to receive attention when the door would be shut in her face, the word being that there was no more meat for that day. She would then have to wait for another week before having another opportunity to be rationed. This happened a number of times to both of them. Each could get in line and hold it until the other came along and relieved the first one in place. The one going home to make on the fire would get his or her breakfast, and then come to the line and get into the place of the other, while the latter went home and had his or her breakfast. Should they be fortunate enough to receive ration, after waiting from 7.30 to noon, all they received was four ounces of beef or two ounces of butter—that to do them for the week. Mr. Rea has gone without butter and used lard, or the dirtiest of margarine, in order that Mrs. Rea might have butter.

Prices Very High

For the regular ration of two ounces of butter, there would be paid fifteen cents, and for the four ounces of meat thirty cents. Cigarettes and matches were difficult to secure for the individual in civilian clothing. Mr. Rea has been refused cigarettes at as many as eighteen places in one day. Securing a soldier, he has returned over the same ground, the latter getting smokes wherever asked for. Matches were three cents a

box; before the war the same sized boxes were three cents for a dozen boxes. Cigarettes cost seven cents a package as against two cents prior to hostilities. Apples before the war were two cents or three cents a pound for good eating variety, and at the close brought \$1.06 per pound. The blackest of bread was nine cents for an ordinary loaf as against four cents. Eggs the Reas hardly had at all, as they were looked upon as luxuries out of the question. They sold as high as twelve cents each as against two cents before the war, and cheese was sixty cents a pound. Both of the latter were very difficult to obtain, being great luxuries. Jam was along the same line, they being months without having any. Only the bare necessities were available to the working classes; the luxuries being available to the wealthy people.

Accidents Very Often

Time and again, in fact almost daily, was there accidents, this or that one getting his or her finger, hand or other part, broken or injured in some way, and largely through neglect or carelessness. But there was no punishment other than the party was off work for the time being. There was incompetency through liquor, which was almost as free as water. When armistice was signed there were two thousand thrown out of employment at one time, and they hardly had anything saved. All dressed highly and spent freely, though the real necessities of life were hard to obtain.

Rationing Still in England

Mr. and Mrs. Rea say that rationing still exists in England, conditions along the food line being very poor as yet. The couple had a letter lately from a friend in England stating that they were without butter and raisins, and the young folks here are sending across butter and so on. Mr. Rea says that boatload after boatload of butter, that was intended for Britain, found its way to Germany, through Holland. The bread was all of the war standard kind, being nearly black in color, and could not be eaten sometimes unless toasted, the toasting having the effect of sweetening the bread, or breaking up, through the crispness occasioned by toasting, the hard, dry condition the stale bread would get into. Different ingredients were put in the bread at times. Some bakers were summoned for putting in plaster-of-Paris, and others sawdust. Several deaths were caused through such material being used. Mr. Rea says that as far as he can learn, though Canada did conserve, Canadians knew very little about real privations along the food line.

Statement has recently been made public to the effect that the cost of living dropped in Britain last May to 104 per cent over the pre-war figures, but has advanced again to 120 per cent. Clothing prices are said to be extortionate, furniture costs four times as much as before the war, and kitchen utensils and linen and woollen goods are three times the old price.

A number of times the factory in which they worked, the largest in Birmingham, was attacked by air raiders. At such times there would be no work. All the lights would be out, and, with the place in total darkness, no work could be done. The hands would betake themselves to what were considered places of safety, until the raid was over. The factory was very fortunate in not being hit, though there were several narrow escapes.

Germany Alive though Hard Pressed

Mr. Rea says that all through the conflict Germany showed wonderful activity in getting her products to the front in a business way. Though there was strong effort to put in the background made-in-Germany products, they would keep coming forward; and in this work he is sorry to say that Britishers aided, the lust for gain being so strong. He has known millions of dollars worth of pins to reach England in bulk, and these would be put in papers, in the great little island, by English firms. The papers carrying the pins would have "Made in England" printed on them, but underneath the head of the pin, under the coating that is put over the inside metal, would be, in the smallest of lettering, the words "Made in Germany."



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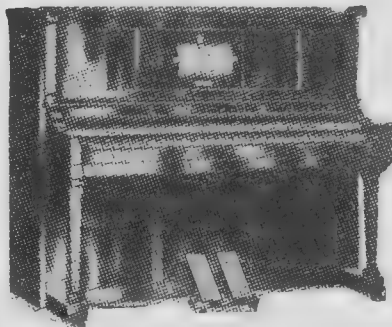
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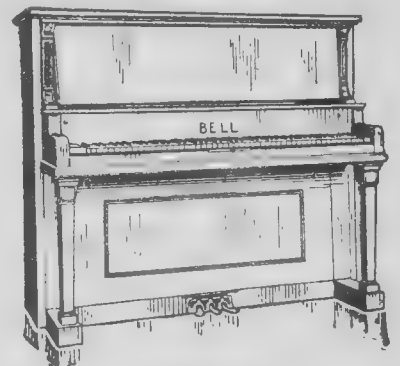
Privilege of Exchange

Privilege is given the purchaser to exchange within one year for any New Piano sold by us of equal or greater list value at the time exchange is made—all payments made being placed to the credit of the price of instrument for which it is exchanged. Club open now, and closes 31st December, 1919. There will be a big demand for memberships. Take no chances. Be on hand early or drop us a line asking for any further particulars you may desire. You will then be registered on our books and become a member of the Club.

Piano Prices will be Higher

Increased cost of skilled labor and materials are the reasons given by the factories for the frequent increases coming through at the present time. To-day in Canada everything points to higher prices for pianos. In England £40 pianos before the war are to-day selling for upwards of £200. Save money and buy your piano to-day.

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Their Christmas Eve

A Love Incident of a Duletide Eve

By Grace S. Richmond

THERMOS

The Gift of a Thousand Uses

A most welcome gift for every member of the family—for use at work or at play—from childhood to old age—on hot days or on cold days—ever ready everywhere—the perfect container for solid and liquid food—the ideal servant in or away from home. Keeps contents hot as blazes or cold as ice.

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HE LAY back among the crimson pillows in his big chair, close beside the fire, with his eyes on the burning logs. A tablet and pen lay in his lap, and he had written a few paragraphs, but he was listening now to certain sounds which came from below stairs: voices, laughter, scurrings up and down the hall and staircase; then the slam of a heavy door, the tuneful ring of sleigh bells in a rapid dechescendo down the street, and absolute silence within the house. Three times in the



last fifteen minutes before the door closed somebody had looked in upon the occupant of the big chair to say something like this:

"Oh, Jerry—sorry we couldn't spend Nan's last evening with you. Too bad this wretched Van Antwerp dance had to come to-night—Christmas Eve, too. Busy, aren't you, as usual? At work on those sketches of country life in winter? You clever boy—who but you could make so much out of so little? Anything we can do for you before we are off? Nan hates to go, since it's the very last evening of her visit. She thought we all ought to give up and stay with you, but we told her you disliked to be 'babied.' Well—good-night, old fellow. Don't write too late. You know the doctor thinks plenty of sleep is a part of your cure."

That was the sort of thing they had been saying to him for a year now—a year. And he seemed no nearer health than when he had been sent home from his gloriously busy, abounding life in New York, where he was succeeding brilliantly, far beyond anybody's expectations—except those of the few knowing ones who had recognized the genius in him in his school and college days. But he had never given up. Invalided in body, his mind worked unceasingly; and a certain part of the literary work he had been doing he did still. He said it kept him from going off his head.

When the stillness of the usually noisy house had become oppressive he took up his tablet and pen again. He wrote a sentence or two—slowly; then another—more slowly; and drew an impatient line through them all. He tossed the tablet over to a table near at hand and sat staring into the fire. Certain lines about his mouth grew deep.

A knock on his door roused him, and he realized that it had sounded before. "Come in," he called, and the door opened and closed behind him. An unmistakable sound, as of the soft rustle of delicate skirts, swept across the floor and paused behind his chair. He drew himself up among his pillows, and strained his neck to look over his shoulder. A young face, full of life and color, laughed down into his.

"You?" he said in an amazed breath—"you? Why, Nan!"

He reached up one hand and took hers and drew her with his slight strength around where he could see her. It did not take much strength. She came, laughing still, and sweeping a graceful low bend before him.

"Don't ask me why," she said with a shake of her head. "I didn't want to go. I knew I wouldn't go all the time I was dressing. But I dressed. I knew I could argue with them better when I got this gown on. I think I have rather a regal air in it, don't you?"

"I could tell better if you were not wearing that shapeless thing over it."

"Oh, but I've taken off my gloves and I can't stand bare arms and shoulders here at home." She shrugged the shoulders under the thin silken garment with which she had covered them.

"And you're not going to the Van Antwerps' at all?"

"Certainly not. I preferred to stay at home."

"Why?"

"I told you not to ask me why. But I suppose you won't talk about anything else until you know."

She sat down opposite him before the fire, looking up at the great branches of holly on the chimney-piece above, their scarlet berries gleaming saucily among the rich green of their leaves. She reached up and pulled off a spray; then she glanced at him. He was silently surveying her. In her delicate blue gauzy gown she was something to look at in the fire-glow.

"I wanted to spend my last evening here with you," she said.

He smiled back at her. "Three people looked in here this evening and told me you thought you ought."

She answered indignantly. "I didn't say I ought. I didn't think it. I wanted to. And I didn't want them to stay. That is why I let them all array themselves before I refused to go."

He was still smiling. "Delicate flattery," he said, "adapted to an invalid. You should never let an invalid think you pity him—at least not a man-invalid who got knocked out when playing a vigorous game for all it was worth."

"Jerry," she said, looking full at him out of a pair of eyes which were capable of saying eloquent things quite by themselves, "do you think all the hours I've spent with you in this month I've been visiting Hester were spent from pity?"

"I hope not," he answered lightly. "I'm sure not. We've had some pleasant times, haven't we?"

She turned from him without speaking, and, clasping her hands loosely in front of her, bent forward and studied the fire. Presently she got up and took a fresh log from the basket.

"Be careful," he warned as she stooped to lay it in place. "Put it on gently. The sparks might fly, and that cobweb dress of yours—"

She laid the log across the other half-burnt sticks, and started back with a little cry as a dozen brilliant points of flame flew toward her.

"Don't do that again," he protested sternly, with none of the invalid in his voice. "I don't like to see you do such things when I couldn't stir to save you, no matter what happened."

She stood looking down at him. "Jerry," she said, "I'll tell you why I stayed to-night. I wanted to talk with you about something. I want your help."

His eyes told her that he would give it—if he could.

"Do you mind if I sit on a pillow here before the fire?" she asked, bringing one from the couch. Jerry had plenty of pillows. Since his breakdown every girl who had ever known him had sent him a fresh one. "Somehow I can talk better," she explained.

Continued on Page 30

FARMERS—Will You Write a Letter for Seventy-five Dollars?

In order to secure first hand information of the experiences of successful settlers in Canada, the Department of Immigration and Colonization of the Dominion Government offers

\$1,350.00 in Cash Prizes

for the best letters or articles setting forth settlers' experiences in "making good" in Canada. Three prizes of \$75.00, \$50.00, and \$25.00 are offered for each Province.

Try this Competition

There is no entry fee. Literary style, spelling, etc., are not essential. The main thing is the story—the story of your success told in such a way that it will be a help to others who may contemplate settling in Canada.

Competition closes February 14, 1920

For full information see notice in your Post Office, or write ROBERT J. C. STEAD, Director of Publicity, Department of Immigration and Colonization, Ottawa.

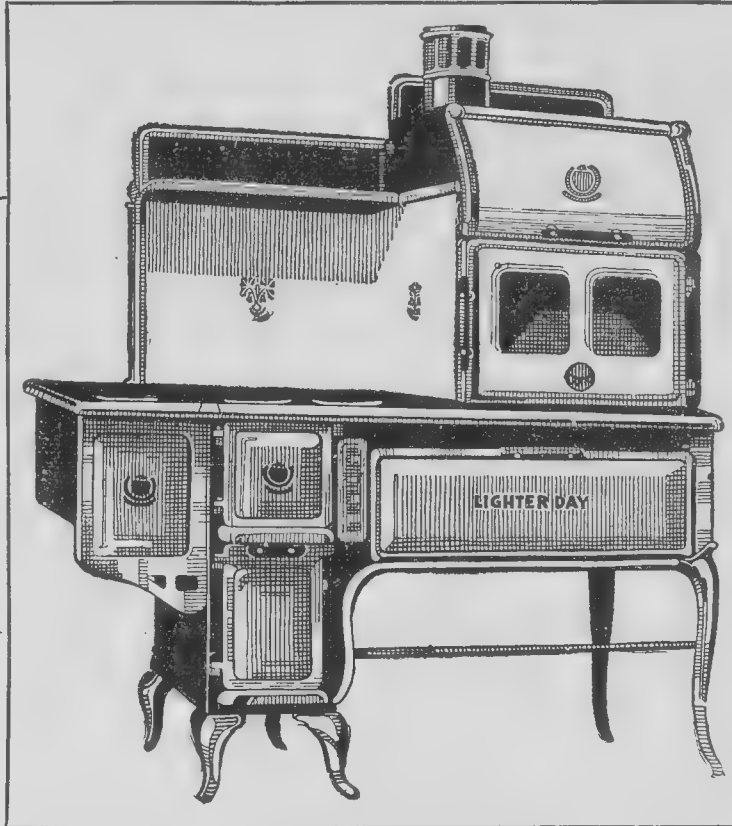
CONVENIENT—CLEAN—COMPACT

The Lighter Day Range Will Prove
the Bluebird of Happiness in the
Kitchen the Coming New Year

Watch Food Baking

without stooping. High Oven.
Burns Coal or Wood. Greater
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Hecla Warm Air Furnaces, Hecla
Pipeless Furnaces, Adanac Steam
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Thermic System of Radiation.
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Also Special Heating Apparatus
for Churches, Halls or Houses
where unusual heating condi-
tions are found.

Clad in rich, smooth nickel and enamel, with its high oven, it will become a constant boon to womenfolk.

And its inside is as perfect as its outside appearance, which constant use day by day for years will not impair a particle.

THE LIGHTER DAY RANGE requires less attention than any range we know of.

NO BLACKLEAD—LESS FUEL—HIGH OVEN

Consider what that powerful combination of virtues means to those who have had to pass the greater part of the day in the kitchen. **No Blacklead**—a damp cloth rubbed lightly over its surface will bring back its rich gloss in a few minutes, and the **High Oven** does away

with the wearisome stooping, while as a fuel consumer, **Coal or Wood**, it has no equal for economy.

With the **LIGHTER DAY** in the kitchen the backache and the headache disappear, and the women find more time for other important work around the house that must be done.

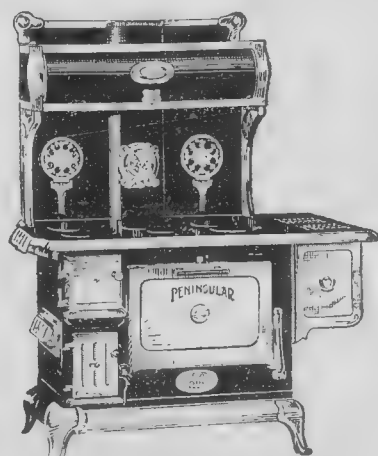
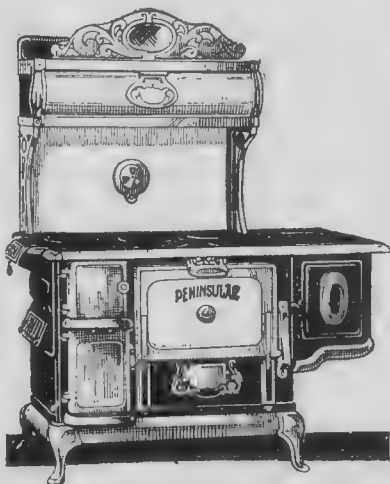
During its construction constant attention was given to all the vital points a woman demands in a range to give her service and satisfaction. And in the **LIGHTER DAY RANGE** we are confident you will find it lacks nothing that could make for further convenience and economy.

The things you'll like in this beautiful range are so numerous that we ask you to send **At Once** for our little booklet, "A Lighter Day in the Kitchen," which will give you full and interesting details with illustrations and diagrams.

Paramount Peninsular

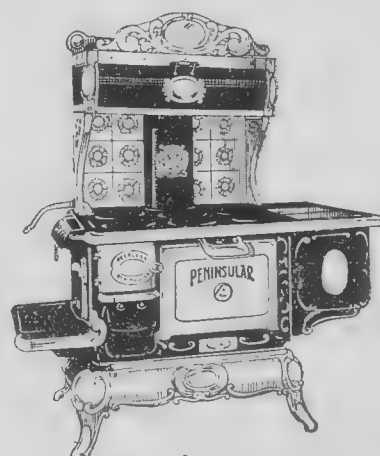
FOR COAL OR WOOD

Encased Reservoir, Enamel High Closet and Crested Mirror. The kind mother got her best results with.



Connaught Peninsular

SQUARE, with Standard High Closet.



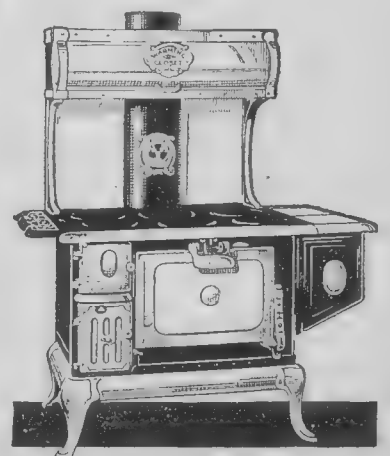
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Reservoir and High Enamel Closet. Comfort in the Kitchen—Happiness in the Home.



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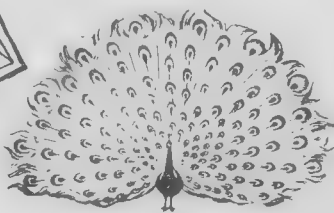
Their Christmas Eve

Continued from Page 28



WE WISH every maiden to know that when her "man" or "boy friend" (as she may call him) comes bearing a gift of Neilson's Chocolates, he is bringing to her the most delicious sweetmeats that money can buy.

And we wish men to know that, whether they personally care about chocolates or not, there is nothing they can take to a maiden that will so gratify her taste for really fine confectionery as will a box of Neilson's Chocolates.



Neilson's

"The Chocolates That Are Different."

She settled herself on her cushion, her blue skirts lying in a light pile about her, her chin on her hand, her elbow on her knee.

"I always go straight to the point," she said. "I never know how to lead artfully to a thing. Jerry, you know I go to Paris in January, to do some special work in illustrating?"

"Yes."

"I go with Aunt Elizabeth, and we shall live very quietly and properly, and I shall not have any of the trials—so many young women workers have. My work will keep me very busy, and, I think, happy. I mean it shall. But, Jerry—I want something. You know you have always known me, because I was Hester's friend."

"Is this 'straight to the point'?" he asked, and there was a gleam of fun in his eyes, though his lips were sober. But his interest was unmistakable.

"Very straight. But we have never been special friends, you and I."

"Haven't we? I congratulated myself we had."

"Not what I mean by that word." She sat looking into the fire for some little time, while he remained motionless, watching her, his eyes shaded by his hand. At length she said very earnestly, still staring forward, while her cheeks took on a slight access of color:

"I want to feel I have a friend—a real one, whom I leave behind me here—who will understand me and write to me, and whom I can count on—differently from the way I count on other friends."

He was studying her absorbedly. There came into his eyes a peculiar look as she made her frank statement.

"Then you haven't just that sort of a friend among all the men you know at home?"

"Not a single one. And I miss it. Not because I have ever had it," she added quickly.

He was silent for a little while, then he said very quietly: "You are offering me a good deal, Nan. Do you realize just how much? Friendship—such friendship—means more to me now than it ever did before."

"Does it?" she asked with equal quietness. "I'm glad of that."

"Because," he went on gravely, "I realize that it is the only thing I can ever have, and it must take the place of all I once—hoped for."

"Oh, why do you say that?" she cried impetuously.

"Since you are to be my friend now—my special friend—I can tell you what Doctor McDonough told me just two days ago. May I tell you that? I have told and shall tell no one else. Before you take the vows"—he smiled a little—"you should know what you are accepting."

"Tell me."

"He said—I might be better—much

better—but I could never hope to be—my old self again."

"Oh, Jerry! Oh, Jerry!" Her voice was almost a sob. She turned about and reached up both hands to him, clasping his with a warm and tender grip.

"Is that what your friendship means?" he asked, holding her hands closely and looking down steadily into her eyes while his own grew brilliant. "If it does—it is going to be something a man might give up a good deal for."

"Oh, how can you take such a cruel disappointment so?" she breathed. "And to hear it just at Christmas, too. I've said all along that you were just the bravest person I ever knew. But now!—Jerry, I'm not worthy to be your friend."

"Ah, I'll not let you take back what you offered me. If you knew how I've wanted to ask it—"

"Have you, really?" she asked so eagerly that he turned his head away for a moment and set his lips firmly together as if he feared he might presently be tempted to go beyond those straight boundaries of friendship. Somehow from the lips of such a girl as Nan this sort of thing was the most dainty flattery; at the same time it was unquestionably sincere.

"So you will seal the compact? Think it over carefully. I can never give you the strong arm a well man could."

"If you will teach me to acquire the sort of strength you have learned yourself," she said—and there was a hint of mistiness about those eyes of hers—"you will have given me something worth while."

Presently they were talking of her journey, to be begun on the morrow; of her work, in which she had come in the last year to remarkable success; of his work—the part which he could do and would continue to do, he said, with added vigor. They talked quietly but earnestly, and each time she looked up into his face she saw there a new brightness, something beyond the mere patient acceptance of his hard trial.

"Jerry," she said all at once, breaking off in the midst of a discussion of certain phases of the illustrator's art, "you don't know how suddenly rich I feel. All the while you were doing such wonderful, beautiful things with your pen in New York and being made so much of, I was thinking, 'What an inspiration Jerrold Fullerton would be as a real friend.' But all the girls were—"

He laughed. "They won't trouble you now."

"But your friendship is worth more now than then."

He shook his head. "It is—because you are more than you were then."

"I'm a mere wreck of what I was, Nan. He did not say it bitterly, but he could not quite keep the sadness out of the uncompromising phrase."

She looked up at him, studying his face intently. It had always been a remarkably fine face, and on it the suffering of the past year had done a certain

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Their Christmas Eve

Continued from Page 30

faces of a somewhat too strongly cut type had softened it into an exceeding charm. Out of it the eyes shone with an undaunted spirit which told of hidden fires.

"I am glad a share in the wreckage falls to me," she said softly.

"Nan," he told her, while his lips broke irresistibly into a smile again, "I believe you are deliberately trying to burn a sweet incense before me to-night. Just how fragrant it is to a fellow in my shape I can't tell you. You would never do it if I were on my feet, I appreciate that; but I'm very grateful just the same."

"I'd like," she said with eyes which fell now to the hands folded in her lap—and the droop of her head as he saw it, with the turned-away profile cut like an exquisite silhouette against the fire, was burnt into his memory afterward—"to have you remember this Christmas Eve—as I shall."

"Remember it?"

"Shall you?"

"Shall I!"

"Ah—who is deliberately trying to say nice things now?" But she said it rather faintly.

He lay back among his pillows with a long breath. "So you go to-morrow morning?"

"Early—at six o'clock. You will not see me. And I must go now. See, it is after eleven. Think of their making me go out this evening when I must be up at five and travel the next forty-eight hours. On Christmas Day, too. Isn't that too bad? But that's the price of my staying over to spend Christmas Eve with Jerry Fullerton—like the foolish girl that I am."

She rose and stood before him.

"Would you mind slipping off that—domino? I'd like to see you just as all the other fellows would have seen you if you had gone to the Van Antwerps'."

Smiling, and flushing a little, she drew off the silken garment, and the firelight bathed her softly rounded shoulders and arms in a rosy glow. He looked at her silently for a minute, until she said again that she must go, and took a step toward him, smiling down at him and holding out both hands.

"I don't know how I can spare my friend, when I've just found her," he said, searching her face with an intentness she found it difficult to bear. "I suppose I ought not to ask it, but—it's Christmas Eve, you know—and—you'll give me one more thing to remember—won't you, Nan?"

She bent, like a warm-hearted child, and laid her lips lightly upon his forehead, but he caught her hands.

"Is that the proper degree for friendship—and you feel that more would be too much?"

She hesitated; then, as his grasp drew her, she stooped lower, blushing beautifully, to give the kiss upon his lips. But it was not the breath of a caress she would have made it. Invalids are some-

work which added to its beauty. He did not look ill, but the refinement which illness sometimes lends to

times possessed of unsuspected reserves of strength.

She turned away then in a pretty confusion, said "Good-night," and went slowly toward the door.

"Oh, come back," he cried. "Tell me—you will write often?"

"Oh, yes; every—month?"

"Month! Won't you write every mail?"

"Oh, Jerry!"

"Every week, then?"

"Will you?"

"I will, whether you do or not."

"Your ideas of friendship—"

"Are they too exacting?"

"No-o," she admitted, as if reluctantly. She was behind him now, her hands clasped together tightly, her eyes glowing with the light of a frightened purpose which was overmastering her. He tried to turn and see her, but she defeated this.

She was silent, trying to breathe more naturally.

"Please—"

"What good will it do?" she asked at last. "I shall have to go, and you—won't—"

"Won't—what?"

She crept up close behind his chair.

"—say it," she whispered.

He reached out his hand with a commanding gesture.

"Nan, come here. Say—what?"

She bent over the back of his chair and laid a soft, trembling hand on each side of his face.

"Please say it," she breathed.

He seized her hands and drew them to his lips. "Nan, you are tempting me almost beyond my power. Do you mean to tempt me? Are you trying to?"

She leaned low, so that her breath swept his cheek, and whispered "Yes."

"Oh, my God," he groaned. "Nan—are you insane? What if I say it—then how much worse will it be? I can bear it better as it is now—and you—can't mean it."

"Say it," came the breath in his ear again.

He was silent for a while, breathing heavily. Presently he began to speak in a quiet tone whose vibrations showed, nevertheless, the most rigid self-control. He still held her hands, resting there upon his shoulders, but he made no further effort to see her face.

"Nan," he said, "this friendship you give me is the dearest thing I ever knew. It is worth everything to me. Let me keep it while you go away for your year of work. Be the warmest friend to me you know how, and write me everything about yourself. Meanwhile—keep your heart free for—the man will surely come to claim it some day—a man who will be worthy of you in every way, soul mind and—body. I shall be happy in your—"

Her hand pulled itself away from his and was laid with a gentle insistence upon his mouth.

"Jerry," she said very softly, "that's enough—please. I understand. That had to be said. I knew you would say it. It's what you think you ought to say,

Continued on Page 42



Keep Baby's Woollens Soft and Sweet

Even little garments are dear now—you must make them last, and of course you want them always soft and comfy for the important wee person.

The little woollens need never shrink a thread—never stiffen or grow thick—not after repeated washings if you cleanse them in the pure, creamy Lux lather. It's so simple to whip the delicate Lux flakes into a rich suds—so simple to squeeze the suds through the little garments—then take them out absolutely sweet and clean and fresh.

Lux is on sale at all Grocers, Departmental Stores, &c.

A handy little recipe booklet entitled, "The Care of Dainty Clothes" will be gladly sent free on request.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

LUX

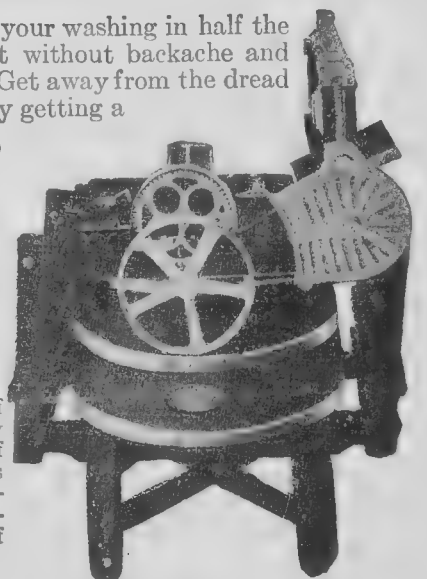


THE FAMILY WASHING Quicker—Easier—Cleaner

This washing machine will do your washing in half the time it takes by hand—do it without backache and drudgery, and do it cleaner. Get away from the dread of the 52 wash days in 1920 by getting a

"Klean Kwick" Vacuum Washer For Christmas

This machine forces 200 gallons of hot suds through the clothes every minute, removing every speck of dirt. The heaviest of work clothes are washed without hand rubbing—so injurious to the life of the garment—a big item in these days of high-priced clothes.



Operated by Hand, Gas, or Electric Power

Write to-night for the full particulars on the Klean Kwick Vacuum Washer

Cushman Motor Works of Canada, Limited

Builders of the famous Cushman Light-weight Engines

Dept. H

Whyte Avenue and Vine Street

WINNIPEG



Fine specimen of their race: Red Deer of Northern Ontario

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Once more, in the ever-moving round of the seasons, we approach the season which is happy with childhood memories and made sacred by the birth of Him whom Christianity reveres as its founder. For century after century the picture of the Divine Child who was born in a manger has lived in the minds of countless human beings as one of the great central facts of the Christian faith. And at the heart of all the civilization which humanity has been able to build up, what is there but the mother and her child. It is to protect the sacred treasures of the home that men toil and, if need be, give up their lives, as such multitudes did during the terrible years of the war, when Christmas seemed to bring only increase of anguish to the suffering and the bereaved. On every succeeding Christmas, so long as we shall continue in this world, the thought of those wartime Christmases will be with every one of us who has lived through them. That thought will deepen for us the significance of the Christmas festival. The children growing up in the years to come will know nothing of this. It is the children who renew the happiness and the hope of the world. Christmas is their festival. Except we be as little children, we cannot enter in. In that spirit, it is our duty to make Christmas happy for them, and in the same spirit, to remember also those whose childhood has vanished and with whom life has dealt hardly, leaving them lonely and cheerless. Only in this way is the truest Christmas happiness obtainable.

A MESSAGE FOR THE TIME

A message from Lloyd George in a paper called *The Future*, which has been distributed free by the million all over Britain, has aroused intense interest, especially on account of its vivid presentation of the contrast between what he terms "the old world" and what he looks forward to as "the new world." Lloyd George describes the former in these words:

"A world where toil of myriads of honest workers, men and women, purchased nothing better than squalor, penury, anxiety, wretchedness; a world scarred by slums, disgraced by sweating, where unemployment, through the vicissitudes of industry, brought despair to multitudes of humble homes; a world where, side by side with want, there was waste of the inexhaustible riches of the earth, partly through ignorance and want of forethought, partly through entrenched selfishness."

Lloyd George declares boldly his conviction "the old world must, and will, come to an end." In that message of his, which is addressed to all who feel and think, he writes:

"No effort can shore it up much longer. If there be any who feel inclined to maintain it, let them beware lest it fall upon them and overwhelm them and their households in ruin. It should be the sublime duty of all, without thought of partisanship, to help in the building up of the new world, where labor shall have its just reward, and indolence alone shall suffer want."

They are inspiring words which we shall all do well to take to heart in this Christmas season, with the determination that their inspiration shall be no merely passing glow, to die down after the festival season of good will is gone. They are words which express the convictions of all who desire truly to do what they can to help forward the establishment of God's will on earth, for which he prayed whose birth in the manger at Bethlehem is celebrated on Christmas, the great home festival in all Christian lands. "The new world," which Lloyd George speaks of with such impassioned earnestness cannot be brought altogether by economic remedies, by legislation, and by merely material means of improving the conditions of human life. There is more needed. The spirit made manifest in the life and teachings of Jesus penetrate human relationships. And so this world can be made a place "wherein dwelleth righteousness."

CANADIANIZATION

With a view to the awakening of the people to a keener national consciousness, and especially of instilling into the foreign-born, naturalized citizens a proper conception of the meaning of citizenship in the country, there has been established in the United States an "Americanization Week." Native-born citizens of the United States are intensely patriotic, but among the foreign-born, who constitute a very large proportion of the total population, there are elements in regard to which there is a great deal of uncertainty. During the war there was evidence that many foreigners, though naturalized, sympathized with Germany; and there was reason to believe that a not inconsiderable number were peculiarly susceptible to the infection of Bolshevik doctrines. In many ways, of which the public schools are the most important, work is being done to facilitate and promote the assimilation of the foreign-born, and foreign-ideated, foreign-minded elements in the United States into the mass of the native, English-speaking, American-minded people. There is need of all possible work of the same sort in this country, to convert the elements in our population which are of foreign-extraction and are alien of tongue and of mind into English-speaking, Canadian-minded people. We are more fortunate than our neighbors of the great Republic, in that we have no color problem. The problems we have we must grapple with manfully, in order to make Canada what it should be.

The Philosopher

THE MEANING OF THE WEST

Next year will bring the fiftieth anniversary of the creation of the Province of Manitoba and the addition of that new-made Province to the three years' old Dominion. British Columbia followed in the next year; but it was not until 1905 that Saskatchewan and Alberta fulfilled the dream of the Fathers of Confederation. Had it not been for the mysterious potency of the West, awaiting the day when it should be incorporated in the union, it is doubtful whether any Dominion would have been called into being. The hope of this "Great, Lone Land," as General Butler named it in a famous book half a century ago, has been realized beyond expectation. As that distinguished Canadian, Sir Robert Falconer, the head of the University of Toronto, who was a recent visitor to Toronto, has well said, "it was the Eastern Canadian who, in a true sense, discovered the West." The fur-traders of the old regime kept its wealth guarded; and when the first intruders from the East invaded these silent spaces, the traders, as well as the half-breeds and the Indians, felt aggrieved. But that is all ancient history now. The West is living in the present, facing its problems and doing its best towards solving them in the right way.

FOR A DISTINCTIVE CANADIAN FLAG

Several times during the past dozen years has *The Philosopher* set forth on this page the plea that Canada should have a distinctive flag. At the recent Educational Conference in Winnipeg, which was attended by Canadians from all parts of the Dominion as delegates, and to which many distinguished men from the United States and from across the Atlantic were visitors, a resolution was adopted, urging that action be taken by the Dominion Government for the adoption of "a distinctive Canadian flag." Australia and New Zealand have distinctive flags, and one of the first acts of the South African Union, the fourth of the self-governing Dominions within the British Empire, was the adoption of a distinctive flag. When Canada became a Dominion in 1867 some authority decided that the red ensign of the British merchant marine, with the Canadian coat-of-arms in the red field, should be used on Canadian ships. At first there was some red-tape difficulty, but that flag came so to be used on Canadian ships, and gradually to be used in Canada on land. Surely the time has come for the Canadian nation, the eldest of the sisterhood on Empire nations overseas from Great Britain, to have, like them, a flag distinctively its own.

NATIONAL ENDOWMENT AND RESPONSIBILITY

In this time of world reconstruction, every Canadian should feel his responsibilities of citizenship in a country so richly endowed with natural resources. It is true that in the past there have been cases not a few of politicians in power dealing with the country's natural resources not in the spirit of disinterested public service, but for the undue advantage of private interests. It rests with the Canadian people, with every man and woman of us, in his, or her, share of the responsibilities of citizenship, to guard against any recurrence of such wrongdoing. It has been no uncommon thing for public speakers in this country to dwell, often in boastful vein, upon Canada's great reaches of territory, its vast areas of fertile soil, its mighty forests, its incalculable mineral wealth, its incomparable waterways and its endlessly varied resources. We should never forget the obligation which the possession of all these things by Canada (for there is an incalculable amount of them not held in private ownership, but owned by the country), imposes upon all Canadians. We are a small people in numbers; but our country in its physical proportions and its sources of wealth will bear comparison with the whole continent of Europe. There came recently to "The Philosopher's" table a pamphlet issued by the Natural Resources Branch of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, containing a summary of facts and figures of interest to every Canadian who has the country's progress at heart. Out of a population of eight and a half million it is shown that about four and a quarter million live in the cities and towns. The products of the farms, forests, mines and fisheries are the output of a population averaging less than one man to every square mile. In Canada there are 302,200,000 acres of land fit for tillage, and of this vast area only one-sixth was under crop in 1918. In the Prairie Provinces 128,000,000 acres of surveyed farm lands, including 25,000,000 available for homestead entry, await settlement and development. Of the available water power of Canada, ninety per cent is running to waste. In coal and oil the resources of the Dominion are of enormous proportions. In forest resources Canada stands in a pre-eminent class with the United States and Russia.

IT WOULD BE A DOUBTFUL BOON

By way of contrast to the reasonably founded declarations of careful scientists in regard to the possibility of adding to the average length of human life by making conditions more healthful throughout the whole course of life, there are the sensational announcements which are periodically made about the discovery of some lymph, or serum, or other treatment by which the old can be made young. Each of these stories has its day, and ceases to be, after having furnished occasion for a great deal of newspaper talk. The latest is the story that has come from Sweden about Dr. Voronoff's idea that he has discovered a method of perpetuating youth by inserting healthy glands of various sorts into the bodies of aging and failing human beings. Whether, if such a thing could really be done, it would be as beatific in the realization as it was glittering in the prospect, may be doubted. Life is, indeed, the most precious of all earthly gifts, in that it is the indispensable prerequisite to every good thing in this existence. Most people would judge the prolongation of life a good thing, even those who are weighted with sorrows and sufferings. But would the prolongation of youth in body of old age be found desirable? It may well be doubted. It is a merciful quality of natural old age that it softens and trivializes the inevitable tragedies of time's advance. The individual's own end looming nearer with daily approach takes the edge off partings, and the nearer perception of a new adventure softens and dulls the present, and so brings blessed alleviations of what might otherwise be a period of mental suffering. As for Dr. Voronoff's alleged discovery, the world will hear no more of it.

CLOTHES, STYLE, WOMEN AND MEN

What is the thing we call "style"? When it is used in regard to speaking or writing it is so distinctive of the individual that the French have a proverb, "The style is the man." As applied to clothes, it is something different. According to the idea of Attorney-General Palmer, of the United States, who is in charge of the High Cost of Living enquiry and remedial measures in that country, a woman, when she buys a ready-made coat or dress, pays from 8 to 35 per cent for "style," which may be hard to define in a cut-and-dry way, but forms, nevertheless a very essential part of the garment in feminine eyes—which are all that count in the circumstances. With men there is the difference that fashions change within a very much narrower range, which looks like a reversal of the natural process. In Nature the male bird has the most gorgeous plumage, to attract the attention of the lady bird. Not that all feminine dress has usually, or even often, that motive, for some male human bipeds have that art cultivated to a high degree. Women, it is often said, dress for other women. One thing, at any rate, it is safe to say. The standardization of women's clothes will never become an accomplished fact, until there has been established a state system of interference with individuality and control of every-day life as is at the present time utterly inconceivable, so far as woman is concerned. With man it is different: but it does not seem possible that he, either, could be so controlled. Still, if German kultur had triumphed over the world, such a state of affairs would be within sight.

THE HUMAN FACTOR

Some assertions made by Field-Marshal von Ludendorff in his ponderous recollections of the war have given rise to a discussion about the betrayal of the Russian plans on the eastern front to the Germans in September, 1914. It was strongly asserted that the information came from the Russian court at Petrograd. No light is thrown on the question by von Ludendorff. One thing is certain, that the Germans had spies in high places in Petrograd; they had spies everywhere in Russia, and in every other land. It is worth noting, however, that some of the most important military information secured by the Germans, especially on the eastern front, was got from deserters and prisoners, from whom it was forced. On the west front the failure of General Nivelle's offensive in April, 1917, by German machine gun fire before it got fairly under way must have been because the Germans had information of it in advance. The concentration of German guns at the required points was not accidental. General Haig tells in his final despatch, dealing with the great Allied offensive of 1918, that the British gained knowledge of the German plans from deserters. Another instance was the failure of the German attack on Rheims in July 1918, when General Gouraud, who knew the moment the advance was to take place, slipped back and turned the whole movement into a defeat. The facts seem to make it clear that it is not necessary that information be derived from high sources to make it effective. The treachery of a single officer, or messenger, might have rendered worse than useless the planning of many weeks and preparations on a huge scale. It is, once more, the human factor. Nothing is more striking than the complete secrecy with which the great movements of the Allied forces in the closing few months of the war were planned, prepared for, and carried out like clockwork.



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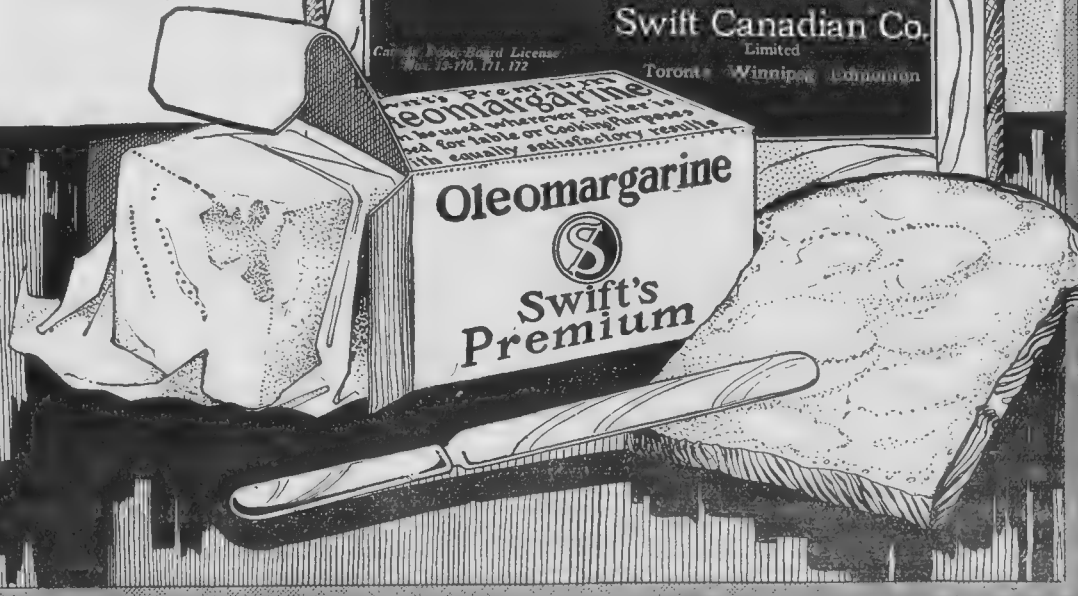
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THE VALUE OF CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Last month I received a letter from a correspondent in far away Newfoundland—such is the circulation of The Western Home Monthly—and it reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Russell:—As a reader of The Western Home Monthly, and particularly 'The Young Man and His Problem,' I note that we have a service bureau. I suppose it makes no difference where one lives, and so I am writing you.

"Last December, I wanted to advance my education, and as I could not afford to go to college, I decided to try a course in the . . . Correspondence School at Chicago. I was not recommended to it by anyone, as no one here takes these advantages. I should like to know whether or not this is a reliable school, and if I started in the right way to get ahead as regards civil engineering. I should like a perfectly unbiased opinion. Yours cordially, ———"

This is the kind of letter that I like to get, as it presents a real problem—the problem that the young man who is trying to improve his education under circumstances that are not altogether favorable. I replied to this correspondent in part as follows:

"I believe that the school to which you refer will give you good value for your money, and the way to benefit yourself by this value is to study every lesson supplied.

"I do not think that you will be able to get a degree as civil engineer as a result of this course, as it would not meet the conditions of Canadian universities. You should, however, be able to gain sufficient knowledge from it to qualify as an assistant in engineering offices or projects, provided your general education is fairly good.

"Once you secured a position as an assistant, your advancement would depend on your aptitude for the work and your perseverance. You understand, of course, that you must supplement your theory by some practical work in engineering."

The problem of instruction through the medium of correspondence schools, which is raised by our subscriber's letter, is a very important one indeed, and one which is of vital interest to many of our young men readers. So far as I am aware, the question has received but little consideration at the hands of Canadian writers and educators, and that is my reason for going into it at some length just now.

Every year, a very large sum of money, probably not less than half a million dollars, is sent by Canadians to American correspondence schools, and kindred institutions.

Why does this enormous amount leave Canada? Because at present Canadian institutions and educators have neglected a very important part of the community—the hundreds and thousands of young men who have left school, but who wish to improve their education. It is true that in the larger centres there are evening continuation schools, but for the rural communities and the smaller towns and villages there is practically no provision for technical and commercial education.

There are some Canadian correspondence schools and one or two Canadian universities in this field, but the range of studies they offer is comparatively limited, except perhaps with regard to business education, which has received more attention.

Here comes an important question. Is the instruction good that is offered by the average American correspondence school? My answer, based on experience, is yes, provided the student really studies the work. It is throwing money away to spend from twenty to one hundred dollars on a correspondence school course, and then leave the books unread and the problems unanswered. But the student of fair education who studies the material organized by correspondence schools will find that his investment will yield very satisfactory dividends.

Could Canadian institutions provide the instruction which our young men are now seeking abroad? I unhesitatingly believe that they could, and should, and I submit that here is a problem which quite well merits a little attention on the part of our leading educators. Any university that wishes to bring its work closer to the general community will find a correspondence instruction department a very effective method of so doing.

STUDY PARAGRAPH

Do you believe:

That war will ever be abolished?

That government ownership of public utilities is better than private ownership?

That women are kinder and more humane than men?

That the British Empire gives more personal freedom than any other country?

That you are above the human average in ability?

That trusts are a great evil?

That the majority is always right?

That everyone has equal opportunity for success?

That implicit obedience is the greatest business essential?

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.,
St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

That perseverance will always bring success?

That it is possible to tunnel from Alaska to Asia?

Indicate your mental answers to these questions by writing in the margin Yes, No, or a Question Mark.

CHANGING YOUR OCCUPATION

As a rule, if a young man is fairly proficient in a certain kind of work, it will be better for him and for the community if he will continue in that work seeking always to improve himself in it. There are times, however, when it is desirable for a man to change his occupation, although I hope that young men will not be so reckless as to leave possibilities for success in agricultural life, in exchange for the doubtful possibilities of careers in the cities.

Just now, I have before me a list of well known business men who failed in one occupation but became conspicuously successful in another. In part, it is as follows:

John D. Archibald, began as a grocer, succeeded in oil development.

George F. Baker, began as a grocer, succeeded as a banker.

Alexander G. Bell, began as a teacher, succeeded with the telephone.

George Eastman, began with insurance, succeeded with the camera.

Walter V. Turner, began as a shepherd, succeeded as an inventor.

F. W. Woolworth, began as a grocer, succeeded with the chain stores.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, began as an engineer, succeeded in finance.

John N. Willys, began in the laundry business, succeeded in automobile manufacturing.

HARD WORK

Somewhere I have read that it is better to wear out than to rust out. Just now, in the clamor that is going on for shorter hours, more pay, greater concessions, and so forth, one gets the impression that many people are looking for a substitute for hard work. If we can find one, we may be happier, although the experience has been that substitutes are not, as a rule, satisfactory. Mr. George Bernard Shaw sounds a note of guidance when he says: "I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community, and as long as I live it is my privilege to do for it whatsoever I can. I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work, the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no brief candle for me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment; and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Sometimes I write too many paragraphs for this page, and the unfeeling printer, without discrimination, discards the closing paragraphs. Therefore, to defeat such an occurrence this time, I put my Christmas greeting just here, and I wish for the readers of this page a Christmas full of the best, followed by a New Year that shall be a year not only of aspiration but of realization. And if you should experience any difficulty in making your dreams come true, don't forget that throughout the potential days of 1920, the Service Bureau of The Western Home Monthly will always be ready to respond.

READING WITH UNDERSTANDING

When you read, do you see merely the words, if they are a little out of the ordinary, or do you stop to consider the ideas that they seek to suggest? "Words are the wings of actions," says Lavater, and unless you are reading with understanding, you are missing much of the finest in the literature of the past and the present. Suppose you test yourself this very moment!

What do the following passages really mean? Each one of them is taken from the work of some well known writer.

"No right judgment can be formed on any subject having a moral or intellectual bearing without benevolence."

"When a man proposes to be happy in ways of ambition, by raising himself to some imaginary heights above other people, this is truly an invention of happiness which has no foundation in nature, but is as mere a cheat of our own making, as if a man should intend to make himself happy by climbing up a ladder."

"Affected dispatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be."

"It is a safer conclusion to say, this agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it; than this, I find no offence of this, therefore I may use it."

"It is an unfortunate hindrance to all innovation, that in virtue of their very function, the innovators stand in a position of antagonism."

"There are two ways of acquiring all knowledge—haphazard assimilation, and scientific and purposeful study."

PUBLIC SPEAKING

There are times when the young man is called upon to speak in public. Sometimes, at the beginning of his career, he is able to do this with confidence, but more often he refrains, partly from a feeling of self-consciousness, but generally because of a sense, usually unrecognised, of unsuitable environment.

A blacksmith once said to me that he wished he could speak in public. In reply, I asked him if he thought he could talk for an hour to blacksmiths on the subject of blacksmithing. He said that on that subject he could talk all day if necessary. This, then, is one of the great secrets in public speaking. Know your subject and your purpose, and you will have little difficulty in talking for twenty minutes or more. But, as a rule, it is not wise to discourse on unfamiliar topics. From such treatment, we have all suffered much. George Eliot wrote: "Blessed is the man who having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact."

PROPERTY

What is property? If you put this question to the "man on the street," he will probably reply that property is the thing which he owns, be it a fountain pen or a farm. As a matter of fact, this is not the legal interpretation of the term "property." The legal definition runs something like this: "Property is the right which a man has in the use of lands and chattels, to the exclusion of others."

There is much more to this definition than appears on the surface. That article which you have in your hand, and which you have paid for, is not actually yours. What is yours is the right to use it, to the exclusion of others if you so wish. Notice, moreover, that you have the right to use it, and not to abuse it.

There are some aspects of the law that are not altogether pleasant, necessary though they may be, but I believe that in this particular definition a great truth is involved. We are not here for the purpose of owning things but for the purpose of using them.

BIOGRAPHY.

What is biography? Some people, perhaps, may confuse it with geography, and possibly they are not very far wrong. For, if geography is the study of the earth and of man's activities in connection therewith, then it may include biography, which is "the history of the life and character of a particular person."

Some years ago, I went to hear one of Winnipeg's most popular preachers; one whose sermons excited considerable comment. People wondered how he could have stored such a fund of knowledge and anecdotes as revealed in his sermons. At the sermon I heard, he stated that he had read seven hundred biographies. Some years later I heard him again, and in that sermon he stated that he had read eleven hundred biographies. The secret of his delivery and of his vocabulary was of course obvious.

If you buy an ordinary book, it may be a book worth reading, or it may not, but if you buy a book of biography it is almost certain to contain material that will help you. The life of Stephenson, of Wellington, of Napoleon, of Lincoln; each of these, and many others, should deserve a temporary dwelling place, at least, in your library.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION

This is the day of the technically trained man. Some time ago, probably before the period of higher wages, one of the states to the south of us, undertook an investigation to determine the difference in the wages paid to the untrained and trained men. In one branch of work only, the following was the result:

Age	Untrained	Technically Trained.
18	\$ 7.00	\$10.00
19	8.50	11.75
20	9.50	15.00
21	9.50	16.00
22	11.50	20.00
23	11.75	21.00
24	12.00	23.00
25	12.75	31.00

These figures speak for themselves. Of course, to-day, unskilled men are receiving, and rightly so, more for their labor, but trained men too are getting more in proportion.

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On page six is illustrated and described an All-wool Jersey Cloth Skirt at \$6.95. Indeed a bargain, as most any woman will agree.

Just one, however, of the thousand odd, and it makes no difference on which page the book is opened before you, a bargain is there of vital interest to some member of the family.

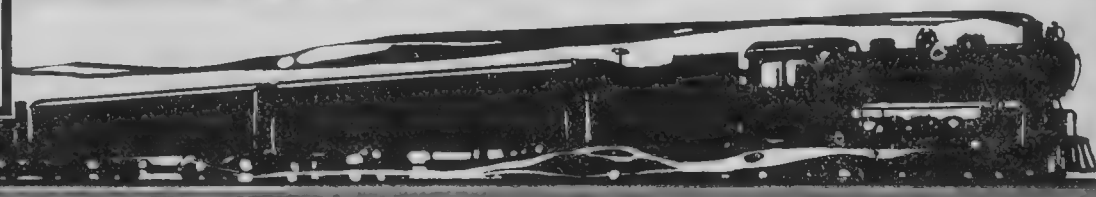
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Show This to Some Unfortunate.

RHEUMATISM

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

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The Republic of Farms and Forests

The Fight the Esthonians had

Written for The Western Home Monthly by N. Tourneur

LEAST known of all the nations that the Great War has liberated is the race forming the Republic of farms and forests. Yet their hidden struggles for freedom began long years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the shore of America. Esthonia is a land still awaiting discovery to the world at large.

Finns by descent and speaking the Finnish language, the Esthonians, in their country that was the easternmost of the Baltic provinces of the Russian Empire, have suffered tyranny and oppression for centuries. As far back as the thirteenth century the folk had the significant proverb that "Esthonia is an elysium for the nobles, a heaven for the clergy, but a hell for the peasants," and, indeed, until very recent years, the conditions of life for them have been but little short of those of serfs and slaves in mediaeval times. But between Reval, the capital of Esthonia, at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland, dense forests and tracts of marshy land stretch all the way along the coast toward Petrograd, and in their depths, as well as on the farms of the granite tableland forming the interior of their country, the Esthonians have kept the spirit of liberty burning clear. They knew themselves to be a nation, and to an antipathy to the German barons, their landlords and masters, they added a hatred of their Russian oppressors.

Reval, their capital, founded by the Danes at the beginning of the thirteenth century, is in a picturesque mediaeval town, in which the spires of Gothic churches mingle with the gilt or colored domes of the Russian Orthodox or Greek Church and rise above the red roofs of the houses standing in the narrow winding streets behind the high ramparts and massive towers surrounding them. But Reval is, it is noteworthy, divided into two towns—the 'upper' and the 'lower' towns. The upper town, the home of the barons, survivors of the Teutonic Knights, of whom the Esthonians have so many terrible traditions and tales founded on actual occurrences, is perched on a commanding height, whence the plain all around could be surveyed in case of a rising of the folk. "Lange Hermann" is the name of its watch tower, and many a time and often have the insurgents for freedom beaten in vain against the upper town's two ancient gates.

A German military order, it was, that first seized the liberties of the Esthonians, and the German military caste, it has been, that, by causing the worldwide hostilities, and German defeat, has brought about the independence of this romantic and picturesque nation. Toward the end of the Middle Ages a German military order, "The Brethren of the

Sword" the archives of which are to be seen at their ancient guildhall in Riga, capital of Livonia, set about Christianising the heathen Esthonians by means of the sword, death, and torture. In 1237 they were succeeded after several pitched battles by the Knights of the Teutonic Order, who were quite as cruel in their dealings with the heathen inhabitants as were ever their predecessors. In the course of two hundred years or so the Knights faded out of Esthonian history, but their descendants remained, and treated the folk like beasts of burden, useful for their masters' work, but valueless for all other objects; to-day, they are popularly known as the "Baltic Barons".

It came, then, that in 1560 a great rebellion broke out against the barons, with the result that Reval, by this time one of the most important seaports of the Hanseatic League, took the oath of allegiance to Eric Fourteenth of Sweden, and Esthonia became a Swedish colony. Later on, Peter the Great captured it from the Swedes in 1710, and finally in 1721 the country was ceded by Sweden to Russia.

Again and again, until 1914, the Esthonians rose in rebellion for their independence and freedom from the barons. First it was merely a house burned down here and there, or a tyrannical landlord killed in a lonely part of the forests. Then the rising would spread until the barons were compelled to take refuge in Reval, whence, by night, fires could be seen in all directions from the heights of the upper town. Then troops would appear. Hundreds of peasants, innocent and guilty alike, were shot or strung up, until even the barons pleaded on their behalf. To-day this nation of 1,800,000 souls is free.

Few countries in Europe have better farmers than Esthonia, for her folk depend chiefly on agriculture for their livelihood, and raise immense crops of barley, oats, and rye, Reval, indeed, being the chief grain port of Russia. Esthonia, country of forest and granite, is a land of great distances, and in the country the houses are far apart. Communication with the distant towns and villages being necessarily but seldom, no small forethought is required to provide that during the long weary months of winter when the snow lies ten feet deep and the Baltic winds blow freezing, the household does not lack food; and in the residence of a baron there are many hangers-on and retainers to provide for. So it comes that the "schafferei" or storeroom of the farmer's or baron's house alike is considered the most important room of all.

Here you see standing on the floor the great tubfuls of salted meats, barrelfuls of flour, big-bodied bottles of spirits,

rolls of coarse linen, jars of pickles and preserves, hanks of wool, rolls of cloth, bagfuls of sugar, and bundles of flax. In the deep chests arranged around the storeroom are salt, sago, saffron, starch, etc., and in the drawers above them great provisions of dried apples, pears, cherries, peas, beans, herbs and other things for illness. Around hang balls of twine and yarn, nets, corks, candles of all sorts and sizes, tanned sheepskins, both black and white, and numberless other treasures of the busy housewife. One side is specially fitted up for daintier things. The mothers of Esthonians in the country, like those of our great-grandfathers, have to see the weaving of linen, the boiling of soap, making of candles, etc.

Out of the "schafferei", then, come all pleasant things when in winter the farmer and his family gather round the great crackling woodfire in the stove, and traditions and other stories are told over again out of the centuries of struggle for that which has come to pass, the freedom of Esthonia.

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales at Edmonton

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales made himself very popular during his recent visit in the West, and nowhere more so than at Edmonton. "He's the stuff!" "Isn't he dandy?" and such-like expressions were frequently heard. A baseball match was played the day he was there, and he was one of the spectators. After starting the game by pitching a couple of balls, he slid away from his suite and went and sat down on the grass, right in front of the bleachers. At this the crowd went wild. The cheering was so strong that His Highness was forced to arise and acknowledge the outburst. Another interesting thing was that as the Prince was laying the corner stone of the Veterans' memorial hall, in the leading Methodist church nearby the congregation was singing hymn 546 of the Presbyterian Hymnal, which was written by the Marquis of Lorne.

The Prince has increased his popularity through announcing that he has purchased a ranch in Alberta. It is what is known as the Beddingfeld ranch, adjoining the Bar-U ranch, a fine property of about 1,600 acres, and adjoining is other property that he can purchase at any time. It is looked upon as a most desirable property. There are good buildings on the ranch, and there is water in ample quantity. It is beautifully situated and is in an excellent shooting country. It is understood that King George was consulted before the purchase was made, and readily fell in with the idea. Stock from the King's own herds will be placed upon the property. It was at the farewell gathering to His Royal Highness at Winnipeg that he made known his purchase, closing allusion to it on this wise:

"I want to come to the West whenever I can, to share the life of this great Western community. I want to feel I have a home in the West, and to give what little help I can for the development of the country. For this reason I have made arrangements to purchase a small ranch in Alberta, which will give me a home that I hope to live in, with all the interesting work the life involves. And at the same time I hope to help a few ex-service men, some of my own comrades in arms in the Canadian Corps, by employing them on my ranch."

Adjoining we give half-tone of the Prince seated to the left of Dr. Brett, the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta.



H. R. H. The Prince of Wales and His Honor Lieut.-Governor Brett of Alberta

A Household Medicine.—They that are acquainted with the sterling properties of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the treatment of many ailments would not be without it in the house. It is truly a household medicine and as it is effective in dealing with many ordinary complaints it is cheaper than a doctor. So keep it at hand, as the call for it may come most unexpectedly.

Agricultural Success in MANITOBA

**In this Province Agriculture is on a Safe, Progressive Basis
and the Process of Evolution is toward Permanency**

It is one thing for a province to attract newcomers; it is quite another thing for that province continuously to develop its Agriculture towards permanency. Manitoba to-day is doing both. Here are some of the directions in which progress has been made during the past few years.

Legislation

During the past four years an unusual amount of progressive legislation beneficial to agriculture has been passed, and a number of the enactments inaugurated in Manitoba are being adopted by Legislatures elsewhere. Here is a brief review:

Settlers' Animal Purchase Act, 1916.—This Act imposes no financial burden whatever on the Province, but enables groups of farmers to obtain credit for the purchase of cattle.

Sheep Protection Act, 1917.—This Act protects the sheep owner against loss from worrying by dogs.

Agricultural Societies' Act, 1917.—The present Agricultural Societies' Act of Manitoba is one of the most comprehensive and generous Agricultural Societies' Act extant. It is designed to prevent overcrowding of Societies and to greatly widen the scope of their work.

Horse Breeders' Act, 1916.—This Act outlaws the grade and scrub stallion, in so far as standing for public service is concerned, and requires that stallions be inspected and enrolled.

Home Economics Societies' Act, 1916.—This Act has put these useful women's organizations on a well regulated basis. Much of the useful War Work done by the rural women was achieved by members of the Home Economics Societies.

Farm Implement Act, 1919.—This Act regulates the sale of implements and protects those who purchase, as well as those who sell implements against fraud and extortion.

Produce Dealers' Act, 1919.—This Act requires those dealing in agricultural products to be licensed and bonded, and protects the farmer in the country who may consign shipments of butter, eggs, poultry, potatoes, etc., to city dealers.

Live Stock Purchase and Sale Act, 1919.—This Act extends financial credit to farmers in all parts of the province in connection with the stocking up of their farms.

Other important agricultural acts passed or amended are as follows:

- Animals Act
- Brand Act
- Crop Payments Act
- Co-operative Associations Act
- Noxious Weeds Act
- Wolf Bounty Act
- Threshers' Lien Act
- Hail Insurance Policy Act
- Seed Grain Act
- Game Protection Act
- Insectivorous Birds Act
- Poultry Breeders' Act

Administration

Manitoba's administration of public affairs is such as tends to upbuild the basic industry of farming. Here are a few achievements in administration of recent years.

Rural Short Courses.—Beginning in the winter of 1915-1916, the plan was adopted by the Department of conducting short courses in rural districts. This form of service has been very much in demand—so that during the fiscal year reported upon in the last annual report of the Department the following figures are given:

Extension Schools—

Ten Day Courses	20
Total enrolment	1,600
Attendance	34,000
Four Day Courses	22
Total enrolment	1,415
Attendance	7,126
Home Economics Four Day Courses	250
Total enrolment	6,150
Attendance	35,110

Co-operative Wool Marketing.—The system of co-operative wool marketing has been most successful, until now a very large percentage of all wool grown in Manitoba is assembled by the Department of Agriculture. The wool is graded, and all lots sold on their merits. The educative work carried on by the Department has done a great deal to secure higher prices by pointing out the right and wrong ways of handling wool.

Agricultural Publications.—There is an ever widening demand for reliable literature dealing with those problems peculiar to our climate and type of agriculture. To meet this demand, a great diversity of agricultural publications have been printed, so that now complete and up-to-date information can be supplied at once to enquirers. Particularly has this service been of value since the close of the war, because of so many returned soldiers going onto the land, and requiring instruction.

Live Stock for Farmers.—Up to the present 4,591 cows have been supplied to 1,402 farmers under the Manitoba "Cow Scheme." These cows have produced approximately 11,000 calves during the past three summers. In addition, the newly passed "Live Stock Purchase and Sale Act" has inaugurated a movement of live stock from the stock yards back to the farm which is bound to develop very rapidly.

Agricultural Statistics.—The methods of gathering and publishing statistics have been greatly standardized.

Stallion Inspection and Enrolment.—The horse breeding industry has been protected against the owner of the unsound or unregistered stallion.

Boys' and Girls' Clubs.—The boys and girls of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow. In Boys' and Girls' Club work Manitoba leads with 25,000 enrolled members each receiving encouragement and direction from the Department.

Practical Achievement

The men and women of Manitoba's farms may well be proud of their achievement during the recent strenuous years. It is doubtful if so few people, in any other part of the world have ever been able to supply the world with so much food at a time when it needed it so greatly.

Winnings at Exhibitions.—Not only has the quantity of agricultural produce been satisfactory, but, Manitoba has established an enviable reputation for quality. At the International Soil Products Exposition, Manitoba Provincial Exhibits won a premier place during the two seasons past, winning 15 trophies, 65 first prizes, 44 second prizes, 40 third prizes. The trophies won in 1919 include the world's championship for collection of vegetables, the world's championship for small grains (wheat, oats, barley and rye), the world's championship for the most attractive exhibit, and second trophy for the most comprehensive exhibit. In addition to this various individual farmers of Manitoba won leading prizes. Manitoba butter, too, has gone both east and west and won premier honors, securing the highest score both in 1918 and 1919 at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

Live Stock Breeding.—Recent years have witnessed a definite demand for a higher standard of live stock. This has shown itself in several ways. The membership of the live stock associations has increased; the number of pure bred live stock sales has been multiplied; the numbers of boys who have shown those remarkable calves of their own raising, at the Winter Fat Stock Show, has been enlarged; the prices for pure bred live stock have advanced from year to year, and pure bred stock is becoming much more widely distributed. In November, 1919, a Manitoba raised Shorthorn heifer, Lavender 47th, bred by J. G. Barron, Carberry, sold at public auction for \$5,000, the highest priced Shorthorn female ever sold in Canada.

Dairy Industry.—Manitoba's dairy industry has expanded wonderfully. Five years ago this province was a heavy butter importer; now we export about two million dollars' worth of butter per year. Both cream and butter are now sold on grade, according to merit, and year by year the standard of Manitoba butter is advancing on the markets of the world.

Potato Growing.—Manitoba potato growers are just now awakening to the possibilities of a very remunerative potato export trade. Each year we sell many carloads.

Vegetables.—During the past two years Manitoba has won first prize at Kansas City as exhibiting the best vegetables shown by any state or province. The quantity being raised has also increased greatly.

Tillage Methods.—Better tillage methods are in vogue as is expressed by the number of plowing matches and summerfallow competitions held.

Agricultural Education.—There is a keen demand for agricultural instruction, as is shown by the crowded condition of Manitoba's commodious Agricultural College.

You need not be ashamed to invite your best friend to Manitoba

V. WINKLER, Minister of Agriculture and Immigration



TRADE MARK

Thomas A. Edison

Edison's New Amberola

Success for Mr. Edison! Life-like music at last! For years, the world's greatest inventor worked night and day to make the music of the phonograph true to life. At last he has been crowned with success! 80 years ago Mr. Edison invented the first phonograph. When his patents expired, others copied his ideas. But he himself was not satisfied. This was not real music. It could not take the place of the living singer or player. His ambition was to invent a phonograph that gives you genuine music. Something that would bring the joy of true music into your life even though you couldn't play or sing a note.



See what the New Edison Amberola can do for your home!

Here it is. The New Edison Amberola. The phonograph that *Re-Creates* the living tone. Send the coupon on the opposite page and find out about this wonderful new phonograph.

Is Your Home Happy?

How about your home? Is it a real home? Is it something more than a house with a yard or a farm around it? Is it something more than a place to eat and to sleep and to shelter you? Is it a place where the united family can gather together and be happy? Has it something that will bring joy into the life of father, mother, grandparents or children? Has it something that will make your friends enjoy visiting you? That is happiness. That kind of a home is a happy home. Such a life is the only life worth while. And anything that will bring you such a life is a *necessity*. It means as much to you as food and clothing. Money cannot measure its value.

Put music into your home and you will have the greatest influence for happiness that the world has ever known. As long as history has been written, music has been man's inspiration. It is the mother's lullaby, the warrior's cry, the lover's song—who indeed, does not find the expression of all his moods and emotions in music?

And now Mr. Edison's genius has put real music within your reach. You can make it part of your life.

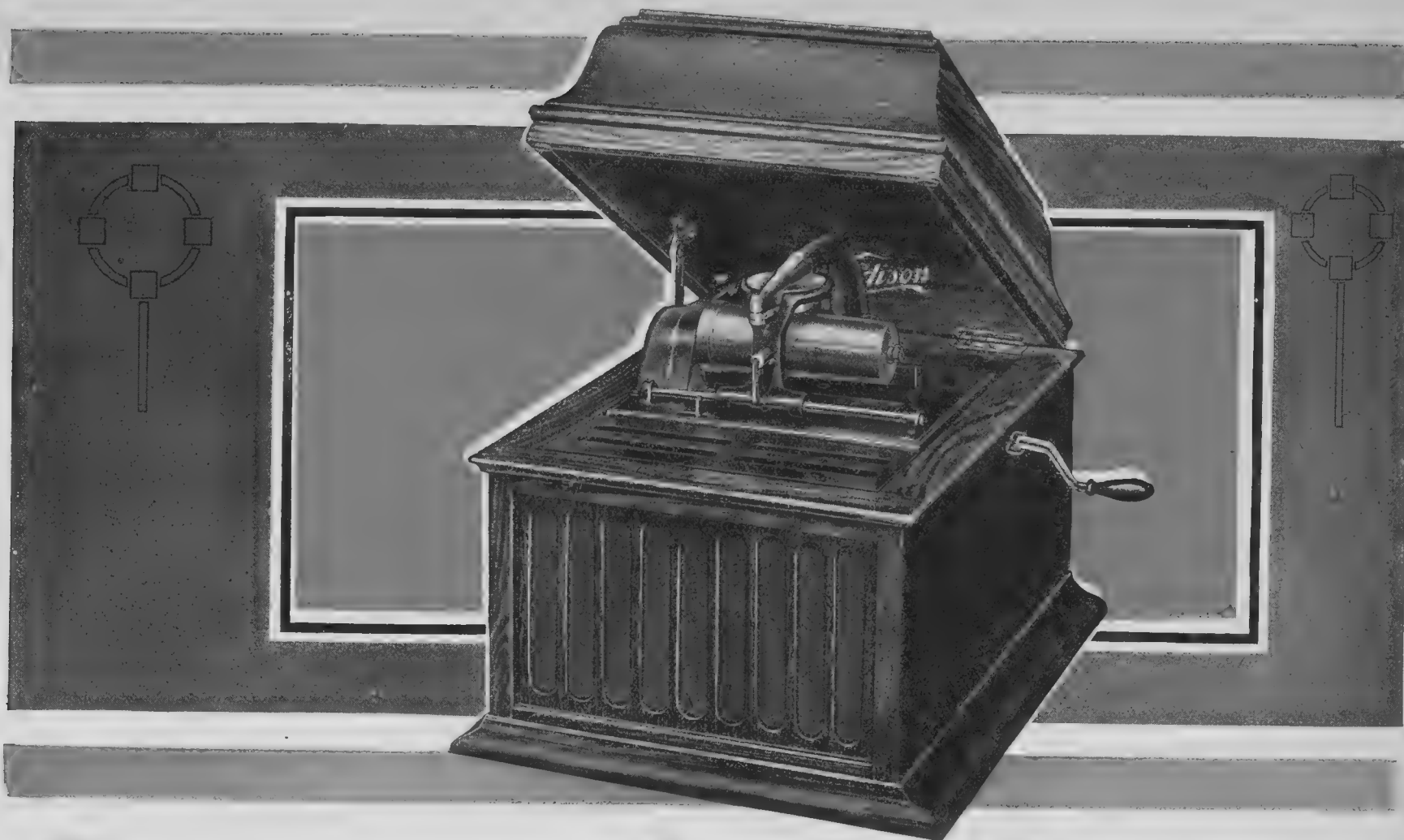
Read Our Offer!

Just read on the opposite page how easy it is for you to get the New Edison Amberola into your home.

Consider how important—how invaluable—good music is to your life. Then read our offer. How ridiculously small is the expense of making music part of your home! Find out, at once, about Mr. Edison's wonderful

new phonograph. See the coupon on the opposite page. Get full details of our offer. See why you need not be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's great, new instrument.

F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors, 338 Portage Ave. Dept. 109 Winnipeg, Man.
U. S. Office:—Edison Block, CHICAGO, ILL.



Sent on Free Trial!

Read the Coupon Below! An astonishing offer—the New Edison Diamond Amberola, Mr. Edison's great new phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, and 12 brand new Blue Amberol Indestructible 4-Minute Records sent to you on *absolutely Free Trial*. **Send no money**—just fill out the coupon below and send it to us at once. We will send you the complete outfit immediately. No C.O.D. Entertain your family and friends with the latest song hits of the big cities. Laugh at the side-splitting minstrel shows. Hear anything from Grand Opera to Comic Vaudeville. Judge for yourself just how much this great phonograph would mean to your home. Decide if you can get along without it. After the trial in your own home, make up your mind. If you decide not to keep the outfit, send it back to us *at our expense*.

Only \$1⁰⁰ After Trial

If you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument after the free trial, send us only \$1.00. Pay the balance of \$71.80 for the complete outfit in easy payments of only \$6.00 for 11 months and \$5.80 for the 12th month, total \$72.80. Remember the 12 brand new Blue Amberol Indestructible 4-minute records are included with this outfit.

Think of it—a \$1.00 payment, and a few dollars a month to get this outfit of Mr. Edison's new phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, the life-like music—the same Blue Amberol Records—all the musical results of the highest priced outfits, the *finest*, the *best* that money can buy at very much less than the price at which imitations of the Genuine New Edison Diamond Amberola are offered.

After years of labor on his favorite invention, Mr. Edison has made the music of the phonograph true to life. There is no reason now—especially since we make this rock-bottom offer—why you should be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's genuine instrument. You are under no obligation on this free trial offer. *Hear the New Edison Diamond Amberola in your own home before you decide.*

Send No Money Just the Coupon!

Convince yourself first. Get the New Edison Diamond Amberola in your home on free trial. See what a wonderful instrument it is—how it brings the music of the world's greatest singers and players, the sweet old time melodies, the joker of the funniest vaudeville actors, all right into your own parlor as if they were there *in person*. See for yourself, how much you *need* the New Edison Diamond Amberola in your life. See how much happier it will make your home. Just fill out the coupon and send it in. Of course, we do *not* want to ship an outfit to a person who cannot afford to at least pay on easy payments (and when you get a free trial it must be understood that you can *afford* to keep it). Yet, no one is *under any obligations* to keep an outfit if it is not entirely satisfactory. If it is not just what you want for your home, return it *at our expense*; you, not we, must judge what the Edison phonograph means to you and we accept your decision cheerfully and without question.

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338 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
U. S. Office: Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.



No obligation to buy in sending this coupon; this is just an application for a Free Trial

F. K. BABSON, Dept. 109, 338 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Dear Mr. Babson:—As per your offer, I should like to hear Mr. Edison's wonderful new style phonograph in my home on free trial. If I decide to keep the outfit, I will have the privilege of the rock-bottom price of \$72.80 direct from you on special terms. I merely agree to take the outfit promptly from the depot, pay the small express charges, and if I do not find it thoroughly satisfactory, I reserve the right to return the outfit at once at your expense. Otherwise, I will send the first payment of \$1.00 within forty-eight hours after the free trial or as soon as possible, in no case exceeding one week, and will make monthly payments thereafter of \$6.00 for 11 months and \$5.80 for the 12th month. Total \$72.80. The outfit is to remain your property until the last payment has been made. (This offer is not open to anyone under 21 years of age. If you are under 21 ask your father, mother or guardian to fill in and sign this coupon for you.)

My name.....Address or R. F. D. No.....

City.....State.....Ship by.....Express

Shipping point.....Ship by.....Occupation.....

Age.....Married or Single.....If steadily employed at a salary please state.....

How long a resident in your neighborhood and your vicinity?.....If there is any possibility of changing

your address during the next year, what will be your next address?.....

Possibly

The movement in England to expropriate all war profits will stir many an uneasy conscience here.—Toronto Globe.

An Abandoned Practice

Another reason for the high cost of living is that we no longer make little Willie's pants out of Dad's old ones.—Saskatoon Star.

A Safe Bet

Vancouver is to have a Chinese bank, and it is a safe bet that no forged signatures will get past it.—Lethbridge Herald.

Undeniably True

Might does not make right, but there are few rights established without might.—London Daily Mail.

His Value Now Is Nil

The ex-Crown Prince, who believes that he will be recalled, may learn that some things have depreciated even more than the mark.—Victoria Colonist.

John Bull's Beat

"We cannot police the world," says Lloyd George. John Bull's beat already covers most of it.—Toronto Telegram.

Statesmanship, So Called

After all, a statesman has a hard lot. It is easy enough to pick the right side, but so very difficult to pick the side that will hold the most votes.—Chicago Tribune.

Quite Likely

Nothing has been heard for some time of the Russian bear, but unconfirmed reports have it that his name has been changed to Trouble Bruin.—Moose Jaw Times.

The General Consensus

Most of the European belligerents seem to be agreed on what is coming to the Kaiser. Like the Missouri juror, they all are convinced he should be hanged, after being given a fair trial.—Kansas City Star.

Scotland and Prohibition

Rev. Dr. Jowett, in asserting that Scotland will vote for prohibition next year, says the prediction will surprise many. Perhaps it will, but it is a fact that the Scotch, although they make famous whiskey, and drink it, too, are a sober people in many respects.—Montreal Gazette.

What the World is Saying

The Russian Chaos

A rampart of snow and ice seems to be Bolshevism's best defense. But what will happen during the winter within the confines of a Red Russia cut off from the world?—New York Tribune.

Many Divorce-seekers

At Kansas City 350 persons sought release from the marriage bond at a single court session. How long can society, which is founded upon the home, endure in a country which presents such a record as this?—Guelph Herald.

Worthy of His Name

The grandson of Bismarck is charged with having been the most ruthless butcher of the war. He is the perfect flower from the seed sown by the Chancellor who preached the gospel of blood and iron.—Providence Journal.

Results of Prohibition

Is there a street in the city or village in the province that does not afford at least one local instance of the benefit that has come to individual men and their families from the suppression of the trade in liquor?—Toronto Star.

Von Tirpitz's Admission

In view of our habit of referring to the British conduct of the war as "muddling through," it is interesting to hear von Tirpitz confess that "at the end of July, 1914, we found ourselves in a state of confusion, and that with a talent on the whole not equal to the British gift for improvising methods."—Sheffield Telegraph.

Lucky To Be Alive

A correspondent reports that the hair of the former Crown Prince of Germany is turning gray. Well, William junior is approaching 40, is married, has several children, and has recently lost a better job than he will be able to secure again.—New York Sun.

A Sacrifice of Life

A resident of Deschailons, Lotbiniere county, Quebec, was shot dead by a hunter, who mistook him for a deer. It is an old and sad story that is repeated every hunting season, and many times. In some parts of America the authors of such tragedies are arrested on every possible occasion and tried for manslaughter. It is a practice that might be made general.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

No More Race Problems Needed

The agitation for the Union of the British West Indies with the Dominion of Canada should not be permitted to gather strength throughout the islands because of a belief that Canadians look with favor on the project. This country has all the race problems it can tackle at present with any hope of success in solving them.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

Not Confined to Australia

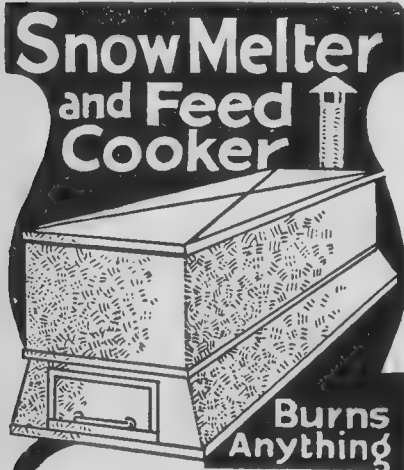
London stock operating circles have been excited by the gyrations of certain Australian mining stocks, which rose in a little time from sixpence to fifty-one shillings a share and then dropped to thirty-five shillings. The lambs must have lost considerable of their fleece while such operations were going on; and such operations are not confined to Australia, any more than are lambs which suffer thereby.—Vancouver Province.

Turkey's Guilt

The Turkish government asserts that there have been no Armenian massacres since the armistice. That may look good at first glance, but it won't stand analysis. If there have been no wholesale slaughter since the armistice there is a tacit admission that there were preventable ones before it. In other words, Turkey says that she has reformed because reforming pays just now.—Minneapolis Journal.

Cogitations on Display

As a drawing card for a vaudeville performance appearing in Saskatoon recently, the fact was widely advertised that one of the lady performers would appear on the stage in a gown which cost \$5000. That show should have been boycotted. If you and I find our humble prunes and humbler underduds hard to get in sufficient quantity, the fact is due in part to too much labor and material being spent in the making of the articles for purposes of mere extravagant display. And besides, every time a gaudy show rag is displayed some silly person develops an itchy spot in the pocket book.—Prince Albert Herald.



**Burns
Anything**

Built to Last Because It's an "Eastlake"

Scarcity of water during the winter is a serious handicap to many farmers. A good "EASTLAKE"

SNOW MELTER solves the problem and is also a big paying investment as a Feed Cooker.

Designed to give a quick, hot fire at a trifling cost. Made of heavy galvanized iron strongly reinforced and very complete in every detail.

Write for Prices and illustrated Catalogue "T" 300W

Metallic Roofing Co.
Manufacturers
797 Notre Dame Ave. Winnipeg



The above display of chrysanthemums can be seen in the greenhouses, Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg. It is regarded as one of the finest ever produced in the West, and has been viewed by thousands.

MONARCH-KNIT

SWEATERS
HOSIERY
YARNS



CHRISTMAS shopping and Christmas giving lose much of their perplexity and worry when a woman looks to the Monarch line for the solution of her gift problems. Such articles as a Monarch-Knit Sweater Coat or Monarch-Knit Hosiery, or Monarch Hand-knitting Yarns—welcome always—would be more than ordinarily appreciated now when the thought of thrift is uppermost. When, however, one can have luxury with sound sense, as in a Monarch gift, why so much the better. A still further attraction in the eyes of the recipient is the compliment implied by the presence of the Monarch label. It is as if one had said: "I picked, you see, the best that could be found."



THE MONARCH KNITTING CO., LIMITED
Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

Branches at St. Catharines, St. Thomas and Buffalo

Manufacturers of Monarch-Knit Sweater Coats for men, women and children; Monarch-Knit Hosiery for men and women, and Monarch Floss and Down for plain and fancy hand-knitting.

for CHRISTMAS

Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the south,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:

"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

Asthma Doesn't Wear Off Alone.—Do not make the mistake of waiting for asthma to wear away by itself. While you are waiting the disease is surely gathering a stronger foothold and you live in danger of stronger and yet stronger attacks. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy taken early will prevent incipient condition from becoming chronic and saves hours of awful suffering.

On Skeena



What Others Say of The G.T.P. Route

"The scenery on your railway route through the mountains is grand and inspiring."

"I shall never forget my trip on your excellent Steamships."

"We are indeed glad we made our trip over your system, and can cheerfully and unqualifiedly recommend it."

"The Grand Trunk Pacific has the best train service and most courteous employees."

"I have travelled extensively in Europe and America, but no where did I see such wonderful scenery, rail or boat, as by the Grand Trunk Pacific route."

"Magnificent scenery, matchless courtesy."

"The Grand Trunk Pacific boats, Prince Rupert and Prince George, are floating palaces."

"The grandeur of the country traversed from the wheat fields and grazing lands to the mountain scenery of British Columbia, leaves an impression never to be forgotten."

TOURIST FARES

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700-Mile Ocean Trip

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Peak in the
Canadian Rockies



Surf Bathing

Grand Trunk Pacific
Steamship
Prince Rupert



The Christmas of Our Race

Written for the Western Home Monthly by D. B. Bogle

CHRISTMAS is a universal festival, the festival of the death of the year, and the birth of a new year. It was most appropriately adapted by Christianity to the death of the old world and the birth of a new world in the birth of Christ.

In the Christmas we celebrate there are three strands of origin interwoven, heathen, pagan (classical), and Christian. Many Christmas customs may be traced back to a heathenism earlier even than the Roman or Norse deities. It may be said in fact that Christmas has taken many of its customs from heathenism, its time of celebration from paganism, and all of its beauty and sacredness from Christianity.

The heathen festival was the celebration of the slaughter of beasts and the death of vegetation. The spirit of the life that had passed was abroad, its strength passed into men by sacrificial feasting. Hence it was a time of complete surrender to the orgiastic impulse, a wild time, a time of frenzy and of animalism liberated from moral restraint.

This time of the year was not the same in all latitudes, hence the festival was celebrated earlier the further north the people lived. It is supposed to have been originally identical with Hallowe'en. There is not a trace of any recognition of a Supreme Being in this heathen festival, only of kinship with the animate creation. Traces of heathen origin are still observable in the festivities, happily transfused and modified by the Christian spirit.

The time of Christmas was fixed by Roman paganism. The feast of the Saturnalia took place at the winter solstice, the time when the sun was most remote from the earth. The very word Saturnalia shows traces of its earlier origin. Saturn was lord of an age before the monarchy of Jupiter was established, before, that is, there was a human conception of a God more akin to man than to the beasts. The Saturnalia, while a time of great license, had a certain fine significance of its own. During the festival all men were equal and masters even served their slaves at meat. Here are some of the laws of the Saturnalia:

All men shall be equal, slave and free, rich and poor, one with another.

Anger, resentment, threats are contrary to law.

Every man shall take place as chance may direct; dignities and birth and wealth shall give no precedence.

Christianity has given Christmas all its beauty and significance. There is no vestige of authentic tradition connecting the 25th of December with the birth of Christ, nor has any ever been set up, contrary to some popular opinion, by any theological authority, Catholic or Protestant, worth naming. The Saturnalia was the festival of the death and re-birth of the year. The 25th December was the feast day of Baal, the sun god. Christianity appropriated the day and the festival, and transfigured them with its majestic conception of the Divine Child, always the Child, renewing the hope of the world, the eternal symbol of immortality and the Sun of Righteousness.

This idea, however, did not reach its fruition in the early church. Whether the subject of Christmas was to uproot the sun god's festival and the Saturnalia or not, the idea connected with it for long was purely theological, and lacked the touch of brotherhood on earth it found later.

The real birth of Christmas as a Christian festival in the full meaning it has since enjoyed dates from St. Francis. It was he who humanized Christianity, and it was his tender picture of the Divine Child that gave to the Christmas festival the richness and beauty it has never wholly lost. It is his hymn too which has provided in its last two lines the motto for Christmas to all time:

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

With the Renaissance, the whole world burst into song, and just as art centered round the Madonna and Child, so did the lyrical poetry of the common people centre round Christmas. It is to this period we owe the Christmas carols. There are fine carols in every language, Italian, French, German, Spanish and even Scotch and Gaelic.

Many of these are rude to our ideas of versification. They have not the never equalled beauty of the Elizabethan lyrics, nor the classic-perfection of Milton's Ode, but here is a verse from one dated 1530 which for beauty is difficult to match.

In a dream as late I lay
Methought I heard a maiden say

And speak these words so mild,
"My little son with thee I play,
"And come" she sang, by lullaby
Thus rock'd she her child.
By-by lullaby, by-by lullaby,
Rock'd I my child.
By-by lullaby, by-by lullaby,
Rock'd I my child.

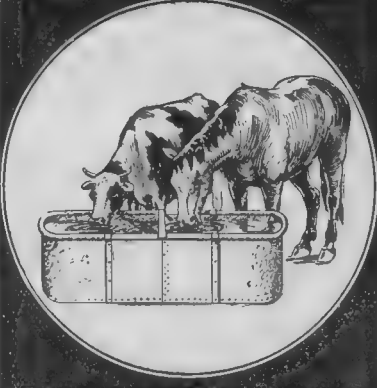
After the Reformation the observation of Christmas in England tended more to the heathenish side but not so much in England or Lutheran Germany as in Scotland where Christmas was wholly abolished, although the ancient customs continued in connection with New Year. However England had her turn with an assault upon Christmas by the Puritans. One would think that the beauty and tenderness of the idea of the Divine Child, the symbol of immortality, once unveiled would hold the awe and adoration of mankind forever, as it is reported to have aroused that of the wise men of the East. But no! The absolute blindness of the ascetic of all ages to ideas of this character is one of the mysteries of human nature. The Puritans tilted with equal ferocity at the saintly Francis and at the animalism of the Pagan festival. It may be a testimony to the depravity of human nature the Puritans believed in, that over the Pagan Christmas they enjoyed only a very incomplete and temporary triumph, whereas the Franciscan Christmas suffered a long eclipse. In 1644 Christmas interfered with a fast day appointed by parliament and parliament fulminated against Christmas declaring, "that this day particularly is to be kept with the most solemn humiliation, because it may call to remembrance our sins and the sins of our forefathers." It was called "a superstition festival" and an "unholy holiday."

Parliament sat every year from 1644 to 1656 on Christmas day. The Londoners, however, steadfastly refused to permit any business to be done on Christmas, and some shopkeepers who opened on Christmas in 1646 were so roughly used they had to appeal to parliament for protection. In 1647 the Lord Mayor and City Marshall had to ride about setting fire to Christmas decorations. There were riots in country places.

It seems strange that from the pen of that great puritan, the Secretary of State, at this time, should have come so great a poem as John Milton's "Ode to the Nativity." The truth is that the spirit of Milton's genius, while exquisitely pure, was not puritan as is abundantly manifest in all his poetry and finest prose. He was not hostile to puritanism but his genius far transcended its limitations.

Continued on Page 51

'EASTLAKE' TANKS



Cheapest because they're the Best

THE "Eastlake" Round End Stock Tank is very popular. Made of highest quality, heavy galvanized iron; the heavy tubing is firmly locked on and the strong angle iron braces are formed around the tubing. Side seams have double row of rivets. Bottom is turned up inside—the strongest construction known.

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NEW CABINET OF ONTARIO LEAVING GOVERNMENT HOUSE AFTER BEING SWORN IN

From left to right the men are Hon. B. Bowman, Minister of Lands and Forests; Hon. W. E. Rancey, Attorney-General; Hon. Walter Rolfe, Minister of Health and Labor; Hon. Lt.-Col. D. Carmichael, Minister without portfolio; Hon. Manning W. Doherty, Minister of Agriculture; Hon. H. C. Nixon, Provincial Secretary; Hon. E. C. Drury, Prime Minister; Hon. R. H. Grant, Minister of Education; Hon. F. C. Biggs, Minister of Public Works; Hon. Peter Smith, Provincial Treasurer; Hon. H. Mills, Minister of Mines.

Shot Gun to Rifle in Western Canada

Written for The Western Home Monthly by "Kootenai Brown"

I

REMEMBER the old fire arms we used in the early days. The word "gun" in those days meant the fire arm a man always carried with him not so much for protection as for the killing of game on which to live. Later the term "gun" meant a weapon of defence and was carried by cow boys for protection, and incidentally, for shooting up towns where they happened to congregate. The evolution of fire arms is an interesting study to anyone interested.

The chief gun used by Indians and half-breeds in the early days of fire arms was a 16-bore shot gun. Of course, fifty years ago the plain Indians of Canada used bows and arrows and it was not for many years later that they acquired the weapons used by half-breeds, white hunters and traders.

The 16-bore gun would shoot either shot or ball, but the ammunition most used was balls. The Hudson's Bay Company, when they came to the west to trade, brought with them what were called "trade balls." These were made in England and sent out west in barrels weighing 400 pounds. There were thirty balls to a pound, and they corresponded to calibre 30-30 of a Marlin or Winchester. All the buffalo shot in the years between 1860 and 1880 were shot with "trade balls." The old guns were effective with these balls up to 50 or 60 yards.

Powder was carried in a pouch slung about the neck or over the shoulder where it could be reached easily, and the balls were carried in the pockets with three or four for immediate use in the mouth. To load up with a horse galloping at full speed was not an easy job. Powder was poured into the hand but it was hard to gauge the amount and this varied greatly. But the handful was poured into the barrel and a bullet rolled in on top of it. The gun then had to be held in an upright position to keep the "trade ball" from rolling out, and when a shot was made it was swung down to aim and fired at once. At no time was the butt put near a man's shoulder. This method did not obtain for many years after. When a hunter wanted to aim his gun was swung to the right position and fired; and it is remarkable how few times he missed his mark. There were no sights on the old 16-bore gun. A good hunter could swing his gun from the back of a horse galloping full speed and hit at 25 or 30 yards without ever sighting at all. When the new fire arms with sights came out we old fellows thought them ridiculous, and would not be caught with the butt to our shoulder or our eye along the barrel.

The first breech loading gun I ever saw was a broken back—I don't remember what make. It had to be broken down to load it. The cartridges were made of black powder and after a cartridge was put in the end had to be torn off before it was jammed into the chamber. Then

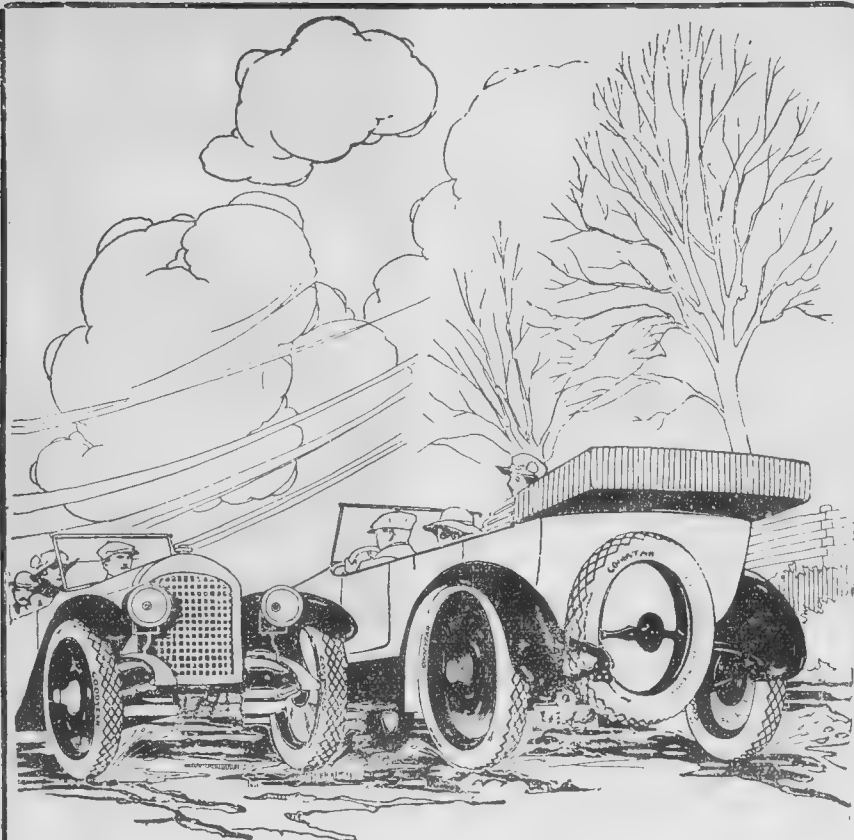
a big copper cap was put on the nipple, and when the trigger was drawn back it was ready for action. We thought the old broken back was the last word in gun making, and every hunter who didn't have one was considered a poor sort of fellow. I don't remember what they cost.

But it was not long before the modern rifles came into general use, and white men, half-breeds, and Indians all had them. The Spencer rifle was of 50-52 calibre and carried one shell in the chamber and seven in a hole in the stock. A spring contrivance moved the shells automatically into the chamber as the rifle was discharged.

Then came the 40-44 Winchester. I bought my first one from the captain on a steamboat on the Missouri. He brought it up from St. Louis in the seventies, but they were not in general use in Western Canada, of course, till the eighties. The old 16-bore was used for hunting on the Western plains till well on in the eighties. I paid the old captain \$100 for the Winchester, and I was a much envied man. I was so proud and careful of my new gun that I took it to bed with me. But even that didn't prevent my losing it. You'll not believe this story, but I'll tell it to you anyway.

I was camped, all alone, one night, about forty miles south of Fort Buford in what is now North Dakota. I knew that Sitting Bull's band of Sioux Indians were not far away so I loaded up my Winchester and stood it against the pole of my tent beside my head. I was tired and in a deep sleep when I heard the report of a rifle. Rushing outside I looked around the tent and saw a Sioux Indian lying on the ground making his last kick. Beside him lay my Winchester, but just as I was about to reach for it a couple of Indians jumped for me. I shook them off, and seeing others coming out of the darkness, I jumped on my horse which I had picketed at the door of my tent, and leaving everything I had and my pack horse I vamoosed. I had only gone a few yards when I heard reports of a rifle and felt shots from my own \$100 Winchester whistling about me. That was the last I saw of my gun. The Indian had evidently reached in under the flap of my tent and pulled it to him, barrel forward, and it had discharged and shot him. This, no doubt, saved my life, for there must have been a dozen Sioux warriors ready to eat me alive if I had not got away.

It was only a few years till the most modern rifles were used by white hunters in Canada, and gradually half-breeds and Indians acquired them also. To-day every Indian owns a good rifle and knows how to use it. My wife, Chee-pay-thaqua-ka-soon, a Cree woman, went out one day with a 22-short Winchester. She took 16 shells with her and brought back 14 birds—8 ducks and 6 chickens; and every one was shot in the head. Oh, yes! The Indians, both male and female, know how to use a rifle.



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In and under the All-Weather Tread are those qualities which have made Goodyear Tires the most demanded tires in the world. Long-mileage, freedom from trouble, easy riding and easy steering, all these virtues are the outcome of years spent in constant tests and experiments. They reach their peak in the Goodyear Cord Tire.

But the Goodyear Cord Tire carries the All-Weather Tread. Because, in all our experimenting, we have found no improvements for the All-Weather Tread.

With Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tires on all five rims, no tire change spoils the balanced appearance of your car.

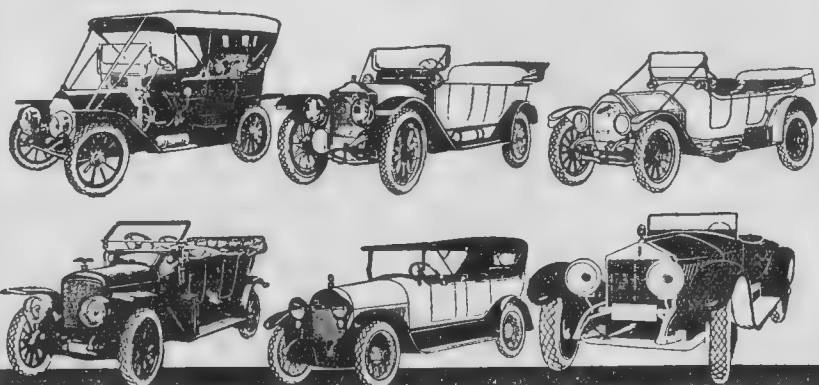
Its sharp-edged blocks of tough rubber resist skidding; carry you around corners; pull you across snow-banked car tracks and out of the ruts; dig down through snow and mud and get a grip.

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See a Goodyear Service Station Dealer about your tire equipment and his mileage-making service.

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1900-1920—Goodyear All-Weather Tires have dominated



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THIS IS THE Mandel Model 3 Talking Machine

FINISHED IN A BEAUTIFUL GENUINE MAHOGANY DULL SATIN FINISH
Cabinet stands 49 inches High, 24 inches Deep, 23 inches Wide

The Mandel Model 3 is the greatest talking machine value on the American Continent. In construction, outward appearance, in tone it has no equal under \$300.00. The factory manufacturing this machine is one of the largest in America. Every piece from the smallest screw used in the motor to the beautiful cabinet is made in their factory. They don't have to depend on other manufacturers to make several parts for them; they know from actual test and experience that when they have finished any part of this machine that it must be perfect and the finest it's possible to produce. Many others, so called high-grade machine are assembled, that is the several parts used are made in a number of different factories and then manufactured into a complete machine. **NOT SO WITH THE MANDEL.**

Don't let the Description and Photo of this Machine be your only guide. Order it subject to 15 Days' Trial; use it in your home before you decide to keep it

Read carefully the description: Made of Genuine Mahogany, has 12 inches Velvet Covered Turntable, Double Spring Drive Motor. Plays five 10-in. records one winding; Tone Modifier; Three Removable Needle Cups in motion board. Felt padded indexed compartment for 50 Records and two shelves for Record Albums. It gives you a fair knowledge of the superior points on this machine. It's a known fact that a machine of inferior quality can easily be detected when placed in your home with only yourself and family to be the judges. We feel so confident of this machine's exclusive quality that we are willing to place it in your home on trial with the privilege of sending it back if not absolutely satisfactory. Could we afford to do this with a machine that was not made of the very best material and workmanship.

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MUSICPHONE TALKING MACHINE

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For a Limited Time Only. Reg. Price \$140

MAHOGANY OR FUMED OAK

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FITTED WITH UNIVERSAL TONE ARM, HAS THE BEST DOUBLE SPRING MOTOR PROCURABLE AND PLAYS ANY MAKE OF RECORD. AS A SPECIAL INDUCEMENT TO PURCHASERS OF ONE OF THESE WONDERFUL TALKING MACHINES, WE WILL SHIP IT TO YOU FOR FIFTEEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL FROM DATE OF ARRIVAL OF MACHINE.

We guarantee every piece of material used against defectiveness and will replace any that proves defective.

Don't be misled by the beautiful outside appearance. The most essential parts of a talking machine are the Motor, Sound Box and Tone Arm, and then construction. We have carefully studied the above points in the Music Phone offered you on this page. The Motor used on the Music Phone is the equal to what others use on machine selling at \$200.00. It has Double Spring Worm Drive absolutely noiseless; will play 4 to 5 large double records, has Universal Tone Arm so it will play any make of record and has a Sound Box that will give you the very sweetest music procurable. The Cabinet is beautifully finished in Dull Mahogany or 1/4 cut Oak, fumed finish. It's impossible to estimate its value from the description and picture shown here. Send for it on approval. Examine it against any other machine. Take out the Motor and compare it with those in machines selling at double our price and then if you are not satisfied return it to us. There is no more satisfying way of testing a machine than trying it in your home. Send for it to-day with 10 FREE RECORDS

No. W.H.M.-850 Mahogany Music Phone. F.O.B. Winnipeg..... **\$107.50**
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Please send me the Model (Fill in name of machine here), subject to your 15 days' free trial offer. I am to have the use of this machine for 15 days, with the privilege of returning it to you if it does not meet with my approval and compare favorably with machines selling at \$40 to \$75 more. In the event of my returning machine, you agree to refund my money in full, and all freight or express charges I have paid.

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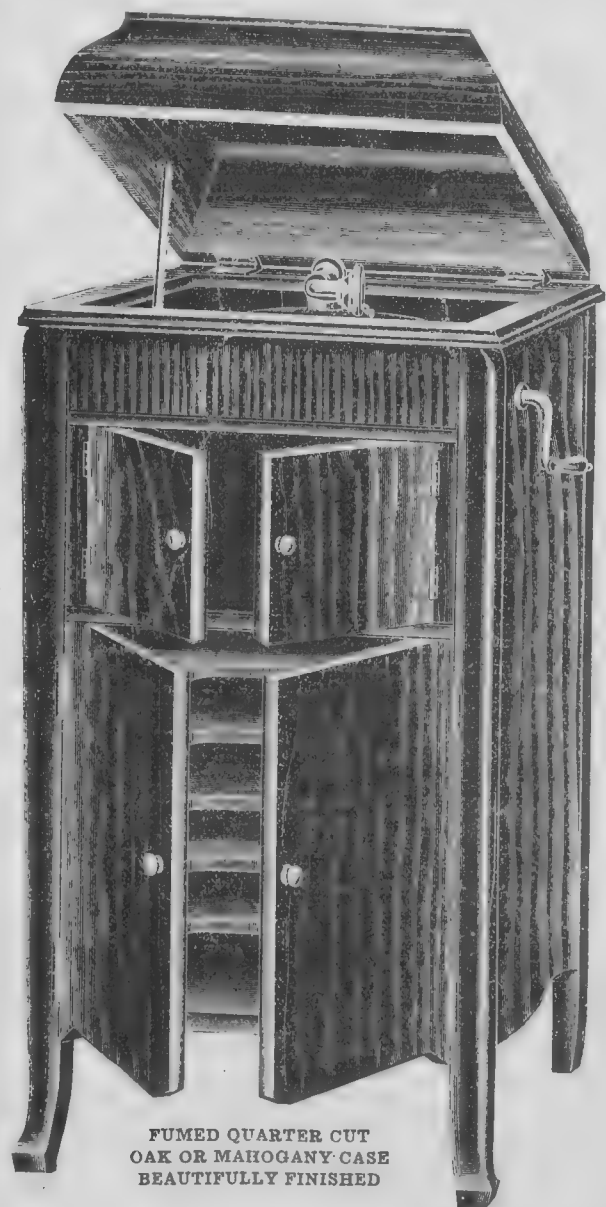
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N.B.—On all orders from Winnipeg or West of Winnipeg price is \$31.00 to measure.



Their Christmas Eve

Continued from Page 31

of course. But — it's said now. You needn't repeat it. For it's not the thing—I'm waiting for you to say."

"Nan—"

"Would you make a poor girl do it all?" she questioned, with a suggestion of both laughter and tears in her voice.

"But, Nan—"

"I'm not used to it," she urged. "It's very embarrassing. And I ought to be asleep this minute, getting ready for my early start. I'm not quite sure that I shall sleep if you say it"—her voice dropped to a whisper again—"but I'm very sure I shall not if—you—don't."

"My dear girl—"

"That's hardly warm enough, is it—under the circumstances — when you won't see me for a year? Jerry—a whole year—"

"Nan—for the love of Heaven come around here!"

"Not so much for the love of Heaven as—"

"No—for the love of you—you—you!"

She came at last—and then she saw his eyes. But she could not meet them after the first glance. She lay in his arms, held there by a grasp so strong that it astonished her beyond measure. So, for a time; then he began to speak—in her ear now, where, in its pinkness, with a little brown curl touching his lips, it listened.

"You've made me say it, love, when for your sake I would have kept it back. But you know—you must know—nothing can come of it."

He heard her murmur "Why?"

"You know why."

"I don't."

He drew a deep breath.

"Don't you want me?" she asked—in to his shoulder.

"Want you!"

"You've everything to offer me."

"Nan—"

"Everything I want. Jerry" she lifted her head and looked for an instant into his eyes—"I shall die of heartache if you won't offer it."

"A wreck of a life—"

"I won't let you call it that again," she flashed. "You—Jerrold Fullerton—whose merest scrawl is reviewed by every literary editor in the land. Do you think you can't do still better work with—with me?"

"But you wouldn't be marrying Jerrold Fullerton's mind alone."

"No—his soul—all there is of him—his great personality—himself. And that's so much more than I can give in return—"

"Nan, darling —"

"Yes—"

"Go to Paris for your year, but don't bind yourself to me. Then, when you come back, if—"

"If I'm still of the same mind—Jerry—you sound like the counsel of a wise and worldly grandmother," with a gleeful laugh.

"—if I'm no worse—if I'm a little better— This is great medicine, Nan. I feel like a new man now. If then—"

"Jerry—"

"Yes—"

"I shall not go at all unless—unless—"

"Yes—"

"—unless I am bound tight—tight—to you. I—shouldn't feel sure of you!"

"Oh, there's no use resisting you," he said, half under his breath. "It's the sorriest bargain a woman ever made, but—"

"If she will make it—"

"Look at me, Nan."

"I can't—long," she complained. "Somehow you—you—blind me."

He laughed softly. "I realize that—you are blind—blind. But I can't open your eyes. Somehow I'm losing the strength to try."

"I must go now," she said, gently trying to release herself. "Really I must—Please, Jerry—let me go, dear—Yes, yes—you must!" It took time, however, and was accomplished with extreme difficulty. "But I can go now. I couldn't when I said good-night before—Oh! it's striking twelve. Good-night, Jerry—Merry Christmas, Jerry!"

Before she quite went, however, she came back once more to lean over the back of his chair and whisper in his ear:

"Jerry—"

"Yes?"

"Am I really—engaged—to you?"

"Darling—bless you—I'm afraid you are."

"Afraid?"

"Nan — I'm the happiest cripple on earth."

So she went softly out and closed the door. But it was not to sleep. As for the man she left behind, his eyes looked into the smouldering fire till morning. It was not the doctor's prescription, but it was the beginning of his cure.

The Song of All

The little songs come flying
Like flocks of questing birds
Into the branches of my mind,
But all they seek is words;
Gay words and sad words
And words that seem to sing:
Such is the quest of little songs
That come on eager wing.

The little songs are welcome;
I could not say them nay,
For shy yet glad with joyousness
They come to me each day;
But ah, for one sublime song
So glowing in each part
That it might rend the veil of sense
And waken every heart!

A minister asked a little boy who had been converted, "Does not the devil tell you that you are not a Christian?" "Yes, sometimes." "Well, what do you say to him?" "I tell him," replied the boy, with something of Luther's spirit, "that, whether I am a Christian or not, it is none of his business."



Gold Standard

The finishing touch, and the visible excellence of the cake is the icing. Your Christmas cakes will be doubly inviting if iced with Gold Standard Icing—10 flavors.

Gold Standard Mfg. Co.
Winnipeg, Man.

R. S. ROBINSON

Established 1883

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FALL RATS.....	2.25 to .75	WOLF " " No. 2.	\$20.00 to 7.00
Shot, Speared or Damaged..	.75 to .40	WOLF.....No. 3.	3.00 to 1.50
Kitts.....	.25 to .15	WOLF.....No. 4.	50

Also all other FURS at highest current rates

Beef Hides.....	.25 to .21	Kips.....	.40 to .30
Calf Skins.....	.55 to .45	Horse Hides.....	\$10 to \$5

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A Dyspepsia Cure

M.D. advises: "Persons who suffer from severe indigestion and constipation can cure themselves by taking fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots after each meal and at bedtime. This remedy is known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup in the drug trade." Get the genuine. 50c and \$1.00 Bottles.



Coming events

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Owing to our most active buyer and shipper having been killed in action, and the fact that prices of all British made goods have risen tremendously, we have very reluctantly decided to **CLOSE DOWN** until prices get more reasonable.

Everything in stock to be **REALIZED** at once, so read **"THIS LIST"** very, very carefully.

Lot 101—Comprises some 274 pairs Women's or Boy's splendid Grained Leather 2-Buckle "Lumbersoled" Boots, **Felt Lined** inside. Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Now for cold weather, they are the **warmest** rig you can possibly wear around the barn or stable. **Wood Soles.** Yes, just you try them. Our whole stock to be sold off **\$3.25** say (Every pair easily worth double to-day)



Lot 102—Consists of some 450 pairs Women's or Youths' Grained Leather 10-inch "Pull on" Lumbersoled Boots. All cosily lined with thick felt. Your feet never cold. Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Now, if you want a pair to **warm** your feet, or save your fine boots, send on **\$5.50**

(Thousands of testimonials have reached us. Ideal for driving or around the stable.)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Lot 105—Consists of about 270 pairs Children's Grained Leather, "Laced Up Style" Lumbersole Boots mostly 10, 11, 12, 13, 1 sizes; all lined with **Fine White Felt.** See the price **\$2.85** Yes, get them a pair, sure!

Lot 106—Around 132 pair of Children's Lumbersoled Boots, similar to Lot 101 in style. Size 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 1 only. Children's sizes—**Fit 3 years to 11 years or so.** Cosily Felt Lined throughout. Will take **\$2.75** Write to-night for a pair.

Lot 108—Comprises 127 pairs Men's Stout Grained Leather unlined Lumbersoled Boots, fitted with rails round soles and heels. Nothing warmer or cosier in Canada. Slip two or three pairs socks on and your feet are like toast at forty degrees below. Going at **\$3.75** (Mostly all sizes)

Lot 175—Something for the women—About 300 Best Quality all-wool Women's **Full Length Combinations**, full sleeves and legs. These combinations are worth **MORE THAN DOUBLE** to-day. In fact, once our stock is cleared, you cannot replace under \$8.00. This is pre-war stock. Our price **\$3.75**

Lot 210—About 340 pairs Ladies' Choice Pink, also some Pale Blue, Quilted Satin Bedroom Slippers. Very fine for presents. Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. All going **\$1.50** out at (also a few Black)...

Lot 230—Around 150 pairs Ladies' Black Vici Kid Blucher Boots. Sewed soles; 1½ inch Cuban heels. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Now this lot cannot be re-made to-day under \$12.50. Why not pick **\$5.50** up some at

Lot 233—Some 89 pairs Misses Black Poplin 1-Bar Slippers (1-inch heels), for growing girls. Sewed Leather Soles. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5. All going at **\$2.75**

Lot 234—About 142 pairs Boys' or Girls' Cosy Felt House Slippers (British made). Sizes 7, 8, 9, 10. All to be sold at **65c** Larger sizes, 11, 12, 13, 1. Will be cleared at **75c**

Get your order in quick as possible. Send for Bargain List. **EVERYTHING to be CLEARED** as quick as possible. Cut this out, as it won't appear again.

DON'T FORGET YOUR CASH OR YOUR SIZE.

The Scottish Wholesale Specialty Co.
263 Talbot Ave. (Elmwood) Winnipeg

Electrification of Wheat

By Mark Meredith



THE use of electricity to assist in raising crops is apparently on the increase. Following on experiments the use of high tension electricity in the wheat fields certain experiments have been trying the effect of electric currents upon the wheat grains before they are placed in the ground. The wheat is soaked for a certain time in a solution containing certain salts, soda, and lime; and a current of electricity is allowed to flow through the solution in which the wheat is immersed. The result is stated to be very satisfactory; an increased yield of both grain and straw.

If this announcement had been made a little while back, it would have been ridiculed; but in face of what has been done by the aid of electricity in connection with plant life, the fact is accepted. It will be remembered what engineers require before all things are facts; and they are sometimes very difficult to obtain. When once a certain fact is established, when once it has been shown that certain definite results follow certain definite operations, again and again, it is up to the engineer and the scientist to find out the reason. The modern engineer always requires a reason for everything; he is very keen in his search for facts, but once facts are assured he does not rest until he has discovered the reason for the operation that has been observed.

We are hardly in a position yet to say exactly why the results detailed above has followed from the soaking of the grain and the application of electricity; but we can make some very close approximations as mathematicians call them.

The wheat grain is a wonderfully formed apparatus, if that term may be allowed. As is well known, nature has done her work so well in the formation of the wheat grain that it will stand for thousands of years, and still be reproductive at the end of that period; grains taken from the tombs of Ancient Egypt that must be at least 5,000 years old, have been found quite good, and crops have been raised from them. The wheat grain is in many respects similar

to the egg of a bird; it contains the germ, very carefully protected from chance of external injury, far more carefully than a bird's egg is; it also contains a supply of nutriment for the young plant during the period of its growth, just as the white of an egg contains the substance from which the bird is formed; and the yolk, nutriment for the young bird just before it emerges from the shell.

When the seed is placed in the ground two distinct operations take place; it sends a root down into the ground, this being merely the extension of the little rootlet that is already present, forming part of the germ; it also sends out leaves, which force their way upwards, these again being the development of very minute leaves that are present in the germ.

The osmotic action of electric current assists to carry liquid from the ground into the bodies of, for instance, potatoes, and it is quite possible that the electric current does carry the liquid and the salt dissolved in it into the body of the germ and so provides it with a certain amount of nutriment; it also probably carries some of the nutriment provided in the endosperm into the germ, in advance of what it would receive when placed in the ground. After treatment in the manner described the germ is probably in the condition in which it would be, under ordinary conditions, after being in the ground some little time; the time varying according to the condition of the ground, its temperature, etc. It is also suggested that something similar takes place to the operation that goes on upon the malting floor. It will be remembered, that when grain is being prepared for the brewer, it is exposed to heat upon the malt house floor, the result being that it commences to grow out, just as it does after a certain time, when placed on the ground. In order that the rootlet and the leaves may emerge from the seed, the hard cuticle has to be broken; the heat imparted to the grain on the malting floor provides the strength necessary to accomplish this, and it appears that the electric

Continued on Page 44



Workmen swinging last figure into the dome of the New Parliament Buildings, Winnipeg. Photo taken in mid-air.

Stinson—the real four-plow tractor

Apart altogether from the reasons that make it possible for the Stinson to pull four plows in tough soil, where other tractors of the same rating only pull three, there is the reason for its long life, exceptional gear wear and smoothness of operation—“enclosed gears.” Where other less carefully constructed machines with gears, chains, and other driving mechanisms, exposed to dirt and grit, use sand as part of their lubrication, the Stinson perfectly enclosed gears run in clean grease that ensures perfect lubrication and long wear.

It would be cheaper, of course, to manufacture the Stinson with exposed gears, and it might be a little cheaper for the farmer to buy—but it could never be economy. There is no reason why tractor gears should not be as well protected as those of an automobile. There are many other reasons, just as logical, why the Stinson tractor leads all others. Write for catalogue giving complete information.

Tractor Engineers Limited

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ST. BONIFACE, MAN.

Distributors and Service Station for Manitoba

SASKATCHEWAN GRAIN GROWERS,
REGINA—Distributors for Saskatchewan

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Every modern scientific equipment is in this modern establishment, in the hands of skilled dentists, to make the work painless. Our work is incomparable in finish and appearance. Have you been dreading to have your dental work done? No need of it; we have scores of satisfied patients who will tell you we

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Per set..... **\$10.00**
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Patents extracting of teeth. Gold Fillings. Porcelain Fillings, Silver and Alloy Fillings.

A very bit of dental work carries the reason stamp. When you get tired experimenting with unskilled dentists, give me a trial. Hundreds upon hundreds of testimonials from patients, I have no other office in Western Canada. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous dentists who try to make you believe they have my system.

Remember the location.

DR. ROBINSON

Dentist and Associates

Birks Building Smith and Portage
WINNIPEG - CANADA

Where Do You Put Your Butter?

For only two new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly you will receive a very dainty Hand-Decorated Butter Dish. Think it over.

Electrification of Wheat
Continued from Page 43

current accomplishes the same object in the process referred to. It will be exceedingly interesting to watch the progress of this process, and agricultural chemists might advantageously conduct some experiments upon grain on a small scale.

In view of its importance in connection with the steel-making industry it is surprising to find how little attention, comparatively speaking, has been given in Great Britain to the question of refactories. Everyone is aware of the essential part they play in the metallurgical and engineering trades, but so far even the grant of £10,000 made by the Privy Council Committee towards research on this subject seems to have borne but little fruit. It is true that the question was discussed at length recently by the Faraday Society, but practical sum-total of the agreement reached was that Great Britain so far had been unable to produce satisfactory refactories, although we have at home and near at hand supplies of material equal to, if not better than, any which have to be purchased from abroad.

It is patent that the production of refactories should keep pace with the development of modern steel-making furnaces, especially with those in which the electric arc is employed. When we are dealing with temperatures in the neighbourhood of 3,500 degrees Cent., it is obvious that the lining of our furnaces must be such as will withstand so high a degree of heat and not require constant renewal and repair. This is also true in regard to other furnaces where the temperature may not be so great, but where other strains quite as exacting on the furnace linings may be met with. Whether these linings consist of fire-brick, fire-clay, and resisting bricks, or insulating bricks; whether they take the shape of linings, crucibles, gas-making retorts, or retorts used in the manufacture of zinc, the position is the same. The material of which they are made must be such as will stand up to its work and add as little as possible through its deterioration the cost of manufacture.

The best known of these refactories are china clay, bauxite, silica, magnesite, graphite, chromite and dolomite, and to these must be added another which possesses great possibilities, zirconia. This latter is able to withstand the action of basic and acid slags, has a low heat conductivity, is infusible at average temperatures, and has a fairly low co-efficient of expansion. It would seem that it is a most suitable material for lining high temperature furnaces, and it is known that it is made use of to a very large extent by German steel makers, who found out that it was refractory even to molten silica.

So long ago as 1904 its use was suggested in Germany, and in one, if not more patents taken out about that date, it was suggested as being suitable for use in cutting muffles, retorts and tubes which had to withstand intense heat. Zirconia is, of course, an oxide of zirconium to the extent of about 84 per cent., zirconium being a metal which, as ferro-zirconium is being largely used as an alloy with copper and other metals and for the purification of steel in which latter duty it has taken the place to some extent of ferro-titanium. Resistance to heat, essential though it be, is not the only consideration in connection with furnace linings; mechanical strength and resistance to compression are almost as important, and in these respects zirconium possesses a high degree of merit.

It would seem high time that the question of standardising refactories was taken thoroughly in hand, regardless of expense which would necessarily have to be incurred. In connection with this work refractory materials could properly be divided into two groups, those which would withstand high temperatures, and those which were employed as backings in order to prevent undue dissipation of heat. The former were to be chosen by reason of their ability to withstand violent fluctuations of temperature and chemical action on

Continued on Page 45

What Would You Not Give to Escape Rust Damage?

Hundreds of millions of dollars have been lost to the farmers of Western Canada through rust damage. Thousands of men have seen their most promising crops wither and die before their very eyes. Hundreds of farmers have felt that the labor and expense of harvesting could not be met out of the threshed grain. With despair in their hearts they have, at last, touched a match to a crop that but a few short weeks before promised so much to them.

Are you one of the many that rust has battered down? Or are you one of the countless number who fear that your turn may come next year? What would you not give for assurance that you have a better than even chance to escape rust damage every year?

There is Hope

Mr. Wheeler declares that rust damage can be avoided in more years than not, by the use of proper varieties and by the proper handling of the land and the crop.

That there are grains which, nine years out of ten, will mature before rust can lessen their yield or decrease their quality.

That there is a time to sow your grain so that, under average growing conditions, you can count on escaping rust damage. That there are ways to prepare your land and methods under which to handle the growing crop so that rust loses its blighting terror. These questions and hundreds of others, just as practical, and covering all phases of actual grain growing in Western Canada are answered by Seager Wheeler (the world's most renowned wheat grower) in his wonderful book—Profitable Grain Growing.

Seager Wheeler is one of those so-called exceptional farmers who gets a good crop every year. Yet there is nothing freakish or secret about his methods. He gets good crops every year because he knows how. And he has condensed the practical experience of over 30 years' successful farming in his book—Profitable Grain Growing. Read below his record as a world's prize winner and also of his practical results this year in a district that suffered extreme damage and you will readily see that he knows whereof he speaks.

What Profitable Grain Growing Really Means

Seager Wheeler has combined 31 years' successful experience as a grain grower and eight years' experience as the world's champion wheat grower, in his book—Profitable Grain Growing. The following gives one of the several valuable money-making points touched on in every chapter. Any one chapter is worth the price of the whole book.

Ch. 1.—General principles in overcoming three crop reducers—drought, frost and rust. Ch. 2.—How to seed, and amount of seed to sow to ensure strong growth—to resist drought. Ch. 3.—Time and method of breaking to secure large crops. Ch. 4.—How to kill weeds with a minimum of work, and at the same time grow profitable crops. Ch. 5.—How to make a home-made plank drag that will offset lack of spring rains. Ch. 6.—The two exact times at which growing grain may be harrowed without danger. Ch. 7.—How and how not to summerfallow to get results. Ch. 8.—How to prevent soil drifting. Ch. 9.—How to fall plow to grow a crop that stands up under a dry June. Ch. 10.—How to spring plow to prevent soil drifting. Ch. 11.—Fall cultivation of stubble to kill weeds, conserve moisture and get a good root bed. Ch. 12.—How to avoid rust damage. Ch. 13.—When to cut the crop to get the most from it either under normal conditions or when it is affected by rust or by frost. Ch. 14.—How to use farm implements to the best advantage. Ch. 15.—Mass selection to improve grain. Ch.

16.—Head row selection to improve yields. Ch. 17.—How to prepare seed plots. Ch. 18.—How a seed plot can yield a profit on every farm. Ch. 19.—How to make a fanning mill pay dividends. Ch. 20.—How to keep up the quality of your seed. Ch. 21.—Marquis wheat. Ch. 22.—Red Bobs wheat. Ch. 23.—Kitchener wheat. Ch. 24.—How to harvest Red Bobs and Kitchener wheat. Ch. 25.—Victory oats. Ch. 26.—Canadian Thorpe and O.A.C. Barley. Ch. 27.—Selecting and growing potatoes. Ch. 28.—The importance of fairs. Ch. 29.—Preparing grain exhibits that win. Ch. 30.—Canadian Seed Growers' Association and the experimental farm. Ch. 31.—How to sell seed grain to the best advantage.

Note:—You can see this remarkable book at our expense. Fill in and send us the coupon below and we will send the book at once for your approval. If you like it you keep it. If you don't want it send it back at our expense.

Some World's First Prizes Wheeler Has Won

Year	Place	Product	Variety	Prize	Year	Place	Product	Variety	Prize
1911	New York	Wheat	Marquis	Sweepstakes	1917	Peoria	Barley	Can. Thorpe	1st Prize Sheaf
1914	Wichita	Wheat	Marquis	Sweepstakes	1917	Peoria	Potatoes	Early Ohio	Sweepstakes
1915	Denver	Wheat	Marquis	Sweepstakes	1918	Kansas City	Wheat	Red Bobs	Sweepstakes
1915	Denver	Oats	Victory	Sweepstakes	1918	Kansas City	Wheat	Red Bobs	1st Prize Sheaf
1915	Denver	Barley	Can. Thorpe	1st Prize Sheaf	1918	Kansas City	Oats	Victory	1st Prize Sheaf
1915	Denver	Barley	O.A.C. 21	1st Prize Sheaf	1918	Kansas City	Barley	Can. Thorpe	1st Prize Sheaf
1916	El Paso	Wheat	Kitchener	Sweepstakes	1919	Kansas City	Wheat	Red Bobs	1st Prize Sheaf
1916	El Paso	Barley	Can. Thorpe	Sweepstakes	1919	Kansas City	Western Rye		1st Prize Sheaf
1917	Peoria	Wheat	Red Bobs	Sweepstakes	1919	Kansas City	Potatoes	Irish Cobbler	1st Prize
				Sheaf	1919	Kansas City	Potatoes	Gold Nugget	1st Prize (Dry Farming Section)

Seager Wheeler has won 16 International Sweepstakes and First Prizes on grains and three on Potatoes.

SEAGER WHEELER GETS RESULTS—SO CAN YOU

What Wheeler Did In 1919

On July 26, 1918, Seager Wheeler's land, like the balance of the land in the Rosthern District, received its last rainfall for that year. During the winter, snow (equal to one inch of rain) came, but no more moisture descended till June 15, 1919. The half-inch rainfall of that date penetrated the ground four inches, and was followed by hot weather (94 to 100 degrees) so that it dried out in less than a week. After this there only came two or three light dust-laying showers and even no dew descended till early in August. Wheeler actually grew his 1919 crop on two-and-a-half inches of precipitation.

Wheeler's three leading varieties of wheat were seeded on April 18, and were cut: Red Bobs, July 28; Kitchener and Marquis, August 7. His Red Bobs went as high as 45 bushels per acre; his Kitchener and his Marquis Special Select, 20 bushels. The Red Bobs entirely escaped the rust that spread over the Rosthern district. The Kitchener and Marquis were free of it on August 3, but by August 6 it began to show and they were cut on August 7, thus escaping any decrease in yield or deterioration in quality.

Wheeler got these crops in a district that suffered from drought, wind, soil-drifting and rust. The average yield in the district is two to six bushels per acre. Mr. Wheeler affirms that his soil did not drift; that the winds affected him scarcely at all; that he laughs at drought (as his yields warrant) and that his crop was not affected by rust. He states that, barring hail, he has had good crops for the last 20 years, and that he will have a good crop next year, no matter what rain falls, for his land is prepared. He knows how. His secret is yours for the asking. If drought, wind, soil drifting, or rust battered your crops this year you need his counsel. If you escaped this year it may be your turn next. Why not be prepared to overcome them? Profitable Grain Growing tells how. The Coupon on the right brings it to you for your inspection, free of charge. Fill it in—cut it out and mail it the first chance you get.

Send no Money

You Can Get This Wonderful Book on Approval

The Grain Growers' Guide has so much confidence in Seager Wheeler's book, Profitable Grain Growing, and feels so sure that every farmer who sees it will want it for the intensely practical and valuable money-saving and making points which it contains that it is willing to take the risk of sending it out on approval to any farmer in Western Canada who signs and sends in the Coupon given below.

The book contains 31 chapters, each one brimful of the practical experience gained by the world's champion grain grower. It contains 350 pages; is printed on good paper; has large, clear, readable type, and is relieved by 85 descriptive illustrations. The book is not designed as a text book but is written in simple language, expressly to meet the conditions on the average Western Canadian farm.

Fill in the Coupon below and the book will come to you on approval.

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—I would like you to send me on approval a copy of Seager Wheeler's book, PROFITABLE GRAIN GROWING, with the distinct understanding that I have, seven days after its receipt, to either return the book to you (in an unsoiled condition) or send you its price, viz., \$3.00.

NAME	PROV.
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No. 2	

Electrification of Wheat

Continued from Page 44

the furnace charge, their general refractory character and their mechanical strength. The latter case would contain those which possessed low thermal conductivity, so that they might conserve as much heat as possible, and at the same time be able to withstand a fairly high degree of heat. Of these latter, diatomaceous bricks, composed of kieselguhr, infusorial earth, and diatonite may be mentioned as representative. The basis of these bricks is used, with other compounds, for lagging steam pipes, and when mixed with clay can be made up into piles or bricks, which, when fired at a temperature of about 900 degrees Centigrade, form a light porous body which will withstand a compression strain in the neighbourhood of 400 lbs. to the square inch. The chief drawback to these bricks is that they are friable and will not stand up against heavy wear and tear. As regards their low heat conductivity some figures given by Mr. E. Griffiths of the National Physical Laboratory showed that to reach on its cool side a temperature of 64 degrees Cent., it was necessary to expose its other side to the heat of no less than 939 degrees Cent. The figures for a similar test on slag wool were 100 and 852 degrees respectively and it was found that white magnesia began to disintegrate at 350 degrees Cent., and to give off carbon dioxide. Constant heating and cooling quickly reduced this material to powder form.

Something must be said regarding the refractory carbides, which open up a wide field for investigation. One of the chief of these is alundum, which is a fused alumina, obtained by fusing bauxite in an electric furnace. It possesses a high degree of resistance to the electric current, and has a very low co-efficient of expansion. Another refractory of a somewhat similar character is carborundum, made by fusing sand and carbon in an electric furnace. Mixed with a small percentage of clay, it has proved valuable, on a commercial scale, as a lining for furnaces dealing with very high temperatures. Chromite consisting of a mixed oxide of iron and chromium, is another refractory characterised by having a co-efficient of heat conductivity independent of the temperature to which it is exposed, and although the subject has been by no means exhausted it is hoped that the classification of these refractories will be continued and carried out exhaustively, so as to place it upon a proper scientific basis.

Godliness Makes the Grey Hairs of Age Beautiful

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Age invests many things with peculiar attractiveness. An aged oak, gnarled, wide-spreading, lichen-covered; an ancient castle, weather-worn and storm-swept, moss-grown and ivy-clad—both are beautiful exceedingly; but of all the attractive pictures old Time can draw, no sight is so beautiful as the silver locks and radiant features of godly and joyous old age—an aged sire, a venerable mother seated in "the old arm-chair," looking placidly back along the line of trodden years, looking hopefully forward across the bright borders of the Beulah-land, to catch a glimpse of the jasper walls which belt the city of the saints.

THE WAY OF LIFE

By Grace G. Bostwick

Once upon a time there was a prince who opened his eyes upon a world that was made for his pleasure. And pleasure he had none. Swaddled in silk and down, he wailed his way through infancy to boyhood in a continual protest against his fate. When august personages with due pomp met with his princely self—who in reality was anything but princely—they viewed his contempt of their plans for his education with bewilderment. Lessons he would not learn.

Tutors he scorned with a scorn so loud that they fled in terror. He would have nothing of all their ways and customs, and his people became frantic with anxiety.

Dressed in the royal garb that he was forced to wear—he would away to the woods where, in the concealment of the friendly trees, he gave full vent to his hatred and cursed the day he was born into the world.

As he grew to manhood he became more and more unmanageable and morose. His associates he would not tolerate. His relatives he abhorred. Life to him was a vast burden which he bore but idly, groaning at its weight. Even dissipation had no charms for him. Nothing had charms. He loathed life with a bitter loathing.

Then—as occasionally happens in kingdoms—a revolution came about and the king was killed. Law and order went to wrack and ruin. The palace was demolished. The prince escaped and, borrowing a dead soldier's uniform, made his way to the city where he mingled with the troops.

At night he ate of their scant fare, and nothing had ever been so sweet to his taste. He laid down on the ground beside another soldier who spoke the language badly, but who offered him a bit of a smoke from his own scant supply. Together they snuggled for warmth, for they had no blankets, and though he shivered with the biting chill, the prince's heart was warm inside his breast. He rose at dawn for the day's work, which

was to march endlessly, with but short stops and scant rations.

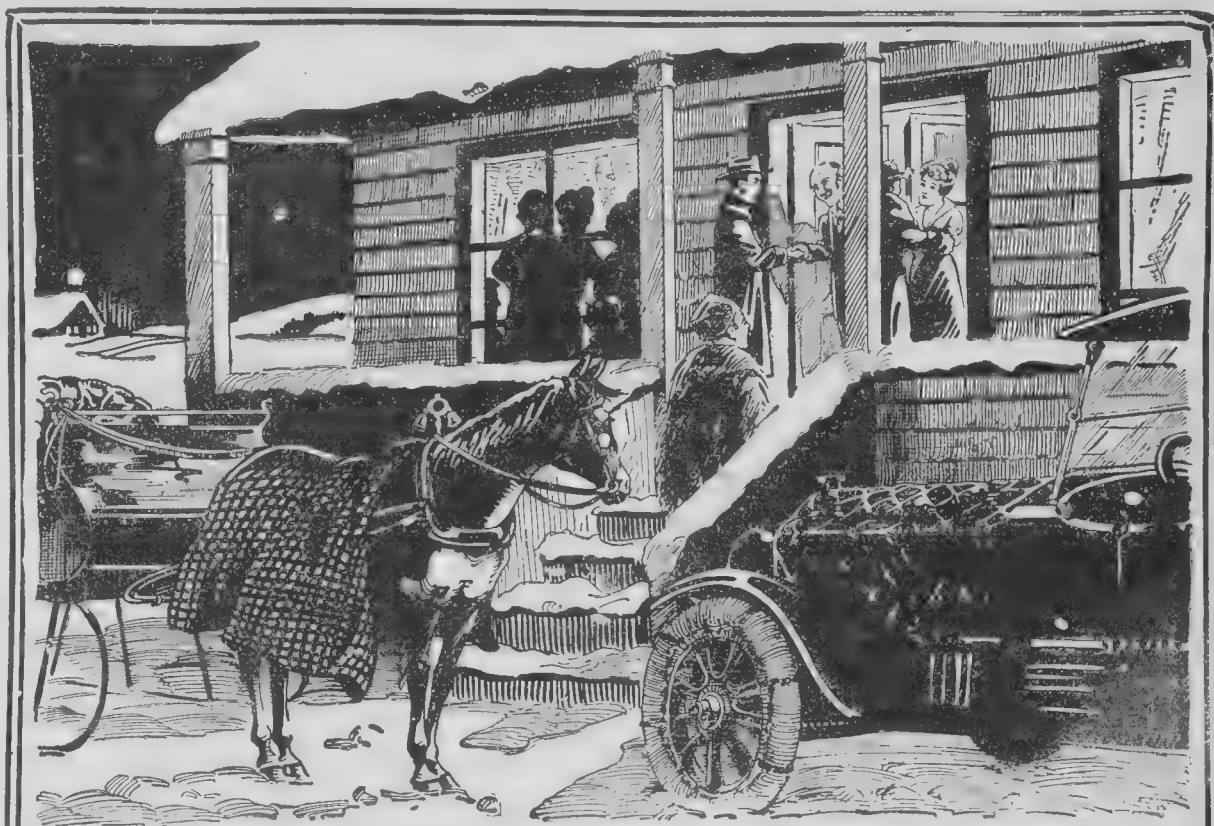
His feet were blistered and his limbs cramped and sore. But he held himself erect as he tramped and his heart sang.

That night was one of sweet if broken rest. Morning found him one of a company that was to charge the enemy. And he charged with the rest.

He made no remarkable record, no meteoric attack that was to place him on the list of heroes. But he did his best which was not bad considering.

He was shot. He was one of the first to fall. And as he fell, a happy smile curved his princely lips.

"Thank God for life!" he murmured—and his blood gushed out in a red tide.



EASING UP

The earth has delivered her bounty—provided for her own. Contented, she sleeps the winter months.

And the men who worked with her, who toiled in her furrows and delivered the harvest—they, too, have earned a rest. Thoughts may turn to hospitality and social evenings. The

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SAFETY RAZOR

plays its part in the warm-hearted social life of the country and in the more formal functions of the city. Wherever a particularly clean shave is demanded Gillette service is commissioned.

Gillette Service means shaving comfort, No Stopping—No Honing, the elimination of the unnecessary, the saving of time.

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The Gillette Safety Razor makes a very acceptable and serviceable Christmas gift. You get the full, pre-war value for every dollar you spend on it.

The Young Women and Her Problem

Written for *The Western Home Monthly* by Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Prayers from the Hearts of Men

The Prayer of a Mother's Son

God bless my praying mother. Because she believed that prayer is the key to peace, the home of my boyhood was filled with an atmosphere so sacredly inspiring that we caught the vision of Thy plan of man's usefulness. Her life emphasized the value of Divine guidance in leading her children up the ladder of strength and honour. She was restful because she was useful. Her work was like Paul's "weight of glory," because she possessed peace of mind. While doing her duty as a mother, rich blessings came to all in our home.

Believing that "life is more than meat"

she let her soul-life glow till it filled our entire home with contentment. All outward trials were lifted in the presence of a womanly personality living so near Thee. I thank Thee God, that she taught us how to gather the true joys that we might develop into a life of appreciation and gratitude. I thank, Thee, Father, for memory's most beautiful picture of her as she sat in the old home-made rocker, with the family Bible; it was there she taught us to reach up to God—that we must look up and not down where disappointments and failures might make us dizzy.

I thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for her healthy soul, because it made her dis-

position sympathetic and kind. All things worked together for good in our home because she lived the life that made us love Thee. I thank Thee, Father, she taught us to realize that the road of unhappiness is the road of destruction to soul and body.

She taught us the cure of jealousy—a deep, true love for humanity.

We learned from her personality that great gains may be received through serious losses.

Her life was a contented period of soul-inspiring usefulness because she trusted so sincerely in the power of Thy guidance that she could not worry, such faith creates character-building force in a family.

I thank Thee, Father, that her dependence on Thee made her helpful and not fretful; that it increased her influence every day in variety and not monotony.

I thank, Thee, God, that she was never discouraged, she was so happy that she made our home a haven of rest for the boys and girls, and men and women who visited us.

She sang while she worked. Her vision saw the sunshine back of every cloud.

Her hearing was deaf to malicious gossip about her neighbors.

In behalf of my brothers—the healing physician, the Christly preacher, the honest business man, the inspiring teacher, the merciful judge, the human statesman, I thank Thee for the privilege of the womanly influence of a motherly mother. God grant she may be spared to us many years.

Perhaps in the eyes of those who are blind to beauty—she is growing old—but, we—her sons—cannot see in the mother of such soul-wealth an old age where strength fails, eyes grow dim and hearing and memory dull. No, her age is not one of decay but the beginning of an eternity of youth—the unfolding of a newer, greater life. God grant she may realize our appreciation of this the loveliest period of her life.

For the blessings of the influence of my courageous mother, I thank Thee, Heavenly Father. Amen

The Prayer of Her Husband

Our Heavenly Father, grant the blessing of peace to remain ever in the heart of my soul-mate—she whose price is "far above rubies."

All that is fine and noble and divine in woman increase abundantly in the mother of my children. I thank Thee for the beautiful comradeship—the holy, clean companionship of her sacred love. May our association together continue to be as refreshing and invigorating as it now is. May she grow mentally with me as the years pass. Great Teacher of all, develop in her the talent that belongs to her. Let not home duties hamper the complete expression of her own gift. Teach me to assist and encourage her in its development. But above all endow her with insight into the most sacred and the highest of all woman's duties—her guiding influence in the lives of her children and husband. She shall be broader, finer, stronger and more efficient in any work she undertakes as the blessing of home love inspires her soul. Grant that every human being she knows shall respond to her touch with hope—for such is the emphasis of the power of the Christ Child in the heart of woman. And Master Artist, as no human hand can produce a spiritual face, touch her features with the Divine stroke—for a woman without spirituality has no real facial expression.

May her gentle pleasing voice never grow harsh. Allow her character to emphasize always through daily duties purity and sincerity—then shall we realize that parenthood and sacrifice are glory together—that is the glory of it.

Give me, O God, the kind of consideration she needs. Make me ever mindful of the appreciation she must have, that in her position she may realize she is not only working for herself and her family alone, but for her country—for all humanity. Give us the true ideal of parenthood, for every boy, every girl, who has a cheerful, happy home is a magnetized unit for the advancement of the general happiness in community and national life. We know since the Christ Child was born in a manger, that a happy home does not depend upon luxury, it is nourished by friendship, love and human sympathy.

Grant that the atmosphere of our

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Christmas With— Candy

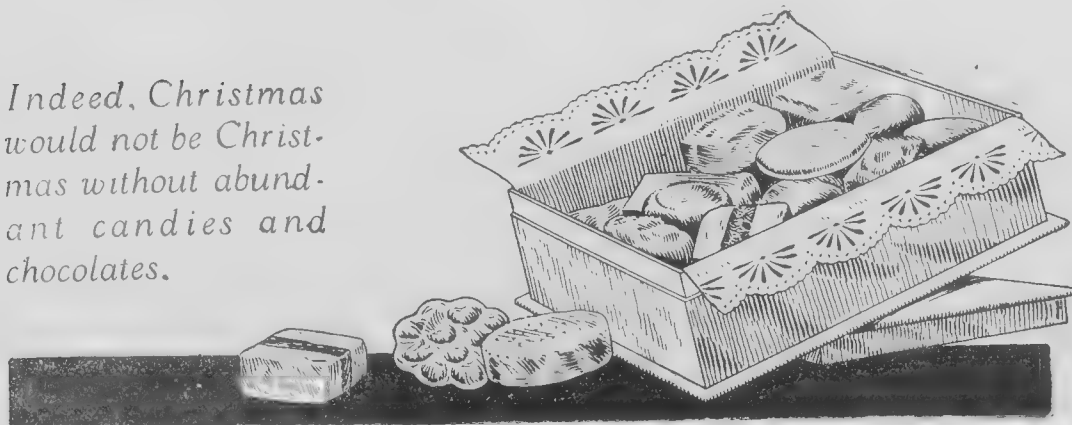
GLAD that doctors and food specialists proved candies and chocolates to be wholesome and nourishing food! Combining such ingredients as sugar, butter, nuts, fruits, chocolate, corn syrup and flavoring, how could it be otherwise?

No one would dream of Christmas without such delicious things, but it is delightful when desire goes hand in hand with "what the doctor ordered."

Nothing is more universally enjoyed at Christmas than candy. "Yummy!" exclaims Bobby, pulling a chocolate bar from his Christmas stocking. "Goody!" squeals Betty, spying candy canes on the Christmas tree. Even Baby Bunting oozes sticky satisfaction as he sucks the yellow candy lion.

Big Sister's eyes shine as she opens a ribbon-bound box of chocolates from Someone's Brother. Mother is delighted when someone shows appreciation of hospitality with a box of sweets, and Granny, in her easy chair, smiles because Granddad still remembers that she liked candy in their courting days.

Indeed, Christmas would not be Christmas without abundant candies and chocolates.



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With our "Queen" Adjustable Dress Form, you can make and fit perfectly most stunning dresses, waists, suits and coats. Hundreds of women are doing it, because they simply can't afford the fabulous prices stores and dressmakers charge.

If you want to know how write for a free copy of our booklet "How Mary Kept Up with the Joneses." You will be intensely interested in it. Dept. WHM

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from Page 46

home shall be so vitalizing in its influence that it shall be a blessing to the community and country. Keep ever before my mind the value of strength, cleanliness and honesty as her husband. May nothing ever come between us to destroy our confidence in each other.

May our love grow more complete as the years pass—so shall we enjoy the rich harvest of spiritual home-making.

For the Madonna of our home, I thank Thee Creator of life's loveliest blessing.—Amen.

* * *

The Prayer of a Daughter's Father

Great Father on High, make me worthy of the name. Because she is my daughter may I regard sacredly the daughters of other fathers. May my daughter always realize in me a companion and friend. In those tender romantic teens direct her to me for the companionship she craves. Let no affair be too trivial for me to regard with sympathy. Heaven's door opened to me when she came to gladden our home. Teach her to sympathize with me when I am weary and discouraged. May she be a joy and comfort to me.

Great Protector of girlhood, guard well and carefully her feet from stumbling over the fascinating fancies of youth. I can smile at trials and failures, and can feel that strenuous days have not been in vain if she greet me with a loving word of appreciation. Father in Heaven give her the knowledge of a father's need.

May she inherit from me that which is worthy; and grant that she shall see in me the character she would require in her husband.

I see in my daughter love's most perfect symphony—may she ever keep in tune with the harmony of life.

May she see her way lighted by the sacrifices of her father's love and her burdens made easier through him. There must be days of temptation and nights of discouragement for her inexperienced mind to solve. At those critical times may she come to me. Grant that in every weary hour she shall find a sane counselor and a sympathetic friend in her father.

Heavenly Father I thank Thee for man's three greatest treasures in life—a wife, a child and a home, grant that our home shall be mighty through love and she shall in turn understand its meaning in making her own choice for life—that she is responsible for the most beautiful establishment on earth.

Fill her heart with love—then life shall be joy to her. Keep her vision clear and her heart clean.

Give me wisdom, Heavenly Father, to guide my girl tactfully, beyond the point of indecision, as to whether she will carry her life up to where it will be a force for practical good, or let it drift with the tide of the commonplace. May her position be among splendid men and noble women whose ambition is to make life easier, more joyous, purer, cleaner, and more wholesome for humanity. Give her the vision to regard work as a privilege to merge the ideal into the details of every day life. May she see and realize the strength and beauty of little things. Let her forget the burdens and remember the songs.

Father of all, I realize that culture is not worth anything unless my daughter develops into womanhood with a trained mind, a well-stored brain, and a heart attuned to purity and righteousness and love. She must have character and a cultivated will if she is to be of service to her home and community.

Since fear, conceit and snobbishness are mental deformities, so fill her mind with appreciation of beauty in human nature everywhere that there will be no chance for mental paralysis.

Teach her to love nature, good books, music, pictures and people. Give her the instinct to hate ugliness and may she shrink from vileness of any shape or form. Thou, greatest of all philanthropists, give her the tact to meet humanity's need in the spirit of sympathetic helpfulness. By her own way of living may she teach others to live.

Grant, our Heavenly Father, to me the rich experience of a dutiful daughter so truthfully expressed in Scott's verse:

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than
heaven:

And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek

It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious father shed

Upon a duteous daughter's head."

For my daughter's love, Heavenly
Father, I thank Thee.—Amen.

* * *

The Prayer of a Sister's Brother

Great Father of family love, I thank Thee for that holy gift a sister, she whose charm and sweet companionship urge me onward; she who paints such ideals of moving forces that I am in-

spired with the zeal for worthy accomplishment.

Her attention to system and clean detail in our home convinces me that I have no right to live carelessly. Her love, confidence and gratitude and her good will inspires me to see her the sister of a leader of men. Her character sets a seal upon my actions, and impresses me with the truth that "an honest man is the noblest work of God."

Perhaps she does not know the thoughtfulness that prompts her to arrange dainty touches in my room helps me; that fresh bouquet on my table; the pretty curtains at my windows; the hopeful picture above my bed and the new book, full of interest, all direct me in ways she can never realize.

They help me to choose companions, to say "No" when necessary.

Her kind words, so free from nagging, make our home a magnet to my friends.

Grant, our Father, that she shall see her hero in me—for her industrious place in our home will be lightened by her brother's appreciation. Her gentleness, patience and tact dignifies the position of our home in the community. May her relationship as my sister make me ever mindful of the respect and protection I owe to every other brother's sister; I would treat them as I would have their brothers treat my sister.

For the blessing of a confidant in her, I thank Thee; her counsel is sane and sure. She who praises my efforts shall not praise in vain. She teaches me not to mourn over losses, for in so doing I might mar God's plan for me. It is all necessary in soul-growth. As Thou sendest new joys each day may we recognize them. For the happiness created in our home through her—my sister—I thank Thee.—Amen.



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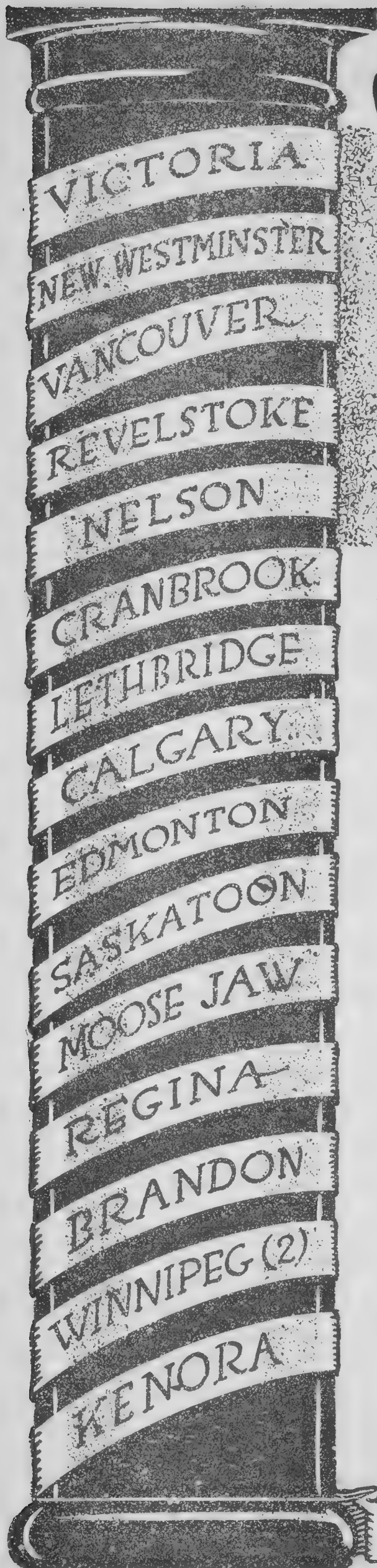
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Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Helen E Vialoux, Charleswood

Dear, dear, so new-laid eggs are selling at \$1.02 per dozen, wholesale, in New York, and \$1.20 retail, and this is early in the season! In Hamilton, Ont., the gilt-edge article in new-laid sold at one dollar per dozen in early November. We westerners must "speed up" our hens that declined to lay when winter apparently set in on October 10th. Things are not really too bad after all, and good housing and feeding should make our hens pay well before spring. The scratch feed mixed with corn offered for sale in Winnipeg makes a fairly good feed with dry or moist mash and vegetables.

Lucky friend farmer "has several bins of screenings from threshing time and good oats and barley, and plenty of fine chaff to make a deep litter on the henhouse floor, so, he need not worry over the feed problem. If he gives his fowls comfortable winter quarters, and keeps them clean and busy he should soon be selling one dollar eggs. Many poultry houses, these days, have a straw top to the ceiling, held in place with saplings. This is a good arrangement, and makes the house dry and warm, but each season this straw should be changed for a fresh lot for the best results, as it grows mouldy in time. Electric light is being installed in many city poultry houses this winter and in the east, also, hens are being trained to lay by electricity. The light is turned on at 5 p.m. and put out at 9 p.m., then turned on at 5 a.m. on the big eastern egg farms, so "Biddy" is allowed some beauty sleep. Some city men leave the light on most of the night, which I think, is an imposition on "dame hen" and must wear her out. Certainly I do not want to purchase any eggs for hatching next spring from overworked egg machines.

The wise man or woman will separate his flock in the fall and select the best breeders; one and two year old hens are the best for the breeding pen. Keep them in a normal fashion, and do not force egg production in any way. In February, they will be laying, no doubt, and when mated up will produce reliable hatching eggs for the incubator, or to set under some of the broody hens from the winter laying pen.

Keep the layers supplied with buttermilk as well as good clean water, vegetable scraps, and beef heads or rabbits, if in a bush country where wild rabbits abound. Near the big lakes fresh jack fish or suckers are fed to the hens in winter, all is grist that comes to her mill, and can be converted into high-priced eggs. The dust bath should catch some of the rays of the sun and should have some insect powder or lime scattered on it. Use electric light if you can get it, by all means, in the laying pens, as last winter the egg production was increased 50 per cent at the Mani-

toba Agricultural College by means of electric light. On two large egg farms near the city, the same result, 50 per cent increase was noted and this is surely worth while. Most of the hens in the laying pen will be well matured pullets, and they need generous feeding to pay well, so the dry mash hopper should be kept filled and 3 times a week feed house scraps made up with bran and shorts, a tablespoonful of salt, and some charcoal or granulated bone. The dry mash can be made of the grains crushed or chopped on the farm, mixed with bran and shorts, the rolled oats such as horses enjoy, with the hulls on are excellent in a dry mash, some charcoal, salt and beef scrap, not more than ten per cent should be added, if no other form of meat can be had. Green cut bone is very expensive of late years, and hard to obtain. Buttermilk makes a good substitute, so do not worry; even sweet milk will prove an egg producer, but buttermilk is much more valuable, and keeps a bird healthy. Our old friend the Barred Rock hen seems to be getting a good boost these days. It appears that "the bred to lay" Barred Rock only produced 120 eggs in 1907, and in 1919 the best bred to lay Barred Rocks can lay 310 eggs in a year. This is a large increase, and, so far, in Manitoba, none of our hens of any breed have got to this stage. There are several 200 eggs per year hens at the Agricultural College plant, and the best layer there in 1918-19 was a Barred Rock, and she layed more than 200 eggs.

We are told several million hens are needed in Europe this coming year, 1920, to overcome the tremendous shortage overseas. Canadians need never fear for a good market in the future, but should plan this winter to raise all the fowl possible next spring. The work done in poultry raising by our boys and girls this season has been wonderful. In the boys' and girls' clubs in Manitoba, fully 40,000 pure bred head of poultry of all kinds have been raised in 1919.

A few hints on fattening the Christmas turkey may not come amiss. Loop up the turkeys for 10 or 14 days, and feed all the whole grain they will eat twice a day in a trough. Wheat is really the best kind of grain for them at this time, but barley may be fed, also, either dry or boiled with potatoes. Some gravel and charcoal should be in the pen, and clean water. Before they are housed see they are rid of lice or mites, which pester turkeys very much. A generous dusting with insect powder, and the sprinkling about in the coop of some air slaked lime, will surely rid the turkeys of vermin. This autumn, turkeys and ducks enjoyed the immense crop of acorns which lay thick upon the ground,

Continued on Page 61



Admiral Jellicoe and Sir James Aiken taken in front of Government House, Winnipeg. To the left is the Admiral's aide and right secretary.

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Poultry Chat

Continued from Page 50

under oak trees, or scrub, everywhere. Of course they grew as fat as seals on this rich diet. All poultry keepers may not know advice and bulletins can be obtained from the Biological Laboratory at Ottawa. In the case of really infectious diseases such as croup, and fowl cholera, specimens of the dead fowl may be forwarded to Ottawa and the department will pay the express charges. But in ordinary disease, causing only the loss of a couple of birds, the government do not pay the charges for transportation, but will do all in their power to trace and cure disease and give practical advice.

May I wish all the readers of The Western Home Monthly a Merry Christmas and A Gaid New Year.

The Christmas of Our Race

Continued from Page 40b

The Restoration brought back Christmas to England, but shorn of the Franciscan spirit, its religious significance became merely church observances, and its only meaning for the people at large lay in its pagan license and jollification. In Scotland it had been thoroughly uprooted, and well towards the close of the 19th century shops and places of business were generally kept open on Christmas day. The Pagan features of Christmas in Scotland were transferred to New Year's Day to which indeed they had always more or less clung.

The impulse of the Renaissance was over, attained in the spirit of rebirth the name implies, to the mystery of the Divine Child. As one of the really beautiful poems on the Nativity concludes,

"Never such age so young, never a child so old."

The formalism of the 18th century did nothing for Christmas, nor did the nationalistic movement at its close, nor the evangelical revivals of religion. These claimed ancestry in Puritanism. In addition to this, the world was being transformed by the industrial revolution, and in a soil, composed of dogmatic theology and orthodox political economy, Christmas declined to flourish. Christmas awaited another St. Francis and it found him in Charles Dickens. If it be said that any person more unlike a saint, or the popular conception of a saint, than Charles Dickens could not be conceived, it may be retorted that he was just the kind of St. Francis that the 19th century would naturally produce. He was essentially a writer of human happiness. His heroes are all and always "men of good will," and the climax of his books is invariably, "Peace on earth to men of good will." This, with his love of jollity, made him the fitting apostle for a revival of Christmas in its true spirit.

The novel had largely taken the place of the poem in popular literary art, and it was quite natural that his "Carols" should be in the form of short stories. They voiced an almost pugnacious protest against the Gradyrind and Scrooge theory of life, and the joy of giving and service so highly prefigured in the birth and life of Christ. The Franciscan Christmas was once more throbbing in the life of England and made a complete conquest of Scotland also. So far it has remained with us in spirit, if not in many of its ancient observances. These have an insidious enemy in the complexity and artificiality of modern city life. They tend to become less spontaneous and more perfunctory, and that means that they will die out. But the spirit of Christmas in its great reminder of brotherhood and "peace on earth, to men of good will" need never die out, nor will it because like the Divine Child we commemorated at Christmas it is in its nature immortal.

The Western Home Monthly is in receipt of a large number of catalogues from the well known jewelry house of H. Samuel, Manchester, England, and will be pleased to forward a copy to

anyone applying for same. This English jewelry firm has conducted a wide business throughout the whole of the British Empire for many years, and are noted for their reliability, promptness and modesty of prices. Fuller particulars may be learned from their advertisement on page 65, and a good deal more from the neat and beautifully illustrated book the publishers of this magazine have for distribution.

REWARD

Fate used me meanly; but I looked at her and laughed;

That none might know, how bitter was the cup I quaffed.

Along came Joy, and paused beside me where I sat;

Saying, "I came to see what you were laughing at."

SOLITUDE

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone; For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,

But has trouble enough of its own. Sing, and the hills will answer;

Sigh, it is lost on the air; The echoes bound to a joyful sound,

But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;

Grieve, and they turn and go;

They want full measure of all your pleasure,

But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;

Be sad, and you lose them all;

There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,

But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;

Fast, and the world goes by.

Succeed and give, and it helps you live, But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure For a large and lordly train,

But one by one we must all file on

Through the narrow aisles of pain.

ORIGIN OF "GONE WEST."

The following is given as the origin of the phrase "Gone West." More than 3,000 years ago the ancient Egyptian spoke of the dead as "The Westerners," or those who had "gone west." For the abode of the dead was believed to be in the realm of the setting sun, in that Amenti where Osiris reigned. This belief by the ancients in the soul going west has at least a reflection in the customs of some of our own North American Indians, who cherished the belief that their "happy hunting grounds" lay in the West, and who practised the custom of laying their dead away on well-provisioned scaffolds facing the west. The belief of the ancients died long, long ago with the religion of that far-distant time—died only to return to earth again during the Great War.

So quickly did the phrase become a part of the vocabulary of the soldier in the trenches that to-day it would be difficult to find a reading person in all the earth that does not instantly perceive its affectionate pathos.

OLDEST TUNE IN THE WORLD

"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," is said to be the oldest tune in the world. The origin of the air is lost in antiquity but it is supposed to have been learned from the ancient Babylonians by the Egyptians, who popularized it in Africa, and Asia Minor. Arabs still sing it. The Crusaders caught the tune from their Saracen enemies, and sang it under the walls of Jerusalem. The air was ultimately carried into Europe, where it survived in various forms, among the folksongs of the different nations. In 1709, after the defeat at Malplaquet, the French, following a false rumor of the Duke of Marlborough's death in battle, composed a satiric lament, "Marlborough Is Off to the War." Like most topical songs, this one was of short-lived popularity, but in 1781 it suddenly echoed from one end of France to the other. The young Marie Antoinette gave birth to an heir, and the baby Prince's nurse used to put her royal charge to sleep, with the old song of her village home, and as if by magic the song became the craze of the day.

How I Make Big Money Out of "Ornery" Horses

By R. W. Sinclair

ABOUT two years ago I witnessed up in New York State an exhibition of horse-training that opened my eyes. A man by the name of Mackley took a devil of a mean, vicious mare that hadn't been harnessed for seven months and in a few days had her gentle enough for a school girl to drive. Mackley had taken the mare off the owner's hands for \$50 and just ten days after sold her for \$175.00. A clear profit of \$125.00 in ten days!

That started me investigating. I learned that Mackley had simply used the methods introduced by the famous horse trainer, Jesse Beery. Beery, I learned, used to go about the country giving wonderful exhibitions in colt-breaking and horse-training; but realizing that he could accomplish more by teaching his methods by mail, had given up his exhibition work to spread his horse-training secrets by mail-instruction. Mackley had studied Beery's Course in his spare time and in a few months was able to accomplish magical results with green colts and horses with bad habits.

Other Successes

Mackley's work showed me a way to make some nice money and I determined to take Prof. Beery's Course in horse-training—but before doing so I made further inquiries. Here are what a few of Beery's students said. I'll let them tell of their success in their own words.

Mr. S. L. Arrant writes: "Just to test Beery's methods, I bought the worst balky, kicking, fighting horse I could find. Paid \$65.00 for him. After handling him only a few hours according to Beery's system I sold him for \$135.00."

Mr. Dell Nicholson, Portland, Mich., writes: I have trained a four year old mare that was given up by everybody. Bought her for \$35.00, and now have her so gentle, my little boy handles her. Wouldn't take \$200.00 for her.

Dean L. Smith, Findley, Ohio, writes: By following Beery's instructions have changed a worthless, dangerous balker into a horse worth \$225.00.

Everett McBlock, Elkhart, Ill., writes: Have just broken a pony to drive and taught it some tricks. Owner bought it for \$17.50. Paid me \$40 to train it. He just sold it to a show company for \$150.00.

How I Work

The big source of my income is in buying up

"ornery" colts and horses at bargain prices, and after training the animals, selling them at a good profit. However, I also pick up good money handling colts and training horses for others on a fee basis. For instance, a farmer had a beautiful driving bay that had the bad habit of shying. A piece of paper blowing across the road would set the horse crazy. The owner thought a great deal of the animal, but couldn't take chances on the shying habit. A friend of his for whom I had done some work put this man in touch with me and in a few hours I had the horse completely cured of the habit—for which job I received \$50.



Curing Bad Habits

You can see from this that my work consists not only in breaking colts and "gentling" vicious horses, but in curing the various bad habits a horse can have—such as shying, balking, fear of automobiles, etc., pulling at hitching strap, pawing in the stall, etc. etc., Beery's methods of colt breaking are particularly amazing. Under the old way of handling green colts one usually had to half kill the horse as well as himself to

accomplish anything—and then the colt was usually spoiled or hurt in some way or other. But, when you apply Beery's principles, there is no hard, long work or injury to the colt.

No one should have a biting, kicking or balky horse when it is so easy to cure these vicious habits. No one should attempt to break in a colt the old fashioned way when Beery's methods make the task so easy. To every horse owner, to every lover of horseflesh, my advice is to get acquainted with the Beery principles. You can not only make money for yourself, but you can do a world of good, particularly at this day when war-demands have placed a premium on horses.

Wonderful Book Free

I have been requested to state that Prof. Jesse Beery will send his remarkable booklet, "How to Break and Train Horses" free to those interested. It is a booklet well worth having as it reveals some startling information on horse-training. I have heard men who considered themselves expert horsemen say that the booklet was a revelation to them. There is no use in my going into details on the booklet when you can get it free for the asking.

Just drop a line to Prof. Jesse Beery, Dept. 2612, Pleasant Hill, Ohio, and the booklet will be sent free by return mail. A postcard will do as well as a letter.

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Big Fur Season Just Ahead

Written for The Western Home Monthly by George J. Thiessen

THE biggest and best fur season we have ever expected lies just ahead. Dealers want more furs and are willing to pay the prices; values are so high that even the beginner in the average rural community can make good money catching the pelts. There is no secret about trapping that cannot be taught, although experience is a valuable factor to success. However, even if one knows nothing about the art, a few suggestions will enable him to get started in such a way that he will have no reason to complain regarding the profits on his line. And in connection with this it might be said that Canada is the greatest fur-producing region in the world. The quality of the skins are the best. But few inferior hides are taken in comparison with those elsewhere. Therefore, a large percentage of the money paid for pelts will go directly into the hands of those in the Dominion whose great fur markets vie with each other in supplying the best outlets.

First of all, one should select his territory. The young trapper or the one who has only a few hours a day at his disposal must arrange his sets near home. There is a temptation to think that the further away one goes, the better the success, but this does not always work out. In fact, with lines located so as to be hard to give attention, if most of the time is spent going to and from traps, rather than looking after them, the net is bound to creep in. And this means less fur—less money.

Just how many sets one can look after depends upon many things. Perhaps time is the most important consideration. After this comes the character of the ground to be travelled and the kind of animals to be taken. It is easy to see that if one can go to and from his sets with a horse, bicycle or other conveyance, he will be able to look after more traps than if he had to walk and the travelling was hard. Then again, the one who seeks muskrats is generally able to make more sets than the pelt hunter after mink or marten. The beginner must use his own judgment as to how much he can handle to advantage. It is a good rule to do everything possible but not attempt so much that everything must be handled in a haphazard manner. The slipshod trapper is not well paid for his work as a rule.

Plan the line early. This does not mean to take furs before they are of good quality. To catch inferior skins is a waste. Why take forty or fifty-cent mink, for instance, when later the skins will bring five or six dollars? It requires as much time and labor to prepare threes and fours in quality as it does the prime pelts. Late trapping is fully as bad as too early, if not worse. In spring, by the way, some foolishly catch animals heavy with young. This

practice, if persisted in, will result in the scarcity of animals wherever practised.

So the beginner will understand what fur bearers have their best coats first. The following should prove of value: Skunk prime earliest, followed by the raccoon, mink, weasel and marten. When the weasel is good most other skins are also. The muskrat is not at its best until late winter and spring. However, the animals do not move much during cold weather and for this reason most of the pelts are obtained during the fall.

Locate dens and runways early. Just before the ice forms, the fur bearers are very active preparing their winter quarters and storing up food. At this season signs are numerous, but later are hard to find. It can be seen, therefore, that the one who knows where to make his sets in advance is going to have an advantage hard to overcome.

Good traps are necessary. It does not pay to use those which may or may not work. Skins bring too much money in the markets to have any getaway. Therefore, one must examine his outfit before going out on his line.

Do not think that all new traps are perfect. Test each one. It is best to set and then spring, using a stick wrapped with cloth or other soft material for the purpose. If the jaws are permitted to snap empty, they are liable to break. Remember this and you will save considerable time and money when getting ready for the season.

Notice the actions of the traps especially. Should they work too hard, file the triggers or bend slightly. On the other hand, if any spring too easily, the fault may be remedied by bending the metal holding the triggers toward the pans. No great practice is necessary to secure the proper adjustment.

Never set bright, new traps. Rust them first and then stain with a dye made from boiling walnut husks and water. Other pelt hunters prefer to wire the rings of the bunch together and bury for a week or ten days in slimy mud. This gives a dead, black color. For snow sets a whitening may be made by mixing lime and water. After dipping, traps will have to be handled carefully, otherwise the paint is liable to rub off.

Where it is necessary to mark traps, a file or punch can be used. Make the "identification signs" on the base. Never put this on the jaws or springs as this weakens them.

One of the greatest aids to getting fur is the paste baits offered for sale. This product actually draws animals to sets and can be depended upon in all kinds of weather. Unlike the liquids, the attractors in tubes are not readily affected by rain, snow, sleet or frost. And this is an advantage when one stops to consider that with ordinary scents he must

Continued on Page 53

FROM OUR FENCE FACTORY

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The most satisfactory way to buy Fencing is from a responsible Fence Factory where you get first service at Factory prices. That's us—we make Fencing for and sell to Canadian Farmers. We will save you a lot of good money if you deal with our Farmers Fence Factory. Prompt shipments made. Fencing fresh from the loom—always highest quality. Lowest prices on all Sarnia Farmers Friend Fencing, Sarnia Gates, Barb Wire and Fence Supplies. Costs no more to erect a Sarnia Fence with full gauge wire, heavily galvanized, rust resisting. Full measurement. Full size rolls and full weight. An honest service and a square deal. Our methods and our Fencing vouched for by thousands of satisfied users—Canadian Farmers throughout the Dominion. There is a good reason—it sells because it excels. Speaks for itself and stands for years as an advertisement of Sarnia Fence Satisfaction and the prosperity and good business judgment of Sarnia Fence users—

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Canadian Farmers must help supply the hungry nations of Europe by using every foot of ground for productive purposes. Have no waste fence corners but plow to the line. Do not buy Fencing until you have our prices. Prepaid freight prices quoted in Old Ontario. Four cents a rod extra in New Ontario, Quebec and Maritime provinces. Western Canada supplied from our Winnipeg warehouse. Order now and be ready. Price list, order blanks, descriptive literature yours for asking.

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DIRECT to FARMER



The profit and loss dairy account

Christmas Greetings to Farmers from Hon. Valentine Winkler, Minister of Agriculture

Farmers of Canada, and particularly of my own province, I greet you:

Now that the stress incident with the condition of the world war is over and we are passing the era of readjustment, the future of agriculture in Canada is one which lends a great deal of inspiration for the task. Although agriculture, as a calling, has been regarded as the most independent of all occupations, we are not immune from the spirit of unrest which pervades every walk in life. While the past has been rife with experience not to be ignored in facing new problems, in the widest sense of the word, we must face the future with a new ideal, setting aside prejudices, imaginary or real, and keep before us the highest standard of Canadian citizenship, viewing all policies for the future from a national standpoint.

We must appreciate that the blood shed and kindred sacrifices made on the battlefields of Europe on behalf of Canada, and all that stands dearest to the home race, has set a very much higher value on Canadian citizenship and has awakened a keener, broader and more vital interest in the hearts of all Canadians toward mankind in general, and we realize, as we have not done heretofore, the greatest of all privileges a man or woman can enjoy, which is to be a citizen of the great British Empire, whose traditions have stood the severest



Hon. V. Winkler, Minister of Agriculture



J. H. Evans, Deputy Minister

test of time. While the work of readjustment is national in character and can only be brought about by co-operative effort, this does not eliminate the individual responsibility. I am not speaking to the farmers of Manitoba alone when I emphasize the need for a full appreciation of the honest endeavors which the various Departments of Agriculture of this Dominion of ours are making to give service. After all, ours is the privilege to serve; yours the right to demand service, each in this connection a vital part to play, and without a sympathetic understanding the best results cannot be accomplished. There is a great deal of mistrust between producer, the machinery for distribution and the consumer. This must be eliminated. There is a great deal of national waste incident with our present methods of farming. Education and honest endeavor to utilize to the full our natural resources will eliminate this. We must conserve our grand heritage of fertile prairie and natural resources, and not exploit them merely to gratify the wishes of one generation. We must constantly look to the future.

To observe these commonplace requirements will develop a new viewpoint, the result of which will be to place the calling of agriculture and the standard of citizenship on a very much higher plane than it has ever before enjoyed in the Dominion of Canada.

Again let me offer you my greetings and sincere good wishes for the coming year.

Big Fur Season Just Ahead

Continued from Page 52

tramp miles, possibly through slush and mud, to rebait after every storm.

Much can be done to make the territory a good trapping ground. Bait scattered at certain spots—food which the animals seek—may get the fur bearers used to coming for it there. Then later, pelts can be taken easily and the supply will be greater than if nothing was done along this line. In connection with the use of meat, it might be well to mention that this should be covered lightly with weeds, brush or similar material. When this is done, the decoy is hidden from crows, hawks and owls, which otherwise are almost sure to carry it away. When using flesh too near houses, remember that dogs and cats are often attracted instead of fur bearers.

Do not take a dog where sets are being made. This has a tendency to scare some fur bearers away. Too much shooting has the same result. Therefore, the

careful pelt hunter should remember these things if he wants to make the best catch possible.

Select traps recommended by the manufacturers for the various animals. Should a change be necessary later to a larger or smaller size, it may be done at a minimum of expense.

Make each set count. Get every fur you can. Last but not least, write the advertisers in these columns for prices on pelts. Everyone is reliable—anxious to obtain your raw furs—and will pay the best market prices. Quotations will be furnished free: With them one can tell exactly where to sell his catch and the best time of the year to do so.

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Felt that same kinship of the human heart,

Which makes them, in the face of fire and flood,

Rise to the meaning of True Brotherhood.

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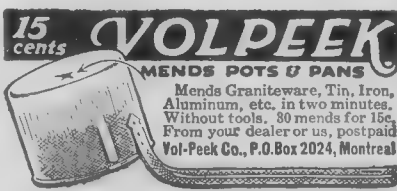
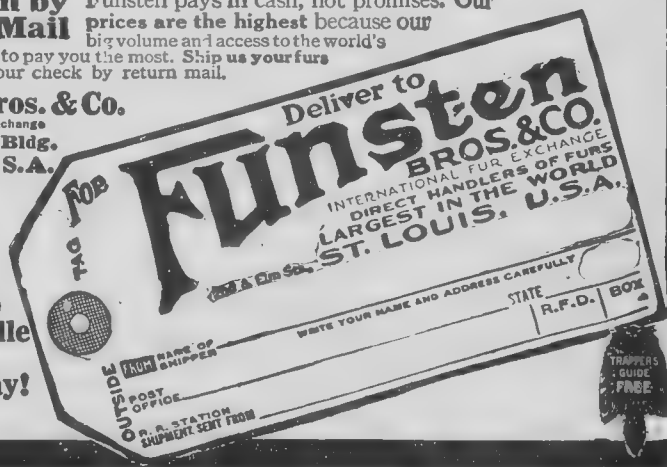
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On Christmas Day, 1929, your Heintzman will still be considered the best present you ever made to your home—its wonderful quality of tone will be just as good as in 1919.

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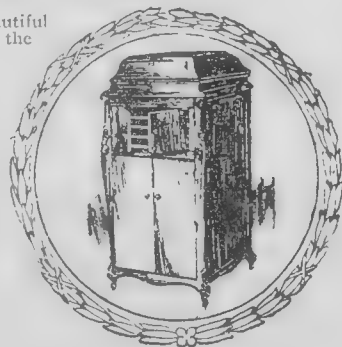
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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

It is only the first of November and yet in my morning mail comes a letter from “Ye Editor Man” demanding copy for the Christmas number.

Has anyone worked up Ante-dating any Christmas enthusiasm Christmas as yet, I wonder. Certainly not the editor of this particular page. Long, long ago we used to get Christmas numbers in Christmas week, but year by year they have been coming earlier, so that if we keep on we will presently be getting Christmas numbers on July first. Readers sometimes ask “Why this rush?” It is because readers of all magazines and newspapers want, if not something for nothing, at least something for very little, and publishers become yearly more and more dependent upon advertising to meet the expenses of publication and provide for even a very limited margin of profit, and advertisers quite humanly and naturally want advertising in the hands of readers in time for them to order Christmas goods therefrom and have them shipped. Hence Christmas numbers begin to come along, some of them as early as the first week in November, and as the letterpress matter must be in the hands of the publishers from a week to three weeks before the date of issue, it is apt to lack much of the actual spirit of the season for which it is written.

A writer of successful Christmas stories told me one day, when I asked him how he managed to work up Christmas enthusiasm so early in the season, that he always wrote his stories the week before Christmas of one year, for the year ahead. Successful story writing was his business, lucky man, but for those whose daily business is something else than writing stories and sketches, something of a luxury not possible to indulge in, in the rush week before Christmas, this solution is of no use.

Possibly in some far off millennium the reading public will be willing to pay for what they get to read. That time is not yet, however. It would be interesting to study the faces of the subscribers of any journal—daily, weekly or monthly—if they were suddenly confronted with paying the actual cost price for the production of that journal, plus even the narrowest margin of profit. The wails would be both loud and long and interest in periodical literature would, I fear, show a very marked diminution.

Perhaps I am too pessimistic. For many, many years good people, who declared their belief in prohibition, were seemingly quite content to let the man who drank the whiskey pay part at least of their hotel bills, now everyone is paying their own, and if Ontario is an indication of the spirit of Canada, and I feel sure it is, they are more than content to go on paying them. It is not, then, an impossible dream that some day the reading public may be willing to really pay for what they read, and publishers will be in that halcyon position when they can afford to say to the advertising public, “We are very sorry, but our columns are so crowded with news, or our stories this month are of such prime interest to our readers, we will not be able to spare you space in this issue.” It sounds like the fairest kind of a fairy tale, but some day it may come true. Here's hoping. In the meantime readers should remember that advertisers, and not they, are paying for Christmas numbers and other nice things in reading matter.

Between Halifax and Victoria something like 50,000 war brides will be spending their first Christmas in Canada—many, many of them their very first Christmas away from home. A First Christmas they will be able to have a more luxurious Christmas dinner than war-time rationing permitted overseas last year or the year before. They will be safe from war's alarms, and yet, I can fancy, scores of them would gladly take the chance of their Christmas dinner being interrupted by the siren if they might get it home.

the old roof at home. At Christmas of all seasons strangers in a strange land yearn for home faces and home scenes. Even those of us who know and love the prairies in their every mood, must confess they are apt to look a bit dreary about Christmas time. How must they look to eyes accustomed to a treed landscape decked with holly and ivy, or to the crowded streets of big cities?

I hope my countrywomen will rise to this occasion, as they have done so often in the past, and see to it that the strangers near to them are made to feel as happy as possible on their first Christmas in Canada, not overlooking even the ones who have told you frankly, “I like Canadian men, but I don't like Canadian women,” as not a few of them have had the unwisdom to do. Forget it; remember only that they are strangers and will be wiser some day.

During the month I had the pleasure of meeting with some of the newspaper men who were attached to the party of the Prince of Wales for the Canadian trip.

I asked one of them, An Impression who had stated that it was his first trip to Canada, if he was carrying away with him one very definite impression of Canada, or if the trip had been so hurried and so full of incident that the impression was blurred?

His reply was: “I have one intensely vivid impression of Canada, and that is her contribution to the war. I served as a war correspondent and was in France throughout the war, and saw the splendid work of the Canadians and thought I had realized to the full what Canada was doing, but when I came here and grasped for the first time the extent of Canada, for you must cross it to do that, maps and atlases can never give it you, and when at every town and station we were met by groups of returned men, I began to realize what it had meant to gather together 500,000 men and send them out of the country, and for those who remained behind to do their work, to carry on and make the monetary contributions Canada also made to the war. It is a very wonderful spirit of devotion, not alone to the Empire, but to the cause of freedom and righteousness, and I trust when I return to England to be able to convey something, at least, of this impression in what I write of the trip.

It is a matter of keen regret that I can give my readers nothing, at first hand, on the great educational convention held in Winnipeg in October; business necessitated my absence. Educational from Winnipeg. That it Convention was a very great event in the history of Canada none can deny. The crowds who attended at every session was the best possible indication of the awakened spirit of the times. Another evidence of awakening along educational lines is the crowded attendance at every seat of learning, not alone in Canada, but in the United States. The war seems to have brought home the need of education and men and women of all classes and all ages are reaching out after knowledge. It is not merely education in the old acceptance of the term which is being sought, but the broader idea of education as something not so much to benefit the individual as the community; everywhere the need of training in citizenship is being emphasized.

By the time the twenty-fifth of December is with us may the real spirit of Christmas rise in our heart, and may it be to all my readers a happy day, and in the words of Tiny Tim in the immortal Christmas Carol—“And so God bless us everyone.”

Father—“Robert, why is it that the little Smith boy, who is so much younger than you, is ahead of you in school?”

Robert—“I dunno; I s'pose his folks is smarter than mine.”

Toys for Christmas

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Nestor Noel

IT seems to me that, in many families, especially where people are rather poor, the children's Christmas gifts consist of clothes. This is all very well in its way, and a new dress or pinafore may be nice to wear on Christmas Day. But most children do not take enough pleasure in clothes, to enjoy having them for a present. This is chiefly true of young children. Clothes are taken as a right—which, indeed, they are. After sixteen, there is a certain pride in how one is dressed, but before that age, there is very little.

It is not necessary to spend a great deal of money on toys in order to make them acceptable. In fact, there are home-made toys which cost absolutely nothing. But, on Christmas morning, how the little ones' eyes brighten when toys are found in the stockings. Christmas Day is, of all others, the children's feast, and I believe in them enjoying it thoroughly. In Canada, where there are so many French people, we may easily get to neglect this day, for the French do not keep Christmas except as a religious festival. They generally give their gifts on New Year's Day.

I like to see Christmas kept in the good, old-fashioned way. I like the children to hang up stockings, find things in their plates and have a Christmas tree. On the farms, especially, how easily all this can be done. On Christmas Eve, when the little ones are asleep, we can hang out the presents, so as to be all ready for them in the morning. The tree can come from our own woods, and the gifts may have taken several evenings to prepare. But what of that? Is there any pleasure in life so great as preparing gifts for those we love? The very secrecy with which we get these things ready, only adds more zest to our preparations. We are lucky to have children to whom to give.

I remember making some parcels ready for some very poor children. Naturally, I took care to have warm clothes and other necessities in the big, brown paper parcels. Then my little six-year-old girl said: "Can't you put in some toys? Those children never have any. And Christmas isn't really Christmas without toys; is it, mummy?"

Out of the mouths of babes one may surely learn a lot, and if anyone knows how to keep Christmas, it ought to be the little ones themselves. In taking gifts to children's hospitals, let us add a few more toys. The authorities of the hospitals will see that they are clothed all right. And even when we contribute clothing, let us see to it that toys are the main part. Even a rag or a paper doll may make a child happy for hours.

Some people have an extraordinary way of giving. They give a gift because they know they will be given another themselves, and they rush their shopping over so to be rid of an unpleasant task. But there is no consideration: "Will so-and-so like such-and-such a thing?"

Grown-up people are used to these ways, and, perhaps, they do not think much of the gifts as gifts; but would be hurt if they did not receive anything. But in choosing presents for children, we should use a great deal of discernment; for children do not think so much of presents as presents, but they look at what they are. Nor do they care for things because they are expensive. The monetary value of presents is of no importance to a child.

If what it wants be a doll, it will not be pleased with the most costly engine, whilst it might have been delighted with a cheap doll.

If we want to give a child something, we surely care enough for the child to try to give it what it really likes.

There is no doubt that, with few exceptions, all children love toys, just as they all love candy.

In recommending toys as special gifts to children at Christmas time, I do not mean that we are never to give them anything useful. But I think we might

At Christmas even country children see so many toys around them in the village stores, that it seems a shame they should not have their small wishes gratified. And unless children are spoiled, they will not make too much demand on our purses. It just depends on the way we bring them up.

I have seen the tears come to a child's eyes at Christmas after receiving a very pretty dress. The tears were tears of disappointment because there was no toy.

We cannot give too much thought on how to make our children happy. Surely no one wants to see a little mite cry on Christmas Day. It is a feast of happiness, of loving and giving. It is not one child's day, like a birthday, but it is the day of all children. And even those people who have no children might look around them and gladden some child's heart on this beautiful day.

Children do not thank us much in words, it is true. But we do not give merely to be thanked. I think there is nothing so expressive as the wonderful joy depicted on a young child's face when it receives as a Christmas gift just what it had longed for most. The rapture of a child clasping a much desired doll is all the thanks a parent needs. I do not mean that we should not teach our children to be thankful, for we should. But this is another subject. What I want to emphasize is that to make the children's Christmas a happier one, we should make a point of giving them toys, when at all possible. And I think it is always possible; for "Love can find out a way." Even the father may help if he knows how to carve out wooden boats and other inexpensive toys. A child takes pride in saying to another: "My father made this for me."

Childhood is such a short period of one's existence, and perhaps we do not remember the time when we ourselves were young. But if we do have some memory of that time, we doubtless recall a Christmas which was very disappointing, either because it was not

blessed with presents, or because the toys chosen were the wrong ones. Perhaps we even wrote a letter to Santa Claus at the time, but, poor fellow, he was so busy he must have got all muddled-headed.

Now is our turn to brighten other children's lives and it is round Christmas time, so let us exercise a little thoughtfulness. That and a great deal of love will make our children enjoy their Christmas as they never did before. We may be sure that he who has given joy to a little child at Christmas time has also delighted the heart of the Christ-Child, for Whose sake we keep this blessed festival.

GENTLE REMINDER

Johnnie was spending the afternoon at his aunt's and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way.

"What makes you so serious, Johnnie?" asked his aunt.

"Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I am trying to remember it."

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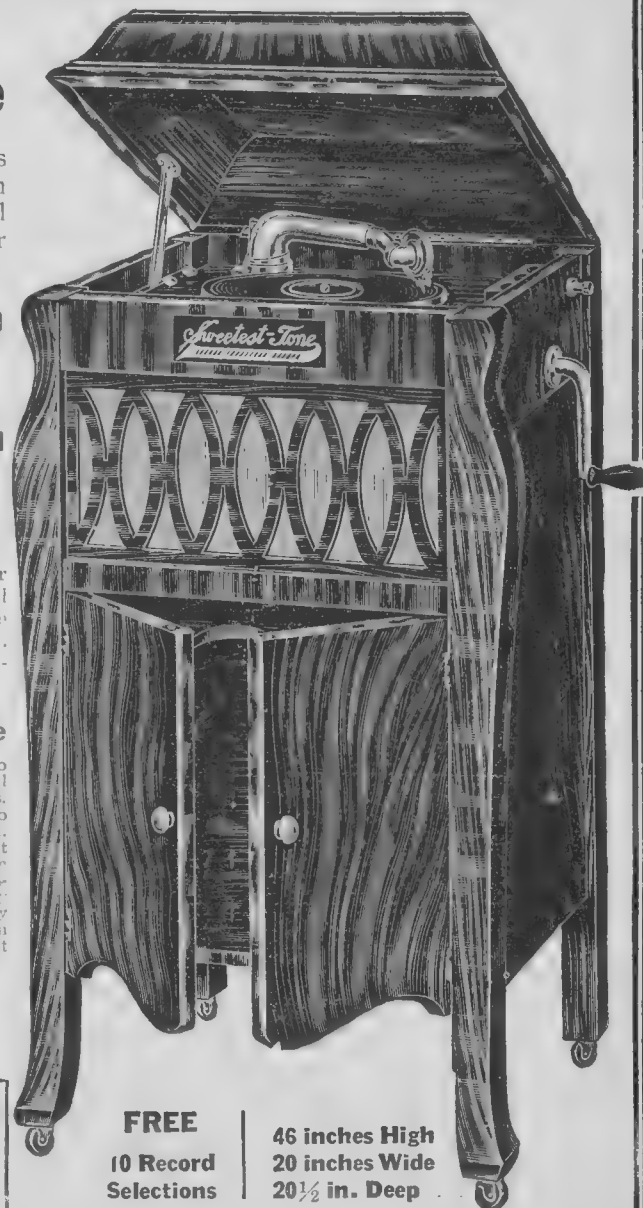
of any phonograph is made in the home and not under special conditions with specially prepared records intended for demonstration purposes only. The New Sweetest-Tone phonograph has been put to every test and found perfect. The enthusiastic praise of several thousand owners encourages us to make the following liberal offer:

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If you decide to keep the Sweetest-Tone Phonograph and records after two weeks' trial—pay \$10 down and \$10 monthly until the full price \$117.50 is paid.

CONSTRUCTION—This beautifully finished full-size cabinet phonograph is carefully made and finished in the best possible manner. Fumed oak or mahogany, piano polished or dull finish. It stands 46 in. high, is 20 wide and 20½ deep. Lower compartment fitted with double doors. Has 12-inch turntable, powerful double spring motor and perfect speed control, a sweet sounding reproducer which plays Edison or Pathe records by simply changing its position on the tone arm. The Sweetest-Tone Phonograph places all the music of all the world at your command in your own home. The amplifier is made of genuine sounding board special floating construction, which absorbs all harsh metallic sounds and renders the purest, sweetest tones in satisfying volume for dancing, or the softest sweet music, just as you like.



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104

The Last of His Family

Continued from Page 13

tance between them until it brought her back to herself.

Her calm returned gradually, and as she welcomed it she little by little separated herself from the last fifteen minutes. After she had shaken herself off and stood partly free she continued to look at him where he swaggered by the untouched glasses. Then stolidly, and with an enunciation that tanged brass she said, "It's a dirty little man," and picking up her parasol, went quickly from the room.

The next morning she did not appear. The comtessa sent to her room and received word that she was resting. At luncheon her maid came asking that a tray might be carried to the room above. The comtessa looked at her son, but he was studying his plate minutely. The tray was sent with kindly messages. Had Miss Ripley, perhaps, a headache? The maid thought not, there had been no word of a headache.

The comtessa's eyebrows flew heavenward. This bald refusal to invent a presentable excuse was very modern. It embarrassed her and she was glad when the maid had left. The comte had not gone out before luncheon; after it he continued to hang about the halls and

wander in and out of the different rooms. The comtessa listened to the tapping of his heels on the stone floors and she knew he was waiting for Spring to leave her room. In that case, he had the key to her staying there. His restlessness was contagious. She, too, walked up and down, quietly, so that she could hear his tramp above her own. Once she wanted to go to him. If he had done something stupid she might be able to right it; they could talk it over; he was her boy. Then she noticed that they were keeping step. Was his stride no longer, than hers? The farce of things struck her, and she laughed harshly.

At six the comte had been twice to his café, hurried twice to his home, and each time heard that Spring was still in her room. Now as he ran quickly up the stairs he saw her coming along the hall. She was in street clothes and her modishness was oddly deserted, as though it no longer represented her. She looked a little bewildered and newly kind. They drew near and paused. With a soft breathlessness she exclaimed, "I'm going away," and held tightly her lifted skirts as though a releasing of them would retard her flight.

The comte bowed. "Not for long, I trust."

"Oh, yes, I'm going away for good." The phrase struck on her ear and she sobered to the point of solemnity. "I'm going away because I've decided not to marry you. It's the only thing I can do to help, and so, of course, I've got to. I think the family ought to end now; as far as I'm concerned it must. Don't you see yourself that the end has come? Those mighty old dears, we owe it to them to stop." Her lips were trembling and she hurried over the words. "I'm talking very queerly, but it can't be helped."

Her assumption of the we, her baldness, sounded a little dull, as though she was too tired to separate meanings.

A torrent of words came from the comte. She listened to them sturdily, blushing for answer, one hand attempting to excuse her silence. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she chimed, and added, "It's got to be."

His anger whipped him into accusations under which she quivered. Her wounded "Ohs" punctuated his flow. He named his mother and demanded a repetition of the girl's absurdities before her.

Spring shook her head. "It won't do any good. I've seen her. She was very kind. She had been crying, I think, but she wasn't surprised. She was very quiet and said she knew what I was going to say; I kissed her; I—oh, I can't talk any more."

She started toward the stairs, the comte letting her pass. He was pale, and his hand covered his mouth. She stood still and turned back to look at him. They stared at each other for a long moment, the troubled girl and the sneering, flashing man. Again she turned and slowly started down the stairs. At the fifth step she paused absently, and as she passed out into the light he saw that the tears were running down her cheeks.

Hurrying along the narrow street she murmured between sobs: "There wasn't any help for it. I could see that; I'm stupid, but I could see it had to be." Her teeth chattered as she ran stumbling down the road to the station. As she waited for the train, she dabbed her handkerchief to her eyes and looked back through a burning mist at the lights coming out on the hill top. The bell in St. Pietro was ringing, and it softened the end for her. She smiled, and to a running accompaniment of "I don't know much, I know I'm stupid," murmured: "He did look a little splendid at the last."

Laddie Jr. on the Atlantic Coast

Continued from Page 24

five cents a pound cleaned, sold fresh or salted; in the latter case he had a fair day's wage.

We were intensely interested in the sea life. There were a couple of sharks and one small mackerel shark playing about. Then there were great flocks of gannets, lesser bunches of "shags," as the cormorant is called. We were too

but close in are the best fish. Odd fact! They have less water in them if taken on the shore than far out on the "banks" in deeper water. As we neared the harbour we ran into numbers of seal. They sat in dozens on the ledges and splashed off when we got within a couple of hundred yards of them.

The boat we were on had sail as well as power, but some of the others trust entirely to power. If anything goes wrong they send an oilskin to the mast-head and soon a friend "put-puts" along. But the old sailing fisherman is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

So now, when you buy your fresh or salted cod, just think of the fellow who catches it. He has a big investment in boat and gear; his fishing "store" as he calls it; his nets and dories and motor boats; his barrel and tubs; handlines and tubs of trawl. His full regular outfit will run into one to two to three thousand dollars. With salt at seventy-five cents a bushel, barrels running over a dollar and fifty, "twine," as they call all cotton cord for nets, etc., twice the price of pre-war time, and fish as low as two dollars per hundred pounds fresh, he



Port Toli, N.S.

Deep sea hand-lining. The haddock—the best fish taken. See the "thumb" mark on its side.

has just as hard a struggle as the rest of us—and more than a spice of danger thrown in.

The mooring grounds for these big gasoline boats are often exposed to the direct ocean swell. Peter left the boat he had before this one anchored with good, strong tackle, right in front of his fishing place. The night set in dark with gusts, and before midnight it was blowing great guns right into that anchorage. All that could be seen from the shore were the creamy tops; and all that could be heard was the roaring of the great surf on the bar. He tells me he slept through the worst of it, waking before early dawn as most fishermen do. Then he stood at the high-tide line, vainly searching the scene for that good fishing boat which he had last seen raking the horizon with her spars as she leaped and tugged at her moorings. At last came the grey, ghostly dawn when the storm king rides. Not a sign of man's handiwork had lived through the night on that, tossing waste! Peter ran along the shore towards the breakwater, which, alas! for him, lies further in the harbor. The first thing he found was the keel of his good boat thrown high on the shore; the rusted engine bed showed where the engine had stood. That, and some shattered fragments, was all he found until the tide went down, and then he found that pulverized engine.

A storm on this coast has no respect for the little bits of things man cuts out of the forests—and proudly calls his

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Young People

THE SLIDE

Two friends, William Peebles and Henry Osgood, were trapping in one of those narrow, well-watered valleys on the eastern slope of the Rockies, near the Canadian line. Their hut of lodge poles covered with sod was close under the shelter of the foot-hills and a few hundred yards from the upper waters of a swift little stream that, although clear of ice, was still clotted with occasional rafts of slush.

Spring was well advanced, and the ground everywhere was damp with the seepage that trickled down in myriads of little silver threads from the snow-beds lying on the high ridges. The air was filled with the soft, murmurous

sound of moving waters and the low, vibrating roar of shifting snow.

Sometimes a great patch, many acres in extent, would slip down toward the foot-hills, leaving the wet rock bare and glistening in the sun. The deep hum of its rush always startled Peebles, and he would look up and note with a frown and an air of alertness the cloud of snow that hung above the front of the slide.

Peebles had been caught in a snowslide once, and he had a very good memory. He grew irritable sometimes when Osgood joked about his timidity, but his caution never lessened. In a way he was proud of his experience, although the last thing he wished to do was to repeat it. The rough lives of the trappers are largely measured by such violent ex-

periences, and the man who has been through the most varied and greatest number of hairbreadth escapes is apt to be best fitted for his work, because every accident has left him with a little more knowledge.

Peebles knew that he was wiser in many ways than his chum, and as trappers have their vanities like the rest of us, he was secretly incensed because Osgood refused to acknowledge this superiority.

Not that Osgood was disagreeable about it. He was so overflowing with animal spirits that he could not look on the serious side of things. Laughter was his criticism on everything, good, bad and indifferent; but he was more than willing to do his share of the work, and when it was done and the heavy silence of the mountains pressed about the camp-fire, he would sing or tell stories until the solemn, listening Peebles would

begin to think that Osgood was a very good fellow, after all.

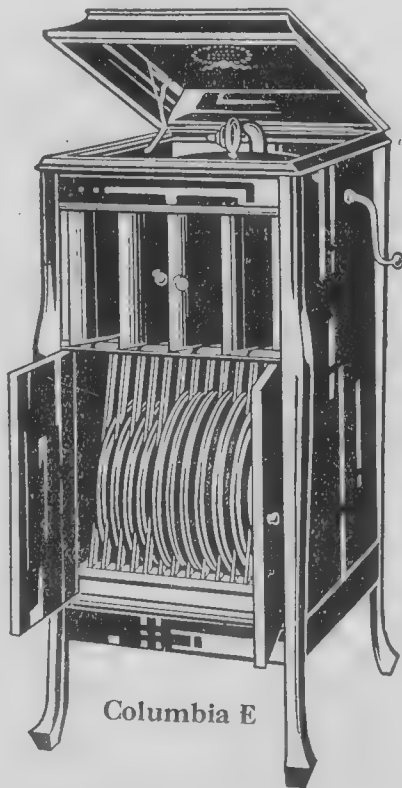
The pair differed in many ways. Peebles was really old-fashioned, a sort of a Spartan with a preference for roughing it. The sky was a good-enough roof for him in clear weather, and the ground a sufficiently soft bed. He built the tiniest of fires—hardly more than two or three coals—over which he cooked just the amount of meat necessary to support life. He never cooked a second portion or had a crumb left over.

Osgood liked a tight hut, a bonfire that was good to look at, and three big meals a day. He disdained the bacon and hard-tack that sufficed for his partner. He understood how to cook beavers' tails, which if properly prepared make an excellent dish; and he could fry small fresh trout in a way to preserve every drop of their juices. Grouse and rabbits are poor in spring, but Osgood relished a stew

Continued on Page 58

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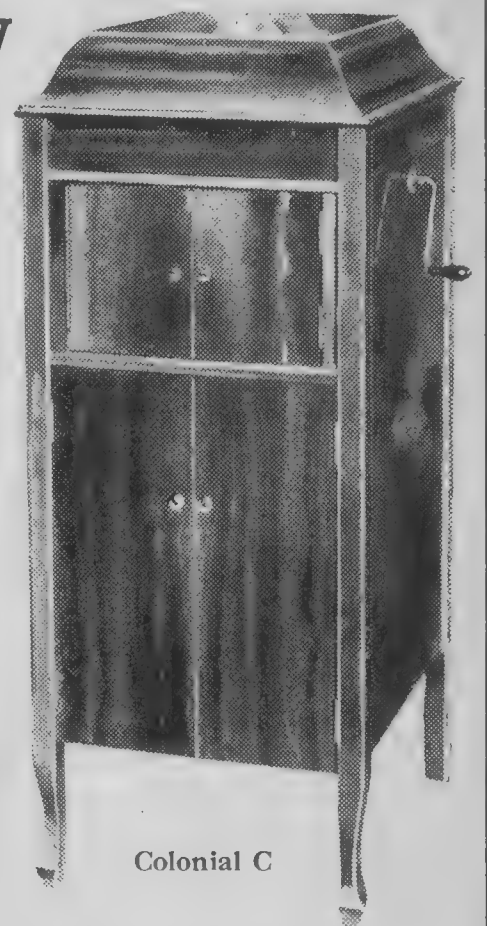
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Something We All Eat

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Something We All Wear

Solve this Puzzle!

FOR Johnny's birthday his mother presented him with a dandy rifle, and Johnny took the four targets that came with the rifle and went out to the back yard to try his skill. Shortly after, his mother came out too to satisfy herself that Johnny knew how to use his gun. Upon examining the targets showing all the holes made by the bullets, and being a quick-thinking woman, she exclaimed: "Why, Johnny, what a good shot you are—and do you know that you have made every target spell a word? Can you tell me what each target spells?"

Can YOU Puzzle It Out?

Johnny couldn't, so his mother told him HOW TO DO IT. Each target spells a word. Each circle of each target shows a number of bullet holes, as you can see by the targets, and each circle represents a letter. The number of holes indicates the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by one hole, "B" by two holes, "C" by three holes, and so on.

After you have worked out all the letters that are represented in each word, you will find that they are not in their proper order. Put them into their proper order to spell out correctly the names of the four things wanted.

In order to help you, we will tell you that the letter represented by the middle circle of first target is "A," because "A" is the first letter of the alphabet. This is not an easy puzzle, but with perseverance you can work it out—and the prizes are worth trying for.

Copy your answer upon a plain white sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because neatness, spelling, handwriting and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right-hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else, put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write as soon as your answer is received and also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

of paper. We will write as soon as your answer is received and also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

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\$150.00 Cash—Bryden Foster, Leamington, Ont.
\$25.00 Eastman Kodak—Frankie Kirby, Three Hills, Alta.
\$15.00 Bracelet Watch—Mary Procter, Vancouver, B.C.
\$10.00 Doll and Carriage—Eva Gasson, North Bay, Ont.

We will send you the names of many others too. Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers, and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us.

The contest will close on June 30, 1920, at 5.30 p.m. Send your answers this very evening.

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253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Young People

Continued from Page 57

of them now and then. Occasionally he shot an elk from the bands that were beginning to work up from the south, but elk meat palls quickly, and trappers have a theory that it does not "stay by" a man.

There is only one wild animal of the Rockies whose flesh fills all the requirements of the epicure and the active hunter. That is the mountain-sheep, or bighorn, and he seems to know his value, and keeps himself to the high, bare, inaccessible buttresses of rock.

Osgood was always hungry for mountain-sheep chops. Every morning before breakfast he put his keen blue eyes to the field-glasses and swept the upper levels, while Peebles cut his little slices of bacon methodically and measured out his pinch of tea. This field-glass habit annoyed Peebles considerably, yet from it came the adventure and the growth of the stronger bond between the two men, about which this story is concerned.

At last one morning Osgood saw a small band of sheep feeding half-way up one of the higher ridges. They were invisible to the naked eye, so Peebles never saw them; but through the glasses Osgood could make out the little purplish dots moving against the lighter blue of the rock, and his mouth watered. He slung the field-glasses round his neck and took up his rifle.

"You needn't say anything," remarked Peebles. "And I won't either."

"Oh, you can call me a fool if you want to," said Osgood, laughing, "but I've been honing for mutton so long I've just got to have some. Ta-ta!"

Peebles grunted and Osgood strode off, following a trough between the foot-hills.

The day was warm, and when Osgood reached the real slope of the mountain ridge he paused a few minutes to rest. The sheep were where he had first seen them, on a narrow strip of grass high up among the jagged masses of rock.

A few hundred yards to their right the mountain was cleft by a deep fissure

that sloped down to a tangle of boulders and bleached tree trunks among the foot-hills. The head of this fissure began in the snow-fields of the upper peak, and a sloping mass of snow between the walls seemed to promise a comparatively easy exit there.

Osgood decided that the best way to stalk the sheep would be to ascend this ravine and come out on the lower snow-field, and accordingly he started for its mouth, making a small detour to avoid the packed jumble of debris.

The floor of the ravine was rough and rock-strewn; but as he was completely hidden so far as the sheep were concerned, Osgood could pick his way as he chose. The walls grew more perpendicular as he ascended, until not even a cougar could have scaled them, and he noticed with some surprise that they were almost as smooth as if planed.

About a mile from the mouth he came to a boulder as large as a house, squarely in the middle of the ravine. It rested in a natural depression in the rock floor, between which and the face of the boulder there was a gap large enough to accommodate a grizzly. Some bones lying in front of it showed that it had been the lair of a wild animal; but beyond giving an appreciative glance at the huge rock, so regular in outline that it seemed as if it had been turned out by a giant lathe, Osgood wasted no time over it. The glittering snow-field was not far away.

The sun shone directly down between the narrowing walls of the ravine, and turned its floor, wet with many little trickling streams of water, into a carpet of warm colors. These little streams had steadily grown more numerous. The plaint of them was sharper, and now Osgood began to fear that he might find uncomfortably deep pools ahead. The strong sun-rays were playing havoc with the snow-fields.

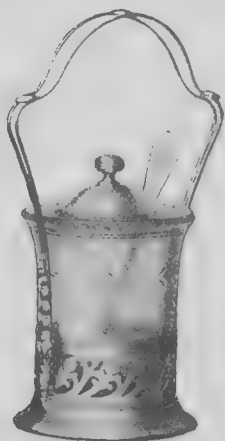
He was looking up at the great white beds when suddenly the mass that choked the head of the ravine sank as if some support beneath it had been

Continued on Page 59



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The Western Home Monthly Winnipeg



Manual art as taught by a Manitoba Boys' and Girls' Club

Young People

Continued from Page 58

knocked away, and a puff of wind travelled down the ravine.

A band of black rim-rock showed above the sunken snow, and then the broad, glistening beds above began to crawl with a slow, heaving movement, converging upon the ravine.

The first movement was so noiseless and slow that Osgood did not realize that there was any threat in it. Nevertheless he halted and gazed ahead, undecided.

The snow crawled to the edge of the rim-rock, and its front crumbled and fell. Then more was pushed over. The ragged lumps began to fall thick and fast. Faster and faster they poured over the rim-rock, merging in a few seconds into endless white sheets, that thundered into the ravine and came roaring down its sloping bed, one boiling, resistless tongue of snow.

It flashed across Osgood's mind that Peebles would never have been caught in such a trap.

Then he turned and ran, cursing his folly. He might have known that the ravine had been the scene of many slides. The boulders and bleached tree trunks and the worn walls were eloquent of the fact to which he had been deaf. Springing over the smaller rocks and dodging round those too large to hurdle, with many slips and stumbles that left bleeding cuts on hands and legs, he fled down the chute, while behind him the jarring roar of the slide swelled to a greater volume.

Osgood knew that he could not reach the mouth of the ravine before he was overtaken. He could not cover even half the distance. Yet he kept on running desperately, scrambling to his feet like a cat at every fall or stumble, his eyes raking the walls for the sight of a crack that might afford him a foothold. But they were relentlessly smooth.

There was but one chance for him—to reach the great boulder, which loomed ahead of him like a fortress of refuge. He fixed his gaze on the big rock as if to shorten the distance, and strained his muscles to the cracking-point. The blood suddenly gushed from his nose and poured down over his hunting-shirt. Strangely enough, it seemed to invigorate him. His congested eyes cleared and the violent pressure at his temples lightened. He sprang forward with a fresh burst of speed, almost from under the curling, churning front of the slide. Dodging round the rock, he fell headlong, and rolled across the bones into the little cave.

The slide was upon him in an instant, with a breath of winter and the roar of a Niagara, as it hurled its tons upon tons of snow and grinding boulders against the obstruction. Two tossing streams shot by, one on each side of the rock, which vibrated and stirred in

its bed. Would it withstand the shock? Almost too exhausted to care, Osgood lay panting on his back, and the snow fell on his bloody face, and the sunlight was blotted out.

When he was able to investigate his situation, Osgood found himself a prisoner. The two tongues of snow had crowded together after passing the rock, and squeezed back so that he stood in a funnel-shaped well, the narrower part of which was above his head. The opening, in fact, through which he could see the sky, was only a few feet wide and at least thirty feet above him. He could not climb the sloping walls, and the rock offered a sheer face that was equally unscalable. He struck the snow with his hand, and found it packed almost to the consistency of ice; but he was not the sort to yield without a struggle, and drawing his clasp-knife, he attacked the wall of his prison.

The sun went down behind the mountain ridge, and it grew very cold, but Osgood worked away doggedly. He kept his head, working and resting alternately, and using his knife with care. On its blades depended his chance of freedom. A strip of dried elk meat that he had had the good sense to bring would do, he calculated, for three meals, and the chips of snow satisfied his thirst.

During the night he slept a little from sheer weariness. When the morning light filtered palely through the top of the funnel, he was shocked to see how little he had accomplished. His hands were raw and swollen, and he ached with the chill of the place. He had chipped out a hole three feet deep, sloping upward. It was at least thirty feet more to the surface of the slide, but he tried to comfort himself with the thought that he would find the snow less solid as he progressed.

As the hole grew deeper it became harder to work in it. Lying on the snow on his stomach soon chilled him, and he had to work by shifts, returning to the cave to stamp his feet and thrash his numbed arms. His advance was much less rapid than at first, in consequence, although his failing strength was a factor in this.

The morning passed and the light began to wane again. Osgood's very bones ached with the chill. He shook so at times that he could not wield his knife. Waves of despair surged over him, during which he sat on the rock floor motionless, and stared at the blank gray-white walls with unseeing eyes. When these moments passed, he would crawl into the hole again and hack furiously at the snow, but these spurts of energy grew more fitful. As the last thread of light disappeared, they ceased altogether.

He fell into a sort of sick sleep, with his bleeding, swollen hands tucked inside the bosom of his shirt, and dreamed of Peebles watching a distant slide with that deer-like look of alertness. He was

Continued on Page 72



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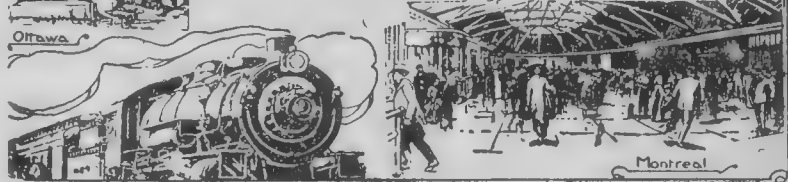
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FREE TRIAL Stuart's PLAPAO PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velvet—Flexible—Easy to Apply—Inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and swore that the Plapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

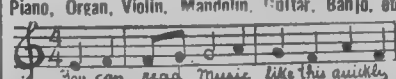
FREE TO THE RUPTURED Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW. Address, Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.

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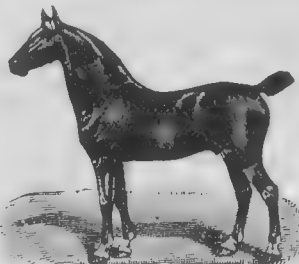
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About the Farm

Conducted by Alan Campbell

The Farm Base

As in the field in military operations, so it is in running a farm, the direction and supplies come from a given base. The success or failure of the operations depends to a large degree, too, on the amount of cohesion between the base of operations and the outlying units. There are times on every farm when a common centre to which to look for readjustment occurs, and in this regard it would be well to provide an administration headquarters in the form of a spare room appropriately fitted up in the farm house, which might act as an index to the farm such as a book index does to the contents of the book.

The difference between a well-established firm and a well established farm to-day, is growing less and less, as business methods are proving of the highest value in the successful management of a farm. One of the first essentials to placing the farm on a business basis, is the keeping of records, which implies a closer supervision of profit and loss. The books and papers that comprise the farm records, need a home of their own just as much as the horses, cattle and implements do. An attempt at keeping records when there is no set place allotted for their safe keeping, is a very uphill undertaking, with the natural result that first one and then another item is allowed to go unrecorded until the whole system is, in a sense, "running on one cylinder," for the simple reason that it is harder to find the books than to use them, as they are likely to be found anywhere from the window sill to the wood box.

The pivot of the activities of a business firm is the manager's private room. From this centre comes the administration of the work, which reaches to every remote corner. A farm, also, is a business organization, and as such deserves the benefit of an administrative centre. A place of this kind can be established by the appropriation of a spare room in the farm house, where business must be king and where quiet and seclusion should be guaranteed at all times.

In regard to the fittings of this farm office there need be no elaborate attempt at imitating the hair's breadth exactitudes of modern office procedure, but rather let simplicity and unassuming straightforwardness be the policy. The office fittings can be of the home-made variety, and this will be a good chance for the carpenter-genius of the farm to distinguish himself (or herself). Far better to install home-made furniture now, and get the system under way than defer the scheme until factory-made furniture may be purchased without showing too severe an encroachment on the farm revenue. About four chairs purchased from the store would be all right, but the table, bookshelves, pigeon hole rack, etc., would serve as well if made at home. It is remarkable how soon these cases can be filled up with government bulletins, farm magazines, farm books, etc. The pigeon holes, especially, are an excellent place for the keeping of bulletins. A good plan is to number each pigeon hole, and then make a list showing where to find any bulletin on a given subject. To simplify the task of making a reference, the rows can be numbered from top to bottom, and each particular row come under a different division of agriculture, such as live stock, field crops, horticulture, etc., with a label indicating each division. The adoption of such a system will ensure valuable bulletins being kept, and regardless of the other advantages, this feature will justify the existence of this particular piece of office furniture. The size required for the pigeon holes can easily be ascertained by comparing with a government bulletin, and a case of fifty holes might be all right, viz., ten high by five across. A coat of varnish will give it the necessary neat finish. By having one's name placed on the government mailing list, bulletins, reports, etc., will be sent free from time to time, on all the most important phases of agriculture.

The book shelves can be utilized to put the numerous farm magazines, etc.,

Continued on Page 61

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SEE THE ROCKIES IN WINTER GARB
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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



Training her calf in manners

About the Farm

Continued from Page 60

and should it develop somewhat into a dumping ground for periodicals, at least it will have the effect of centralizing the farm literature, and that is a step ahead of promiscuous scattering. It is very necessary that these shelves be cleared out occasionally in order to eliminate the unnecessary storage of papers. There is another plan which might be adopted in order to avoid the keeping of too many farm papers. There is a scrap book obtainable at stationery stores; it has strong blank pages, and is marked "Newspaper Cuttings." With such a book on hand, any article of special interest and value can be scissored out of the paper and attached to one of the blank sheets of the scrap book by the aid of mucilage. This book is numbered on each page, and has an index to facilitate reference. This latter arrangement will suggest that a pot of mucilage and a pair of scissors will need to be included in the office requirements. The above practice will enable one to secure the literary "concentrates" and reject a good deal of the "roughage" as far as this applies to his own special lines of work, as the cut copies can be disposed of, when they would otherwise, in their complete condition, be utilizing too much space.

It may be contended that the household scissors would be good enough to do the press cutting with, but a little experience along that line will show a few weak points in the borrowing system. Such articles have a bad habit of not returning to their rightful place; in fact, the household scissors have no more right to make press cuttings in the farm office than the office scissors have to be commandeered during a rush of business in the sewing circle.

The farm account books, and some of the more important books on agricultural topics, can be kept in a permanent place on the book shelves, say for instance, the top shelf, which should be free from intrusion. In the event of some reference having to be made in a veterinary publication, it will be found quickly where such a book has a permanent location. Seed and machinery catalogues, too, are often needed badly after they have disappeared, and it is

then that the bookshelf is a worth while proposition.

Another good feature is to have a wall map or plan of the farm, well filled in with natural characteristics, outlines of the various fields, position of the buildings, etc. This gives the farmer a view of his numerous activities in a nutshell, so to speak, and by the use of this map, many knotty problems can be discussed in regard to planning ahead the work of the season, such as arrangements in regard to cropping the different fields, fencing, alterations or additions to buildings, scrubbing, draining, etc.

It is essential to treat this office with due respect and not allow it to become a store room for miscellaneous articles such as machinery parts, harness supplies, etc. To allow such material to invade it will bring confusion in its train. Environment has a very strong influence, and within the office one can combat the problems that confront the farmer, especially as one is then in close proximity to books of reference, bulletins and records. On the other hand, problems of this nature handled in the midst of domestic cross currents are apt to prove very difficult to solve.

There is one operation which certainly should be permissible in this headquarters, and that is, the conducting of germination tests to ascertain the fitness of the grain which has been reserved for seed. A given number of seeds should be placed between layers of damp blotting paper that should not be allowed to dry out until the count of sprouted seeds has been noted. In this way one gets a good forewarning as to the probable percentage of seeds that will give a good account of themselves in the next seeding, and the question may be settled as to whether they should be used for seed or not.

In the course of time, as business principles develop, a familiar sound in the office may be, perhaps, the steady tapping of "the machine gun of business," viz., the typewriter, while it handles the business correspondence of the farm, etc., in an expeditious manner, or sends out letters or notices in regard to agricultural organizations.

The Wintering of Horses

By the time late fall arrives, the most strenuous efforts of the farm horse are

Continued on Page 62

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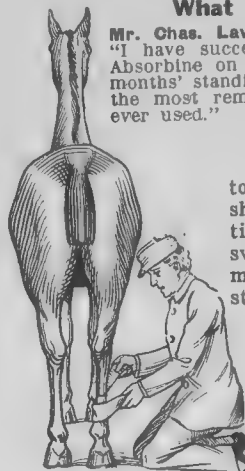
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to reduce sprains, bog spavins, thoroughpins, puffs, shoe boils, capped hocks, swollen glands, thickened tissues, rheumatic deposits, enlarged veins, painful swellings, strained, ruptured tendons, ligaments, or muscles; to allay pain and stop lameness; to strengthen any part that needs it.

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COUPON.

Please send me some pictures of the Prince and an assorted lot of your goods to sell on consignment, together with price list, terms of commission, selling hints and instructions, etc.

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A Bountiful Harvest

About the Farm

Continued from Page 6.

practically at an end, and on his steady pulling power has the success of the past season's operations largely depended. At such a time of year arises the question of the most successful means of storage; for machinery, vegetables, live stock, etc. It is of the utmost importance to the farmer that his horses go into winter quarters in a sound condition and are kept fit during the ensuing period of more or less inactivity. The drastic change from continuous activity to a period of enforced leisure may, at times, prove to be a rather doubtful benefit to the horse, as he may be put out of condition by some of the following causes: Poor ventilation, lack of exercise, excessive feeding for an idle horse, and lack of variation in his feed. He will certainly appreciate a thorough grooming at least once a day throughout the winter months, which is equivalent to our human washing and shaving privileges. The horse owner who works along these lines in his stable management, will find his horses in better health and appearance.

In the manner of feeding, it is very easy to incur a heavy feed bill, and in the face of it leave the horses in an ill-fed looking condition. It is an oft proven mistake to crowd the feed to wintering horses for the purpose of having them turn out to work in the spring in the commonly called "hog fat" condition. Good feed is dear, and when wasted is doubly dear, while good methods are cheap and produce a smashing down effect on the cost of feed bills. The currycomb and the water pail are not particularly expensive, but when they perform their respective duties with a conscientious hand behind them, they are, indeed, valuable adjuncts to the stable. There is often a temptation to take the pail away from a slow and irritating drinker, and it is at such times that we rob our own profits. There is another case where a horse will drink a pail of water and appear to be satisfied, but it is well worth while to make sure with a second pail, which he

may also empty. One may be pardoned for using the paradoxical expression that water is a cheap feed.

One reads in cook books about "the inevitable pinch of salt," required in so many of the dishes described therein. The above expression is very applicable to good stable management. It has been found an excellent plan to have a salt box hung in a conspicuous place in the stable; this serves as a perpetual memorandum, and especially if it is placed near the oat bin, the habit becomes established to add a pinch of salt to the nightly oat ration, which is a cheap means of maintaining a good standard of health among the horses. Saltpetre given in the oats to the extent of about a teaspoonful once a week is a fine conditioner, and should be the means of keeping the more drastic forms of drugs out of the stable. Drugs are an expense, and a drastic cure; avoid the need of them if at all possible.

Good clean straw and half a gallon of oats three times per day, has been found a satisfactory ration for horses that have not been put to steady work during the winter. Boiled feeds are an excellent means of giving the horses a welcome change of diet. A very satisfactory one may be made of one part oats, one part barley, one part flax, with the usual pinch of salt per ration.

The cheapest tonic, and one that requires the minimum of labor to administer, is fresh air. This should be given the horses by means of a run in the open, as often as the weather will permit. The occasional rolls in the snow which they take, benefits them externally and internally, and will help them into that hardened and fit state which it is so desirable to have work horses in, in order to cope with the spring work. If the horses are turned out as often as possible, and not kept out too long after the day begins to cool off; they will be far less apt to catch cold.

It is not difficult to keep horses fit during the idle months of winter, but it is difficult to drag back to condition a number of horses that have been allowed to suffer incarceration in an insanitary stable, and where good groomings have been few and far between.

Some More About Eggs

As eggs are very susceptible to the kind of treatment they receive, it behooves us to give them the necessary discrimination that retains their full value. Eggs depreciate in market value from various causes, some of the chief of which are, rough handling, which breaks the shells and thereby lets in the elements of decomposition, storage in over heated places such as sunny windows, and storing in places where evil odors exist.

The shell of an egg is not such a protection as one would suppose. Being porous it readily lets in heat and cold and also detrimental air. The porous state of the shell readily allows evaporation when the temperature is above that of freezing. In the case of fertile eggs, a temperature of 70 deg. will start the germ growing. The advice of experts is to the effect that eggs should not be washed under any conditions, as the added moisture is likely to prove an agent to the development of rotting. In addition, the washing removes the natural gloss and makes the eggs, though they may be fresh, look old. The keeping of clean nests will eliminate, to a great extent, the necessity of washing the eggs.

In marketing eggs, it is most desirable to classify them into their proper grades, taking freshness and size into consideration. In regard to size, eggs should weigh a pound and a half to the dozen. It is a risky proposition to market eggs that have been discovered in an odd corner of the barnyard. Such eggs may prove an unpleasant surprise to the householder who eventually buys them. It is advisable to keep dirty eggs, frozen eggs and "discovered" eggs, at home rather than to take them to market.

There are ways suggested that will help to influence the production of good market eggs, such as the keeping of pure bred stock of the larger general purpose type, and the discontinuance of the keeping of stunted and diseased stock. Clean houses, good feed and pure water are other strong points in favor of the production of eggs of the most desirable kind.

The removal of the male birds immediately after the breeding season, is necessary for the maintenance of the keeping qualities of eating eggs. The eggs should be collected regularly, placed in clean vessels, and removed at once to cool storage. A good plan is to place a cloth over them after they have been placed in the store room; this helps to keep them from evaporating and prevents them from fading.

If quality is given preference over quantity, the producer will be in a better position to secure a more eager market for his produce.

"A Modern Invention"

A New Yorker was spending a night at a "hotel" in a Southern town, and, when going to his room for the night, he told the colored porter that he wanted to be called early in the morning. The porter replied:

"Say, boss, I reckon yo' ain't familiar with these heah modern inventions. When yo' wants to be called in de mawnin', all yo' has to do is jest to press de button at de head of yo' bed. Den we comes up and calls yo'."

On the Safe Side

Many years ago, says Surgeon Guthrie in Seeing the World Through a Porthole, a group of children were listening with great interest to the "yarns" of an old sailor who seemed to them a miracle of knowledge.

"In crossing the equator you either gain or lose a day," the story-teller declared.

One of the children appeared to him somewhat incredulous, whereupon the old man cleared his throat and added, "that is to say—sometimes."

Another old sailor who was being tried by courtmartial had been so impressed with the instructions of the young officer detailed for his defense that he be extremely careful about qualifying evidence when he was not absolutely certain, said, when the Judge Advocate asked his name:

"My name is John McGraw—or words to that effect."



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source of pleasure
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*Make this Christ-
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Fashions and Patterns

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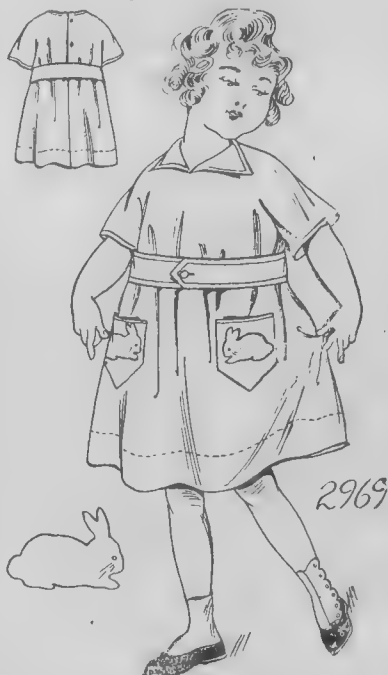
Send 15 cents in silver or stamps for our up-to-date fall and winter 1919-1920 catalogue, containing 550 designs of ladies, misses' and children's patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking; also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

For Mother's Baby, Doll's Set of Baby Clothes Santa Claus May Bring to Mother's Girl. 1902—Just the thing to please little mothers. There are dolls and dolls, but no doll so dear to the heart of a doll's mother as one dressed in baby clothes. The designs here shown will be found easy to make, as they are cut on simple, one-piece lines. The dress may be made of nainsook, lawn or batiste



and trimmed with bands of lace or embroidery. The coat will develop nicely in cashmere, silk, henrietta or Bedford cord. The sacque and kimono will look well made of flannel or flannelette, and the cape of silk or flannel. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes for dolls: 16, 18 and 20 inches in length. It will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material for the dress, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 24-inch material for the wrapper, and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 24-inch material for the coat, for an 18-inch doll. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

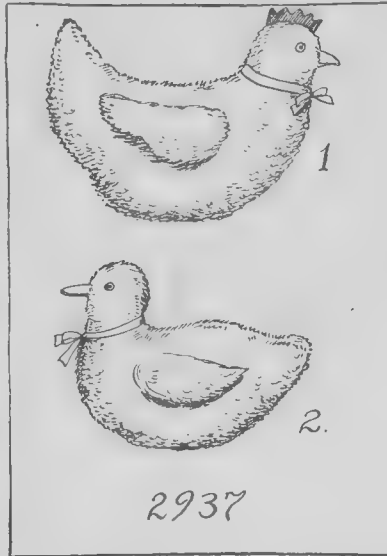
Child's Play Dress. 2969—This pretty model is just the thing for romping and playing. It makes an ideal, simple, home dress. The style is suitable for khaki,



drill, seersucker, gingham, poplin, lawn or percale. Unbleached muslin finished with blanket stitching and with belt and bunny in some contrasting color, would be very attractive. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size

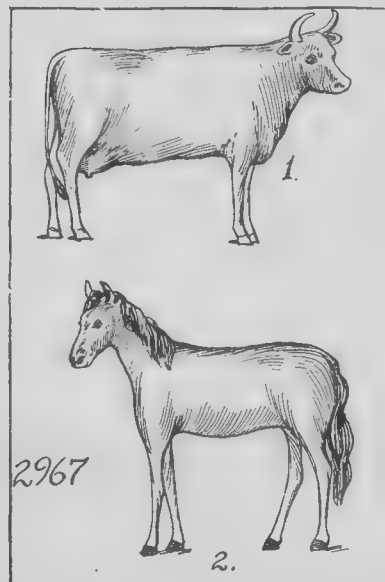
6 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Set of Attractive Nursery Toys. 2937—One may have these toys of toweling, terry cloth, or eiderdown. The filling may be of sawdust, cotton batting, paper snips, cork or other substance that



will make the toy float. The pattern is in one size. It will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 24-inch material for either toy. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

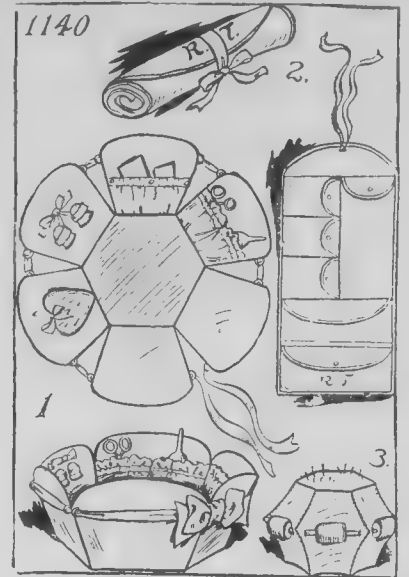
A Set of Toy Animals. 2967—These toys will please the "little tots." They may be made of toweling, flannel, felt, plush, velvet, and other pile fabrics. For stuffing cork could be used if one wants a toy that will stand wetting; or one could



use sawdust, bran or cotton. The pattern is cut in one size. The cow requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 27-inch material and the horse $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

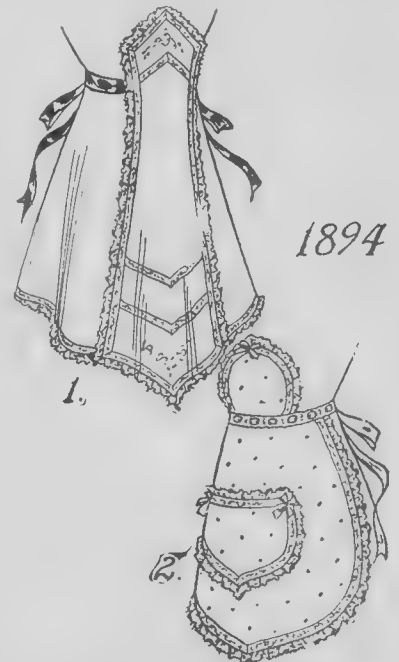
A Pleasing Group of Things to Make for the Holidays. 1140—This combination includes a work basket, a utility case, and a pin box and spool holder combined. The latter could also be developed as a button box. The work basket is good for cretonne, silk, linen or denim. The utility case may also be made of cretonne, linen, denim or crash, but is best rubber lined, or made of rubberized materials. The spool holder may be of silk, canvas, denim, cretonne or crash. A good suggestion for the work basket would be found in tan linen, embroidered in red, and lining of red satin or sateen. Cretonne in lovely pink and green tones would also make this a serviceable article. The basket sections could also be woven, of raffia over a cardboard foundation and lined with silk. For the pin box the same materials would serve that

could be used for the work box. For the utility case there are lovely rubberized silks, and cretonnes that will be very good for this article. It requires $1\frac{1}{2}$



yard of 36-inch material for No. 1, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch material for No. 2, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 24-inch material for No. 3. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Set of Aprons. 1894—Ladies' Aprons. These styles are nice for lawn, batiste, linen or crepe. No. 1 is made with a panel that is cut with a pretty bib section. No. 2 is in one piece with



an ample pocket and dainty bib portion. These aprons are cut in one-size only. It will require $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch material for No. 1 and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard for No. 2. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

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I remain, respectfully,
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The efficacy of this liniment in the treatment of cuts, strains, bruises and burns has been proved over and over again by thousands of users in every state in the Union.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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A Pretty Set for Miss Dolly. 1897— This comprises a smart dress for "party" or general wear, according to the material selected, and pretty hat in "Tam" style. The dress and hat may be of the same material. In batiste, lawn, dimity, taffeta or china silk, it will be nice for best wear. If made of serge, voile, gabardine or challie, the hat could be of velvet, cloth or corduroy to match. The



dress is made with yoke sections, and the bertha may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: for dolls, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 inches in length. The dress will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material; the hat will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard for a 22-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

For "Dolly's" Wardrobe. Set of Short Clothes. 1506—Comprising drawers, underskirt, and a dress that may be finished in bishop or French style. This set of patterns will develop charmingly and please the little doll mother. The drawers and underskirt may be of nainsook or lawn; the dress of gingham, percale, lawn, batiste, silk or crepe. It may be finished with feather stitching or lace, or the free edges could be embroidered in scallops, with eyelets at neck-edge and sleeve, for ribbon insertions. The under-



skirt pattern is also nice for flannel, but the waist portion should be of cambric, nainsook, or lawn. The pattern for this attractive combination is cut in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. It will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard for the drawers, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the petticoat, and 1 yard for the dress of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps. This pattern also comes in child's sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Price 15 cents.

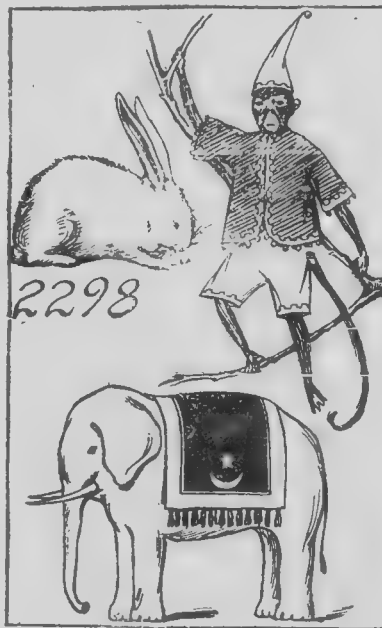
A Very Attractive Set of Clothes for Dolly's Wardrobe. 1895—This set comprises a simple one-piece dress, a waist-petticoat, drawers and a cape. The dress

may be of silk, lawn, gingham, challie or crepe. The drawers and petticoat of nainsook, lawn or cambric. The cape of silk, velvet, gabardine, eiderdown, cash-



mere or flannel. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes for dolls: 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 inches in length. The dress requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard, the drawers requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard, the petticoat requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard, the cape requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material for a 22-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Set of Nursery Toys. 2298—This comprises a monkey, a rabbit and an elephant. Developed in flannel, cotton or domet flannel and stuffed with cotton, down or sawdust, these animals are the delight of little children. The



patterns are cut in one size only. It will require one yard of brown, flannel for the monkey and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of red flannel for his suit. The elephant requires one yard. The rabbit $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Suspender Dress for the Doll. 1508— This charming little model will at once appeal to the doll mother. It is easy to make and good for silk, cloth, serge, lawn, gingham, chambray or percale. The guimpe or waist is made with a front closing, a short sleeve and round cuff. The skirt is straight and pleated. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes for dolls: 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. It will require $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

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AMAZING TESTIMONY. Discover, Bruton, Somerset, 3/8/1919. To H. Samuel, Dear Sir, "I have had one of your Watches for 20 years and although it has been badly beaten about and battered it has been a splendid timekeeper the whole of the time." (Signed) P. W. BRAKE.

GOLD LOCKE Pearl centre, richly chased \$6.50

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Work for Busy Fingers

All-Over Square Nightgown Yoke

For making this slip-over gown yoke 3 balls of mercerized crochet cotton number 50 and a crochet hook size 11 are required.

Start yoke at back with a ch of 231, t c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2, t c, ch 2, skip 2, t c, and repeat across ch, having 75 spaces in all.

2d and 3d Rows—75 sp each.

The small squares, which make the pattern are placed at regular intervals, with 3 rows of spaces between each square.

4th Row—*3 sp, 2 gr, ch 5, skip 1 sp, 2 gr, and repeat from *, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

5th Row—*3 sp, 1 gr, ch 5, d c in center of ch 5, ch 5, skip 1 gr, 1 gr, and repeat from *, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

6th Row—*3 sp, 2 t c (or $\frac{1}{2}$ gr), ch 5, d c in center of ch 5, ch 5, d c in next ch 5, ch 5, skip 2 t c, 2 t c ($\frac{1}{2}$ gr) and repeat from *, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th Row—*3 sp, 1 gr (make last 2 t c's of gr on ch), ch 5, d c in center of ch 5, ch 5, 1 gr, and repeat from *, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

8th Row—*3 sp, 2 gr, ch 2, 2 gr, and repeat from *, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

9th to 27th Rows—Same as 1st to 8th.

28th Row—*3 sp, 2 gr, ch 5, skip 1 sp, 2 gr, and repeat once from *, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

29th Row—*3 sp, 1 gr, ch 5, d c in center of ch 5, ch 5, skip 1 gr, 1 gr, and repeat once from *, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

30th Row—*3 sp, 2 t c ($\frac{1}{2}$ gr), ch 5, d c in center of ch 5, ch 5, d c in next ch 5, ch 5, skip 2 t c, 2 t c, and repeat once from *, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

31st Row—*3 sp, 1 gr, ch 5, d c in ch of 5, ch 5, 1 gr, and repeat once from *, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

32d Row—*3 sp, 2 gr, ch 2, 2 gr, and repeat from *, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

33d, 34th and 35th Rows—19 sp, each. 36th to 40th Rows—Same as 28th to 32d rows.

41st Row—Make a chain to add 8 spaces, having 27 sps, in all.

42d and 43d Rows—27 spaces in each. 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th and 48th Rows—Are made of 3 of the small squares with 3 sp at the end of each row.

49th Row—Make a chain to add 8 spaces, having 35 sp in all.

50th and 51st Row—35 spaces in each.

52d to 56th Rows—Are made with 4 small squares with 3 sp at the end of each.

57th to 61st Row—Same as 44th to 48th rows.

62d to 64th Rows—27 sp in each.

65th to 78th Rows—Same as 28th to 40th rows.

Make opposite shoulder the same, when complete ch 111 and join to first made shoulder.

79th to 105th Rows—Begin work on outer edge and repeat 1st to 27th rows.

106th to 110th Rows—Skip 24 sps, and repeat small squares 3 times, having 3 sp at the end of each row.

111th to 113th Rows—27 sp each.

114th to 118th Rows—Skip 8 sps, and repeat 1 small square with 3 sps at the end of each row.

119th to 121st Row—11 sps each.

Around neck and outer edge of yoke add 3 d c in each sp. To make beading around neck, *2 d t c, ch 4, skip 3 d c, 2 d t c, ch 4, skip 3 d c, and repeat around from *, turn, ch 5, d c in gr of d t c, ch 5, catch in same gr and repeat around.

A Pocket for Crochet Ball

For those who crochet, this little bag slipped over the wrist holds the ball of cotton and makes the work easier. With No. 40 or 50 crochet cotton and a hook size 11, ch 27.



1st, 2d and 3d Rows—7 spaces each with ch of 5 to turn.

4th Row—3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

5th Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, ch 5, turn.

6th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th Row—Same as 5th row.

8th Row—Same as 4th row.

9th, 10th and 11th Rows—7 spaces each with ch of 5 to turn.

Continued on Page 67

Elgin— “The Spirit of Achievement”



The Banker



THE Banks of Canada are models of financial achievement.

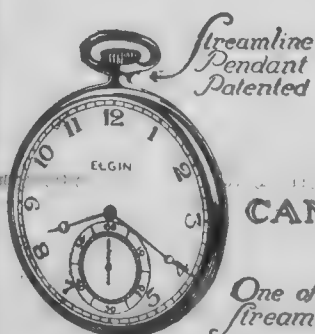
Bankers today are not mere custodians of public and private funds. They are our advisors in financial and commercial undertakings—symbols of public confidence, of safety, of efficiency, of service to the people.

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There is a jeweler in your vicinity who is equipped to help you safeguard your Time.



CANADIAN ELGIN WATCH COMPANY LTD.
Toronto

One of the famous
Streamline models

Work for Busy Fingers

Continued from Page 66

Repeat from the 4th row 8 times, this finishes the strap.

The next 8 rows have 1 space added to the beginning and 1 space added at the end.

To add a space at the beginning ch 8, t c in last t c of row before, to add a space at the end ch 2, l l t c (thread over hook 3 times) in last t c of row below.

76th Row—4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, turn.

77th Row—4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, turn.

78th Row—4 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, turn.

79th Row—6 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, turn.

80th Row—8 sp, 1 gr, 8 sp, turn.

81st Row—19 sp, turn.

82d Row—21 sp, turn.

83d Row—23 sp, turn.

84th Row—3 sp, 5 gr, 7 sp, 5 gr, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

85th Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, ch 5, turn.

86th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

87th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

88th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

89th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

90th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

91st Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, ch 5, turn.

92d Row—3 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

93d Row—4 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 3 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, ch 5, turn.

94th Row—5 sp, 5 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, ch 5, turn.

95th Row—4 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 3 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, ch 5, turn.

96th Row—3 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

97th Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, ch 5, turn.

98th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

99th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, ch 5, turn.

100th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

101st Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

102d Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

103d Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, ch 5, turn.

104th Row—3 sp, 5 gr, 7 sp, 5 gr, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

105th, 106th and 107th Rows—23 spaces each with ch of 5 to turn.

108th Row—4 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, ch 5, turn.

109th Row—3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

110th Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, ch 5, turn.

111th Row—3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.

112th Row—4 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, ch 5, turn.

113th, 114th and 115th Rows—23 spaces each with ch of 5 to turn.

116th to 138th Rows—Same as 84th to 106th rows.

138th to 144th Rows—Decrease 1 space at each end.

Join the strap and add a double crochet around entire piece of work, then sew up the sides of bag. A picot edge can be added if you wish.

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.



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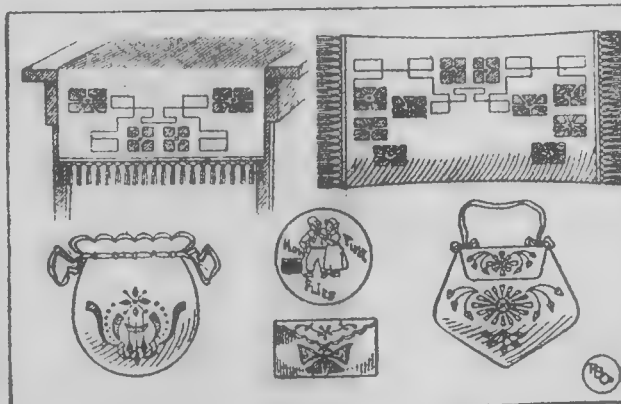


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Story Telling==The Old-time Stories

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Irene Wilson

Having been a school teacher, I had some ability as a story teller, but when my children grew old enough to repeat the time worn request, "Tell me a story," I realized as I had not in the past, the moral value of a good story, well told.

I searched diligently for stories that were worth telling just as a story to be enjoyed, and that would also teach some truth, or drive home a moral. I realized that if it was not worth telling just as a story, or if it were poorly told, it would not be of much value. A good story is a work of art. It exists primarily to be enjoyed. We love to hear it, not because we seek from it an ulterior benefit, but because it fires the imagination and moves the feelings. Like a beautiful landscape or a great picture, it just naturally appeals to us, we know not how or why.

I studied, therefore, to cultivate the story teller's art. By applying myself to the task, I learned that I must first possess the story in imagination and make it a part of myself. I must possess it logically, grasping its point, and holding its details in right relation. I must possess it in feeling, putting my heart into the situation I describe. I found that it was worse than useless to attempt to tell a story that I did not appreciate and enjoy.

The story must be reduced to its simplest form and must maintain logical unity and movement. Nothing spoils a story as the failure to get some point in at its rightful place, then backing up to supply it. No story-teller ought ever be obliged to stop and say, "Oh, I forgot to tell you that—"

I found also that I must use direct discussion and put my whole self into the telling. To tell a story you must really act it out, in change of voice, inflection, in expression of eyes and features, in quiet gesture.

These were the leading truths that experience taught me in regard to story-telling, truths which need to be applied and cultivated if one would reach the highest point of attainment as a story-teller.

As I have already said, it is not all in the story-telling. The story itself must be a good one and worth telling. Although there are many books of stories for children, I found it difficult to get stories of the right sort. Fairy

stories didn't just measure up to what I thought a story ought to be. One day I chanced to think back on the stories my mother used to tell, and strange to relate, the only stories which remained in my memory were from the old-time Book—the Bible. Who can measure the moral value of the impressions I received through those Bible stories? I learned to look on the Bible as a Book to be enjoyed. Looking back over the years, the beauty of those stories appealed to me as no others had, and I began to realize that while I was searching far and wide for appropriate stories to tell my children, I was overlooking the very choicest which lay near at hand. What story could be more appealing to a small child than that of the baby, Moses? Children naturally love babies. The part of Miriam, the sister, can be made very appealing. The story has excellent scope for the imagination, and the moral value of the story is all that could be desired.

We picture the mother's grief that her babe is to be destroyed by the cruel king. With many tears the basket is woven and made waterproof to contain the precious burden. When all is prepared, and the mother dare keep her baby no longer, she takes it to the water's edge, and with one last, loving look, she pushes the basket out into the reeds, and trusts the precious burden to the tender care of the Heavenly Father. Not daring to remain near, she leaves her little daughter Miriam to keep watch over the basket. When the Princess and her train came near, how breathlessly the little sister must have watched to learn the fate of Moses. As the Princess takes the babe in her arms, she probably is overcome with curiosity and draws near. When she sees that the Princess looks kindly at the baby, with what diplomacy she suggests that she will go and call a Hebrew woman as nurse. How joyously Miriam must have rushed home to tell the glad tidings—the Princess will care for the baby Moses, and she wishes to engage his mother as nurse. Over all, and above all, we picture God's loving watchfulness over Moses, the same loving care which he has for all his children.

There are many other Bible stories equally appealing to children, and many others which afford the same scope for the imagination.

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Strange Phenomenon on Fir Tree

Yields finest of white sugar in the dry-belt of British Columbia, Canada

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Francis Dickie

THE most remarkable botanical discovery in recent years and one of greater interest to the average man than most botanical findings by reason of its uniqueness has been the just recently made one that Douglas fir trees in a certain region of British Columbia, Canada, yield a sugar of a very peculiar variety, one containing a rare trisaccharide in greater quantities than any other plant as yet known to man. This trisaccharide was formerly obtained from a shrub in Turkestan and Persia. But the sugar from the Douglas fir yields a great deal more. In fact fifty per cent of its makeup is trisaccharide.

Still stranger is the fact that though this rare sugar has been produced on the trees for centuries, and that the Indians have gathered it for a great many years, and the bears, too, knew of it and broke down branches to get it, it is just recently that the white man discovered it. How all the early explorers, missionaries, and later surveyors came to miss noting this phenomenon, one of so unusual a nature, is passing strange. Yet evidently they did, as the writer has been unable to find any mention made of it in the early chronicles of the province, and, certainly, had it been known, they would surely have written of it, by reason of its very oddness.

Through the research of Professor John Davidson, F.L.S., F.B.S.E., Botanist, in charge of the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada, the cause of the phenomenon is now known, as well as the habitat of the

the coastal regions. The explanation of the sugar's appearance proved to be a phenomenon resulting from certain atmospheric conditions effect upon the trees. The trees on the northern and eastern slopes were fairly well apart, so that a great portion of their leaves received sun. There was also a better air circulation than trees get in heavily forested areas. Here, too, the ground was warmer. Trees exposed to a good supply of sunlight gather upon their leaves carbohydrates. Ordinarily these are taken into the plant at night to supply tissues and storage cells. In the

dry-belt, however, an abnormal amount of carbohydrates accumulated on the fir. At the same time the soil, warmed by the sun, increased the root activity so much that the roots worked on into the night in this region where the nights are hot, dry and short. As a result of the increased root activity the root pressure was immensely increased. This and the cessation of transpiration caused the leaves to become gorged with water. This water presently was forced to exude out of the leaf tips into the hot dry night, which rapidly evaporated. The water was heavily impregnated with sugar from the leaf cells, which remained clinging when the water evaporated. These drops either hung, or fell on the branches below to form larger masses as shown in the photograph.

But the sugar by reason of its so largely depending on certain atmospheric conditions for its production is not a crop that can be relied on.

Analysis made at both the chemistry laboratories at Ottawa, Canada, and Washington, D.C., show the sugar to have a high degree of constancy of composition. The fact that it yields a pure and rare trisaccharide may make it very valuable in chemistry and the mixing of medicines. Its supply is too small and too uncertain to make it ever a possibility for food for men in great numbers. Its value in chemistry and medicine now remains to be brought out by the investigators in the laboratories, as the botanical part of its life history has been made known by the work of Professor Davidson in the field, as told above.



Sugar on fir tree

sugar-producing fir trees. In the following lines is told for the first time the result of his findings:

The sugar-producing fir grows in the hottest part of the dry belt of British Columbia, between latitudes 50 to 51 and longitude 121 to 122, and also is reported in the eastern portion of the state of Washington. As seen in the accompanying photograph of the fir branch placed beside a foot rule to give some idea of dimensions, the sugar forms in irregular masses from a quarter of an inch to two inches in diameter, and also in white flakes. The sugar is white just like the refined article of commerce, and is very sweet to the taste. On first being taken into the mouth it goes into a sticky paste, which quickly, however, becomes entirely dissolved.

The investigator after much research and covering a good deal of country in the dry belt found that the tree growing on northern and eastern slopes were the chief bearers of sugar. Trees on the other exposure did not generally yield. Nor did trees in heavy dense forests of



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"Fifty cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.75. Better take the six, for you save a little on the price, and you need that many to give it a fair trial."

"Do you think I will."

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Correspondence

Concerning Reuben

Dear Editor and Readers:—Being a lover of Art I was very much interested in the letter of "A Canadian" in the September issue. The artist, Reuben, no doubt conveyed the idea that he meant to be uppermost in his pictures. He was an intense lover of his wife; to him she was as a saint. The contrast which he draw in painting himself as a sinner and she as an angel plainly shows that he did put his soul into the picture and that he succeeded. Perhaps, too, the observer may have been a little prone, in his own mind, to magnify the sinner's nature after beholding the sacredness of the other; which Reuben, no doubt, meant that he should. I am a farmer, but two of my passions are music and art; not that I am either an artist or a musician, but the soul is there. Hoping my humble opinion will not be out of place. I am always—A Lover of Art.

Fond of Housework

Dear Readers:—Being interested in your correspondence page I thought I would join in too if there is any room. As this is my first letter I will not make it a long one. I think the "two idle wylde imps" were great old "scouts" and I hope their colts will soon stand so they can come again. I like housework. I think it right that every girl should help her mother because she helps us and raised us so we should return the kindness, but there are a great many who like to sit and watch their mother work. Well, I guess I will close for this time. My address is with the Editor and if any one cares to write I will be pleased to hear from them.

Puss in Overalls.

The Old Country Girl

Dear Readers,—Being a reader of The Western Home Monthly for a considerable time, I thought I would like to air some of my views. Some time back there was some comment on the "Boys" marrying "Old Country Girls." Most people ask, why? No doubt there are various reasons. When one considers a good many of their lives were saved by their careful nursing, it seems rather natural that they should take a liking to them. Then again the bright and cheerful countenance most Old Country girls wear, makes them very attractive, owing a good deal to the climate and pleasant surroundings. They make themselves at home with everyone, and do not think that every boy they meet is wanting to marry them. Everyone admires good taste in attire, and may I say they are adepts at it. As I saw it, most girls after dinner were washed and neatly dressed, their hair done in a pleasing manner and all ready for anything that might come along. Girls, all the boys admire you when dressed in a becoming way. I am sure there is nothing nicer than to see girls neat and tidy for the evening meal. The same applies to the boys. If everyone took a personal pride in themselves in their everyday life, they would be far more attractive. I will get into all kinds of "hot water" for expressing myself thus, but it is simply my opinion of what makes the girls "over there" attractive. Anyway, this will be something to switch to from dancing. "Red Cross Rose" wrote a nice letter. I share her views and think it would be a good thing for the people if the country stays "dry," after we have done so much to get it that way. "Tempest and Sunshine," by Mary J. Holmes, is a good book for anyone to read. You get my ideal of a real girl in Sunshine. I am passionately fond of music, and would like to hear from readers also inclined that way.—Tolerable.

About the Modern Girl

Dear Sir,—I have been taking great interest in the correspondence columns of your paper recently, but owing to the fact that I have been on active service since 1914, I have had no chance to follow up the correspondence as I did

previous to the war, except through the stray copies of your valuable paper which we were fortunate to get hold of sometimes in France.

One feature of the columns that strikes me as being a great improvement, is the absence of that old threadbare topic, dancing, that used to fill most of the columns. Of course, it crops up occasionally, but it is pleasing to note that it is dying out.

My real reason for encroaching on your valuable time and space is to pass my opinion on a letter written by "Contented Bach," and which appeared in your April issue. While I do not agree with him in all the things he mentions, I most decidedly hold the views he does with regard to the modern girl. He says, "they usually get all their good times in social life at the expense of the boys" and then goes on to say: "They deem it a great favor for a boy to be blessed with their company, and when they tire of him they will calmly remark to their bosom friend, 'I ditched so-and-so last week.'" Although I find the average Canadian girl to be jolly and a thorough little sportswoman, I'm afraid it must be admitted that our friend, Contented Bach, is right to a great extent. While on this subject, I might say that another thing I've noticed, since coming back, is the way the girls are welcoming the English brides who are coming to this country to share the lives of the men who have done their share in the great adventure, and who are now turning their thoughts towards Home, Sweet Home, with the girls they have wooed and won while away. Before the war I noticed that the average Canadian girl was just a little bit independent, and was not willing to come halfway. Now, in England (and I think that most of the boys who have been there will back me up in what I say), the average girl is altogether different in that respect. She is so much warmer hearted and loveable, and I am sure more sincere, that it is no wonder the boys were so attracted and made so many matches.

Although I have the very greatest respect for the Canadian girl, I know, to be perfectly candid, I must say that I prefer the English girl, and I think it is time the girls out here were thawing out a bit and giving the English brides a little better and more cordial reception. They are leaving the beauty and comforts of England, many of them, to come to a homesteader's shack, fifty miles from nowhere, to do their share in making the Canada of the future. So, good luck to the girls who have pluck enough to come out and leave home and England behind them to brave the hardships of the life they are bound to meet for a time at least, and to share the lives of the boys who are lucky enough to marry them.

I hope you won't sum me up as being a crusty old bachelor or woman-hater. If you can imagine a crusty old bachelor of twenty-three, it might be me, but I'm afraid I'm a little bit too much of a flirt to make a successful woman hater. I always speak of people and things as I find them, and I hope that no one will take any offence at the views I have expressed. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable time and space, Mr. Editor, I will wind up.—Ex-Sergeant.

Teaching Manners

Dear Readers.—I happened to notice the suggestion on "Teaching Manners in School," a subject which I have a great interest in. It is, I have found, the most difficult subject to teach in schools where the teaching of manners is neglected in the homes.

Chips states in his letter to the October issue, that the consequence of this neglect is very severe, and if more people would take an interest in education and if more money would be set aside for that purpose, it would not cost so much to run our penitentiaries. I agree with him, here, and I think most

Continued on Page 71

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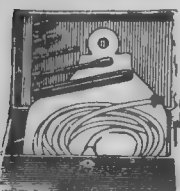


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Correspondence

Continued from Page 70

people do. It is our duty as true Canadians to uphold our national honor, and this can only be done by properly educating the coming generation. The school is a supplement to the home, therefore it is the duty of the teacher to teach what is being neglected in the home. It seems manners is one of the things which is being neglected in many of our rural homes, especially among the non-English. One of the best ways to teach this is by your own personality. Use good manners and be courteous yourself, then the children, who are great imitators, will naturally do likewise. It is also wise to visit the homes where manners are being abused.

By having a good school lunch equipment, the children, while gathered around the table or wherever they dine, are sure to be influenced to use good manners, both by their teacher and fellow schoolmates. While the Department of Education is endeavoring to equip each rural school with a hot lunch equipment, they have not only the child's health in view, but two other great educational values of the equipment, "Household Science," and more so, "Manners in School." If the teachers have the support of the people and the Department of Education, we will soon have a better and purer world.—Looking Forward.

Forget It

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling
Would cause his proud head to in anguish
be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a chest, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark, and whose showing, whose sudden
display,
Would cause grief and sorrow, and lifelong
dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken
the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way
annoy
Any other, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

Dear Editor,—Isn't that a good poem for our books of selections? I think so—it has an honored place in my own, at all events. It seems to me there is a big lesson in it, one that we would all do well to take to heart and profit by. Why is it that so many people would rather say an ill thing of another than a good thing? Let us take this right home to ourselves. Do not most of us enjoy telling an unhappy story about somebody, particularly about a person that we think is a little better off or has nicer things than her neighbors? Suppose we turn over a new leaf and forget the unpleasant things about people; and instead of being so quick to say or do something to make another feel badly, take pains to say the thing that will cheer others up and make them happy. It is just as easy, and far more to our own credit and happiness, believe me.—Emma.

Womanly Independence

Dear Editor and Readers,—I was greatly interested in what some of the bachelors had to say in a recent issue. Very often we hear it asked why so many married women, with comfortable homes, and husbands who are able to provide for them, go out to work, or try to earn money of their very own at home, and I want to give you as good an answer to this question as I have ever heard, from one who knew exactly what she was talking about, after having conversed with wives in nearly all stations of life: "Well, if we stay at home and work we do not get anything for it except our board, and perhaps, a few clothes, as the generosity of our husband permits; if we go out and earn a living we have something to call our own. We dislike to go to our husbands for every cent, sometimes meeting with a cold rebuff; so to keep peace in the family and make life worth living, we seek employment. To sum it all up in one word, we seek independence. No man would be willing to go to his wife for 'very penny; it would hurt his pride

and independent spirit. And it is the same with his wife." If the husband, according to his salary, wages or income from whatever source, would every week allow the wife a little change for her personal use, she would be all the happier—and so would he. I am not alluding to the extravagant woman who always drags a man down, but to the economical, hardworking, patient, loving, faithful one, who makes home a paradise for the man who appreciates her—and who is in the large majority. If he would get a little bank or box, and drop in what he could afford or as much as his generosity prompted him to in dimes, nickels, pennies or larger amounts, and say, "There, dear, is a little pin-money for you; do what you like with it," why, in no time she would have quite an accumulation. And think how much happier she would be, knowing she had it there to use for any trifle she might wish for; all women love pretty things, you know. Very likely she would save and, in her unselfish way, buy something her husband had been wishing for. I have known this to be true where a wife was allowed pin-money. Bless the dear, true little wife; she deserves a generous allowance, for she rightfully earns it. Few men are downright stingy—at least, they are not in the majority. They are only thoughtless. It is true that many men hand over their pay envelopes. But what woman feels she has a right to spend what she likes out of it? The right sort of woman doesn't. Just think this over, husbands. Some women, indeed a great, great many, go out to work to help meet the family expenses, and they are to be lauded for it. But, as a rule, I think it is the desire for independence that takes married women from their homes, and a proper "sharing" of the income would do away with this.—Fair Play.

An Alberta Maid Does Her Share

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have enjoyed and received so much good from the correspondence columns, that I feel I should do my share, too. I think many of the letters, suggestions and recipes in our department, are better than those printed in magazines which pay for such things. This proves that this isn't such a bad world, after all—when so many people are willing to co-operate in giving and receiving ideas, rather than just to try and make money with them. I am a girl who helps at home, and enjoy cooking, sewing, etc., as well as the pleasures young people are supposed to enjoy. I cannot see any earthly reason why a girl should not be able to do things, and still be a good pal. Not long ago some girl wrote to ask advice on writing short stories. I am interested in writing and tried that myself; but I have learned that to write readable stories, which editors will glance at a second time, requires a great deal of practise in writing and a great deal of experience in life. It is not done with a stroke of the pen, as some people seem to imagine, but takes long, hard work, as anything worth while always does. I have found that just writing my own ideas about cooking, sewing, and so on, in as simple and concise manner as possible, pays better than any flourishful efforts of the imagination. There is a big lesson in this for all of us, for often the little things done well are stepping-stones to something higher, and get us to our goal more quickly than do vain wishings for something that seems so much bigger and more interesting. Some useful hints: In wearing white stockings with black pumps the stockings often become discolored. To prevent this, line the shoe-sole and heel with a thin cambric, pasting it in place. Tips are bound to come off shoe laces. Trim the end and dip either in melted paraffine or shellac; it will be good as new. In cleaning white canvas shoes I first rub off the old cleanser with a stiff brush, such as a small scrub-brush, then add the fresh coat of whitening. Every once in a while I scrub the shoes in soapsuds, as the canvas gets so clogged up with whitening after a while that it becomes stiff and clumsy.—Out-West Girl.

Will "Prairie Maid" and "Looking Forward" kindly send their name and address to the Editor.



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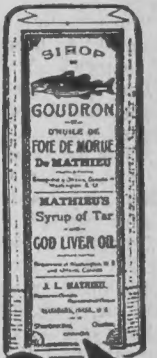
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The Conversion of Alderman Murphy

Continued from Page 5

Seeing that this made no impression, he banged the door and went inside; but he watched through the screen.

A few minutes later he said to his bartender: "Them windows needs cleanin'. Fetch me out the hose."

Mrs. Schwind and Mrs. Hatchett watched Tom and his hose with varying emotions. He began by playing water against the windows. He dared not point the stream at them directly, but he managed by twists and turns to give them both a drenching. Still they stood their ground and accosted each prospective customer with:

"Please don't patronize Mr. Murphy. He's against 'Votes for Women.'"

The majority brushed by with a jeer, but two or three men actually refused to enter the Excelsior Café. By and by, with his hat at a jaunty angle, his hands in his pockets, looking but little the worse for the night's debauch, Jim Schwind came down the street. He was whistling merrily, when suddenly he saw his wife. Her clothes were wet and her hair disorderly, but she presented a formidable figure, flanked as she was by the wet but unruffled Mrs. Hatchett.

"Hello, there, what you doing, Ma?" he asked, with easy familiarity which he was far from feeling.

"I'm doin' my duty as I see it," replied Mrs. Schwind, with an air of official firmness. "You go right back home. You're taking care of the children today."

The rejoinder was so unexpected that Jim obeyed. This side of his wife's character was a new development, and he was in no condition to fight. He waited a minute to see if she would relent, and then turned and walked slowly toward the house.

"Gosh! ain't women the limit," he grumbled to himself; "always buttin' in to something."

The more he reflected the more convinced he became that he was a much abused man.

"Ma's led astray," he thought. "Getting in with them sporty suffragite women folks and leaving her natural duties! 'Tain't right!"

However, he decided to ignore the matter for the present. When Mrs. Schwind came home he did not refer to it. The next morning he went to work.

For several days Mrs. Schwind and her companion did picket duty in front of Tom's saloon. Mrs. Hatchett wore a raincoat. But Tom appeared not to notice them after the first day. Neither did they affect patronage to any extent, for the main stream of callers found it just as convenient to use the back door, which was not covered by the pickets. On the whole, the boycott was a failure.

Mrs. Schwind, who for sixteen years had been absorbed in home duties, was having the time of her life. She tried not to neglect the children and they looked up to her with new respect. Eloise begged ardently for picket duty. The neighbors were divided in their attitude, but all enjoyed having some new excitement in Pearl Alley. Mr. Williams was shocked, but his pleadings were of little avail.

"I'll join the 'Mothers' Aid' by and by," condescended Mrs. Schwind. "I'm too busy now." No one knew how she reveled in being a person of some importance for once.

Mrs. Hatchett announced a new plan at the next meeting of the committee. "You know," she said, "my husband owns a brewery. Well, I've persuaded him to start a new saloon opposite Mr. Murphy's. He says he will put in a pianola and have free lunches. He's promised to hire a bartender who's a suffragist, too."

Mrs. Schwind gasped. This meant ruin for Tom Murphy. She had not meant to go quite so far. In spite of his bad temper and his treatment of the suffrage committee, he had been her friend once.

"You won't really put him down and out?" she asked.

"Of course we will," replied the chairman. "We must look at these things impersonally, as men do. Some one has to suffer to win a great cause."

Mrs. Schwind left the meeting in a perturbed state of mind. Tom's place was old and small, and she knew that he could not compete with a saloon which had "attractions."

"He can never run against a pianola and a free lunch," she said to herself. "It'll put him right out on the street. . . . And he buried little Mable so good, too!"

That evening, after Jim was established with his paper and his pipe, she slipped out. Hurriedly crossing the street, she passed through a courtyard and knocked at the back door of Tom's saloon.

Tom's face turned red with anger when he opened the door and saw her. "Get out of here, you — suffragette," he shouted. "Tryin' to spoil my business. You needn't come around here."

"Ssh! Tom, don't! I come to tell you somethin'. Let me in, it's big business."

Impressed by her earnestness, Tom snarled an ungracious "Well, then, come in."

She entered the little back room, with its bare tables and its smell of stale beer and tobacco, and bravely delivered herself of her message.

"Tom, all you've got to do is to tell the ladies you ain't no objection to them votin'. If you don't, they're goin' to put a saloon opposite with a piano and a picture show. The purple lady's husband owns the brewery, and he's goin' to put you out of business."

Tom looked at her blankly. "Is that the truth, or be ye jest bluffin'?" he demanded.

"It's true enough," she replied. "And they'd kill me for tellin' you. But if you change your mind, jest let 'em know to-morrow."

When Mrs. Hatchett came down Pearl Alley the next day a white card stood primly against the row of bottles in Tom's window, proclaiming in large, black type:

**"ALDERMAN MURPHY FAVORS
WOMEN VOTING."**



AN ACTIVE SHOPPER AT ONE HUNDRED—HALE AND HEARTY AS SHE PASSES CENTURY MARK

Mrs. Mary Howell, of Walton Cross, England, is numbered among the oldest women in the British Isles. She has just passed the century mark, but nevertheless does her own housework and makes her shopping round of the stores every morning. Interviewed she said that she feels as hearty and strong as when three score years and hopes to be well and active for some time to come. Her parlor is a gathering place for neighbors and friends interested in eye-witness views of generations gone by. The photo shows Mrs. Howell off on her morning shopping tour.

Christmas before Christ

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old festival of the winter solstice had been meant to mark the beginning of a new life for the material world. It was now to mark and glorify the opening of a new life of the spirit.

From the first, the Western or Roman Church commemorated the birth of Christ during the last week of each December. The Eastern or Greek Church for a while, had no fixed date for this observance; but Pope Julius I (337-352) convoked a body of the most learned men of both great churches, and they declared December 25 to be the natal day of the Saviour. It was the day, as has been said, of the Jewish Feast of Lights; and it now, by slow degrees, combined all the most striking customs of the different races in their welcome to the turning sun.

Common to all were the Christmas candles, bonfires, and torches, now symbolizing the Light of the World. From the Northmen came the great Yule logs. From the Druids came the sprays of pine and evergreen, the mistletoe, and the holly; while the huge sirloin of beef, which was once a part of England's Christmas merrymaking, recalls the Druidical sacrifice of bulls. From the Romans came the joyous salutation, "Merry Christmas" (Io Saturnalia), the exchange of gifts, the feasting, and the Christmas carols; for these last were written and first sung together with the so-called "manger-songs," to take the place of hymns to heathen gods. The so-called "mummeries" which developed into the "masques" of the sixteenth century were a reminiscence of the travesties in which the Roman slaves indulged. The Egyptian mysticism was recalled in the fact that our Christmas is, before all else, a holiday and festival for children.

Some of the coarser features of the Roman Saturnalia died hard, although they finally became innocuously absurd. The practice of the slaves in burlesquing their masters and in travestyng the officials of the state crops up in the practice of certain churches which had for Christmas Day a peculiar ritual of their own. After mass had been celebrated the priest would turn to his congregation and bray three times. The people brayed responsively, and then flocked into the chancel, where they elected a Pope of Nonsense, a Cardinal of Folly, an Abbot of Unreason, and other burlesque dignitaries. Then began a mock service, in which the vestments were worn inside out, the missals and breviaries turned upside down, and the prayers said backward.

In France and England the Christmas revels of the gentry long resembled the Saturnalian banquets of the wealthy Romans. The "king" of the latter appears as the Lord of Misrule among the former; and the wild license of heathenism long endured in Christian lands.

Yet in the end, the church, in raising the ideals of humanity, swept away those lingering traces of excess which still survived. In nothing else is the continuing, persistent influence of Christianity more surely illustrated than in its transformation of the Christmas before Christ into the Christmas which is Christ's alone. The superstition of the Egyptians, the savagery of the Northern peoples, the frantic and bloody practises of the Druids, and the grossness of the Romans, have all been purified and touched, as it were, with grace and beauty; so that there remains a festival of harmless mirth, of light and color, of song and melody, of good-will and of peace, and through it all the happy innocence of children's laughter.

Young People

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laughing at Peebles for an old woman, and Peebles turned and spoke to him. Then Peebles came close to him with a solemn expression of warning, and shouted mightily in his ear.

He awoke with an uneasy cry, which was answered from the top of the funnel. A match flared, and round it the snow sprang out of the darkness in a blue-white cup, and above the flame was Peebles' head in its rusty minkskin cap.

"Hullo, Harry!" said Peebles, as if he were saying good morning.

Then he let down a rawhide riata with a noosed end, and drew Osgood, clawing at the face of the rock, to the surface.

"Better sit a spell and chew a little of this," said Peebles; and it was beaver's tail and not bacon that he pulled out of his pocket.

It was wretchedly cooked, but Osgood's eyes smarted suddenly, and he looked down the mountain. There was still a strong afternoon light left, although his prison caught none of it, and he could see the great river of rough snow choking the ravine clear to its mouth.

"How did you ever find me?" he asked.

"Why, I don't know," said Peebles. "I calculated you'd come up this way, and I heard the slide. I guess I poked into more'n a thousand pot-holes."

Wise, stanch old Peebles!

"It was kind of lonesome last night, without you singing and telling fool stories," said Peebles, as an afterthought.

Osgood bit suddenly and desperately at the charred beaver's tail.

"Say, but this is the best thing I ever ate!" he exclaimed.

And Peebles almost smiled.

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Wise Men



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